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THE YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK.

OF all the mountain ranges I have climbed, I like the Sierra Nevada the best. Though extremely rugged, with its main features on the grandest scale in height and depth, it is nevertheless easy of access and hospitable; and its marvelous beauty, displayed in striking and alluring forms, woos the admiring wanderer on and on, higher and higher, charmed and enchanted. Benevolent, solemn, fateful, pervaded with divine light, every landscape glows like a countenance hallowed in eternal repose; and every one of its living creatures, clad in flesh and leaves, and every crystal of its rocks, whether on the surface shining in the sun or buried miles deep in what we call darkness, is throbbing and pulsing with the heartbeats of God. All the world lies warm in one heart, yet the Sierra seems to get more light than other mountains. The weather is mostly sunshine embellished with magnificent storms, and nearly everything shines from base to summit, — the rocks, streams, lakes, glaciers, irised falls, and the forests of silver fir and silver pine.

And how bright is the shining after summer showers and dewy nights, and after frosty nights in spring and autumn when the morning sunbeams are pouring through the crystals on the bushes and grass, and in winter through the snow-laden trees! The average cloudiness for the whole year is perhaps less than ten hundredths. Scarcely a day of all the summer is dark, though there is no lack of magnificent thundering cu-

muli. They rise in the warm midday hours, mostly over the middle region, in June and July, like new mountain ranges, higher Sierras, mightily augmenting the grandeur of the scenery while giving rain to the forests and gardens and bringing forth their fragrance. The wonderful weather and beauty inspire everybody to be up and doing. Every summer day is a workday to be confidently counted on, the short dashes of rain forming, not interruptions, but rests. The big blessed storm days of winter, when the whole range stands white, are not a whit less inspiring and kind. Well may the Sierra be called the Range of Light, not the Snowy Range; for only in winter is it white, while all the year it is bright.

Of this glorious range the Yosemite National Park is a central section, thirty-six miles in length and forty-eight miles in breadth. The famous Yosemite Valley lies in the heart of it, and it includes the head waters of the Tuolumne and Merced rivers, two of the most songful streams in the world; innumerable lakes and waterfalls and smooth silky lawns; the noblest forests, the loftiest granite domes, the deepest ice-sculptured cañons, the brightest crystalline pavements, and snowy mountains soaring into the sky twelve and thirteen thousand feet, arrayed in open ranks and spiry pinnaced groups partially separated by tremendous cañons and amphitheatres; gardens on their sunny brows, avalanches thundering down their long white slopes, cataracts roaring gray and foaming in the crooked

rugged gorges, and glaciers in their shadowy recesses working in silence, slowly completing their sculpture; newborn lakes at their feet, blue and green, free or encumbered with drifting icebergs like miniature Arctic Oceans, shining, sparkling, calm as stars.

Nowhere will you see the majestic operations of nature more clearly revealed beside the frailest, most gentle and peaceful things. Nearly all the park is a profound solitude. Yet it is full of charming company, full of God's thoughts, a place of peace and safety amid the most exalted grandeur and eager enthusiastic action, a new song, a place of beginnings abounding in first lessons on life, mountain-building, eternal, invincible, unbreakable order; with sermons in stones, storms, trees, flowers, and animals brimful of humanity. During the last glacial period, just past, the former features of the range were rubbed off as a chalk sketch from a blackboard, and a new beginning was made. Hence the wonderful clearness and freshness of the rocky pages.

But to get all this into words is a hopeless task. The leanest sketch of each feature would need a whole chapter. Nor would any amount of space, however industriously scribbled, be of much avail. To defrauded town toilers, parks in magazine articles are like pictures of bread to the hungry. I can write only hints to incite good wanderers to come to the feast.

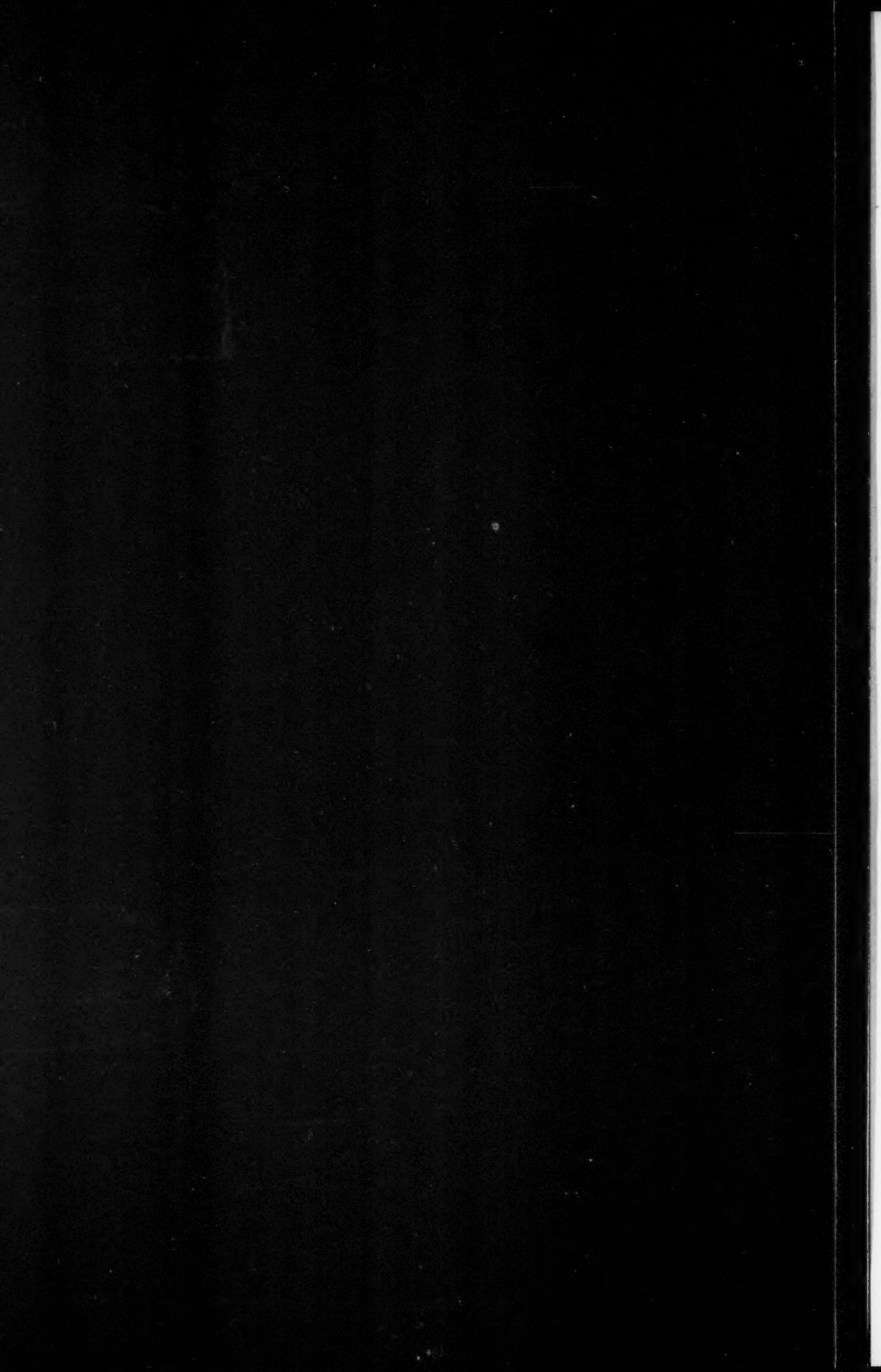
While this glorious park embraces big, generous samples of the very best of the Sierra treasures, it is, fortunately, at the same time, the most accessible portion. It lies opposite San Francisco, at a distance of about one hundred and forty miles. Railroads connected with all the continent reach into the foothills, and three good carriage roads, from Big Oak Flat, Coulterville, and Raymond, run into Yosemite Valley. Another, called the Tioga road, runs from Crocker's Station on the Yosemite Big Oak Flat road, near the

Tuolumne Big Tree Grove, right across the park to the summit of the range by way of Lake Tenaya, the Big Tuolumne Meadows, and Mount Dana. These roads, with many trails that radiate from Yosemite Valley, bring most of the park within reach of everybody, well or half well.

The three main natural divisions of the park, the lower, middle, and alpine regions, are fairly well defined in altitude, topographical features, and vegetation. The lower, with an average elevation of about five thousand feet, is the region of the great forests, made up of sugar pine, the largest and most beautiful of all the pines in the world; the silvery yellow pine, the next in rank; Douglas spruce, libocedrus, the white and red silver firs, and the *Sequoia gigantea*, or "big tree," the king of conifers, the noblest of a noble race. On warm slopes next the foothills there are a few sabine nut pines; oaks make beautiful groves in the cañon valleys; and poplar, alder, maple, laurel, and Nuttall's flowering dogwood shade the banks of the streams. Many of the pines are more than two hundred feet high, but they are not crowded together. The sunbeams streaming through their feathery arches brighten the ground, and you walk beneath the lofty radiant ceiling in devout subdued mood, as if you were in a grand cathedral with mellow light sifting through colored windows, while the flowery pillared aisles open enchanting vistas in every direction. Scarcely a peak or ridge in the whole region rises bare above the forests, though they are thinly planted in some places where the soil is shallow. From the cool breezy heights you look abroad over a boundless waving sea of evergreens, covering hill and ridge and smooth-flowing slope as far as the eye can reach, and filling every hollow and down-plunging ravine in glorious triumphant exuberance.

Perhaps the best general view of the pine forests of the park, and one of the





best in the range, is obtained from the top of the Merced and Tuolumne divide near Hazel Green. On the long, smooth, finely folded slopes of the main ridge, at a height of five to six thousand feet above the sea, they reach most perfect development, and are marshaled to view in magnificent towering ranks, their colossal spires and domes and broad palm-like crowns, deep in the kind sky, rising above one another, — a multitude of giants in perfect health and beauty, — sun-fed mountaineers rejoicing in their strength, chanting with the winds, in accord with the falling waters. The ground is mostly open and inviting to walkers. The fragrant chamaebatia is outspread in rich carpets miles in extent; the manzanita, in orchard-like groves, covered with pink bell-shaped flowers in the spring, grows in openings facing the sun, hazel and buckthorn in the dells; warm brows are purple with mint, yellow with sunflowers and violets; and tall lilies ring their bells around the borders of meadows and along the ferny mossy banks of the streams. Never was mountain forest more lavishly furnished.

Hazel Green is a good place quietly to camp and study, to get acquainted with the trees and birds, to drink the pure water and weather, and to watch the changing lights of the big charmed days. The rose light of the dawn creeping higher among the stars changes to daffodil yellow; then come the level enthusiastic sunbeams pouring across the feathery ridges, touching pine after pine, spruce and fir, libocedrus and lordly sequoia, — searching every recess, until all are awakened and warmed. In the white noon they shine in silvery splendor, every needle and cell in bole and branch thrilling and tingling with ardent life; and the whole landscape glows with consciousness, like the face of a god. The hours go by uncounted. The evening flames with purple and gold. The breeze that has been blowing from the lowlands dies away; and far and near the mighty

host of trees baptized in the purple flood stand hushed and thoughtful, awaiting the sun's blessing and farewell, — as impressive a ceremony as if it were never to rise again. When the daylight fades, the night breeze from the snowy summits begins to blow, and the trees, waving and rustling beneath the stars, breathe free again.

It is hard to leave such camps and woods; nevertheless, to the large majority of travelers the middle region of the park is still more interesting, for it has the most striking features of all the Sierra scenery, — the deepest sections of the famous cañons, of which the Yosemite Valley, Hetch-Hetchy Valley, and many smaller ones are wider portions, with level parklike floors and walls of immense height and grandeur of sculpture. This middle region holds also the greater number of the beautiful glacier lakes and glacier meadows, the great granite domes, and the most brilliant and most extensive of the glacier pavements. And though in large part it is severely rocky and bare, it is still rich in trees. The magnificent silver fir (*Abies magnifica*), which ranks with the giants, forms a continuous belt across the park above the pines at an elevation of from seven to nine thousand feet, and north and south of the park boundaries to the extremities of the range, only slightly interrupted by the main cañons. The two-leaved or tamarack pine makes another, less regular belt along the upper margin of the region, while between these two belts, and mingling with them in groves or scattered, are the Patton hemlock, the most graceful of evergreens; the noble mountain pine; the Jeffrey form of the yellow pine, with big cones and long needles; and the brown, burly, sturdy Western juniper. All these except the juniper, which grows on bald rocks, have plenty of flowery brush about them, and gardens in open spaces.

Here, too, lies the broad, shining, heavily sculptured region of primeval

granite, which best tells the story of the glacial period on the Pacific side of the continent. No other mountain chain on the globe, as far as I know, is so rich as the Sierra in bold, striking, well-preserved glacial monuments, easily understood by anybody capable of patient observation. Every feature is more or less glacial, and this park portion of the range is the brightest and clearest of all. Not a peak, ridge, dome, cañon, lake basin, garden, forest, or stream but in some way explains the past existence and modes of action of flowing, grinding, sculpturing, soil-making, scenery-making ice. For, notwithstanding the postglacial agents — air, rain, frost, rivers, earthquakes, avalanches — have been at work upon the greater part of the range for tens of thousands of stormy years, engraving their own characters over those of the ice, the latter are so heavily emphasized and enduring that they still rise in sublime relief, clear and legible through every after inscription. The streams have traced only shallow wrinkles as yet, and avalanche, wind, rain, and melting snow have made blurs and scars; but the change effected on the face of the landscape is not greater than is made on the face of a mountaineer by a single year of weathering.

Of all the glacial phenomena presented here, the most striking and attractive to travelers are the polished pavements, because they are so beautiful, and their beauty is of so rare a kind, — unlike any part of the loose earthy lowlands where people dwell and earn their bread. They are simply flat or gently undulating areas of solid resisting granite, the unchanged surface over which the ancient glaciers flowed. They are found in the most perfect condition at an elevation of from eight to nine thousand feet above sea level. Some are miles in extent, only slightly blurred or scarred by spots that have at last yielded to the weather; while the best preserved portions are brilliantly polished, and reflect the sun-

beams as calm water or glass, shining as if rubbed and burnished every day, notwithstanding they have been exposed to plashing corroding rains, dew, frost, and melting sloppy snow for thousands of years.

The attention of hunters and prospectors, who see so much in their wild journeys, is seldom attracted by moraines, however regular and artificial-looking; or rocks, however boldly sculptured; or cañons, however deep and sheer-walled. But when they come to these pavements, they go down on their knees and rub their hands admiringly on the glistening surface, and try hard to account for its mysterious smoothness and brightness. They may have seen the winter avalanches come down the mountains, through the woods, sweeping away the trees and scouring the ground; but they conclude that this cannot be the work of avalanches, because the striæ show that the agent, whatever it was, flowed along and around and over the top of high ridges and domes, and also filled the deep cañons. Neither can they see how water could be the agent, for the strange polish is found thousands of feet above the reach of any conceivable flood. Only the winds seem capable of moving over the face of the country in the directions indicated by the lines and grooves.

The pavements are particularly fine around Lake Tenaya, and have suggested the Indian name *Py-we-ack*, the Lake of the Shining Rocks. Indians seldom trouble themselves with geological questions, but a Mono Indian once came to me and asked if I could tell him what made the rocks so smooth at Tenaya. Even dogs and horses, on their first journeys into this region, study geology to the extent of gazing wonderingly at the strange brightness of the ground, and pawing it and smelling it, as if afraid of falling or sinking.

In the production of this admirable hard finish, the glaciers in many places

exerted a pressure of more than a hundred tons to the square foot, planing down granite, slate, and quartz alike, showing their structure, and making beautiful mosaics where large feldspar crystals form the greater part of the rock. On such pavements the sunshine is at times dazzling, as if the surface were of burnished silver.

Here, also, are the brightest of the Sierra landscapes in general. The regions lying at the same elevation to the north and south were perhaps subjected to as long and intense a glaciation, but because the rocks are less resisting their polished surfaces have mostly given way to the weather, leaving here and there only small imperfect patches on the most enduring portions of cañon walls protected from the action of rain and snow, and on hard bosses kept comparatively dry by boulders. The short steeply inclined cañons of the east flank of the range are in some places brightly polished, but they are far less magnificent than those of the broad west flank.

One of the best general views of the middle region of the park is to be had from the top of a majestic dome which long ago I named the Glacier Monument. It is situated a few miles to the north of Cathedral Peak, and rises to a height of about fifteen hundred feet above its base and ten thousand above the sea. At first sight it seems sternly inaccessible, but a good climber will find that it may be scaled on the south side. Approaching it from this side you pass through a dense bryanthus-fringed grove of Patton hemlock, catching glimpses now and then of the colossal dome towering to an immense height above the dark evergreens; and when at last you have made your way across woods, wading through azalea and ledum thickets, you step abruptly out of the tree shadows and mossy leafy softness upon a bare porphyry pavement, and behold the dome unveiled in all its

grandeur. Fancy a nicely proportioned monument, eight or ten feet high, hewn from one stone, standing in a pleasure ground; magnify it to a height of fifteen hundred feet, retaining its simplicity of form and fineness, and cover its surface with crystals: then you may gain an idea of the sublimity and beauty of this ice-burnished dome, one of many adorning this wonderful park.

In making the ascent, one finds that the curve of the base rapidly steepens, until one is in danger of slipping; but feldspar crystals, two or three inches long, that have been weathered into relief, afford slight footholds. The summit is in part burnished, like the sides and base, the striæ and scratches indicating that the mighty Tuolumne Glacier, two or three thousand feet deep, overwhelmed it while it stood firm like a boulder at the bottom of a river. The pressure it withstood must have been enormous. Had it been less solidly built, it would have been ground and crushed into moraine fragments, like the general mass of the mountain flank in which at first it lay imbedded; for it is only a hard residual knob or knot with a concentric structure of superior strength, brought into relief by the removal of the less resisting rock about it,—an illustration in stone of the survival of the strongest and most favorably situated.

Hardly less wonderful, when we contemplate the storms it has encountered since first it saw the light, is its present unwasted condition. The whole quantity of postglacial wear and tear it has suffered has not diminished its stature a single inch, as may be readily shown by measuring from the level of the unchanged polished portions of the surface. Indeed, the average postglacial denudation of the entire region, measured in the same way, is found to be less than two inches,—a mighty contrast to that of the ice; for the glacial denudation here has been not less than a mile; that is, in developing the present

landscapes, an amount of rock a mile in average thickness has been silently carried away by flowing ice during the last glacial period.

A few erratic boulders nicely poised on the rounded summit of the monument tell an interesting story. They came from a mountain on the crest of the range, about twelve miles to the eastward, floating like chips on the frozen sea, and were stranded here when the top of the monument emerged to the light of day, while the companions of these boulders, whose positions chanced to be over the slopes where they could not find rest, were carried farther on by the shallowing current.

The general view from the summit consists of a sublime assemblage of ice-born mountains and rocks and long warring ridges, lakes and streams and meadows, moraines in wide-sweeping belts, and beds covered and dotted with forests and groves, — hundreds of square miles of them composed in wild harmony. The snowy mountains on the axis of the range, mostly sharp-peaked and crested, rise in noble array along the sky to the eastward and northward; the gray-pillared Hoffman spur and the Yosemite domes and a countless number of others to the westward; Cathedral Peak with its many spires and companion peaks and domes to the southward; and a smooth billowy multitude of rocks, from fifty feet or less to a thousand feet high, which from their peculiar form seem to be rolling on westward, fill most of the middle ground. Immediately beneath you are the Big Tuolumne Meadows, with an ample swath of dark pine woods on either side, enlivened by the young river, that is seen sparkling and shimmering as it sways from side to side, tracing as best it can its broad glacial channel.

The ancient Tuolumne Glacier, lavishly flooded by many a noble affluent from the snow-laden flanks of Mounts Dana, Gibbs, Lyell, Maclure, and others name-

less as yet, poured its majestic overflowing current, four or five miles wide, directly against the high outstanding mass of Mount Hoffman, which divided and deflected it right and left, just as a river is divided against an island that stands in the middle of its channel. Two distinct glaciers were thus formed, one of which flowed through the Big Tuolumne Cañon and Hetch-Hetchy Valley, while the other swept upward five hundred feet in a broad current across the divide between the basins of the Tuolumne and Merced into the Tenaya basin, and thence down through the Tenaya Cañon and Yosemite Valley.

The maplike distinctness and freshness of this glacial landscape cannot fail to excite the attention of every observer, no matter how little of its scientific significance he may at first recognize. These bald, glossy, westward-leaning rocks in the open middle ground, with their rounded backs and shoulders toward the glacier fountains of the summit mountains and their split angular fronts looking in the opposite direction, every one of them displaying the form of greatest strength with reference to physical structure and glacial action, show the tremendous force with which through unnumbered centuries the ice flood swept over them, and also the direction of the flow; while the mountains, with their sharp summits and abraded sides, indicate the height to which the glacier rose; and the moraines, curving and swaying in beautiful lines, mark the boundaries of the main trunk and its tributaries as they existed toward the close of the glacial winter. None of the commercial highways of the sea or land, marked with buoys and lamps, fences and guideboards, is so unmistakably indicated as are these channels of the vanished Tuolumne glaciers.

The action of flowing ice, whether in the form of river-like glaciers or broad mantling folds, is but little understood as compared with that of other sculptur-

ing agents. Rivers work openly where people dwell, and so do the rain, and the sea thundering on all the shores of the world; and the universal ocean of air, though unseen, speaks aloud in a thousand voices and explains its modes of working and its power. But glaciers back in their cold solitudes work apart from men, exerting their tremendous energies in silence and darkness. Coming in vapor from the sea, flying invisible on the wind, descending in snow, changing to ice, white, spirit-like, they brood outspread over the predestined landscapes, working on unwearied through unmeasured ages, until in the fullness of time the mountains and valleys are brought forth, channels furrowed for the rivers, basins made for meadows and lakes, and soil beds spread for the forests and fields that man and beast may be fed. Then vanishing like clouds, they melt into streams and go singing back home to the sea.

To an observer upon this adamant old monument in the midst of such scenery, getting glimpses of the thoughts of God, the day seems endless, the sun stands still. Much faithless fuss is made over the passage in the Bible telling of the standing still of the sun for Joshua. Here you may learn that the miracle occurs for every devout mountaineer, — for everybody doing anything worth doing, seeing anything worth seeing. One day is as a thousand years, a thousand years as one day, and while yet in the flesh you enjoy immortality.

From the monument you will find an easy way down through the woods and along the Big Tuolumne Meadows to Mount Dana, the summit of which commands a grand telling view of the alpine region. The scenery all the way is inspiring, and you saunter on without knowing that you are climbing. The spacious sunny meadows, through the midst of which the bright river glides, extend with but little interruption ten miles to the eastward, dark woods rising

on either side to the limit of tree growth, and above the woods a picturesque line of gray peaks and spires dotted with snow banks; while, on the axis of the Sierra, Mount Dana and his noble companions repose in massive sublimity, their vast size and simple flowing contours contrasting in the most striking manner with the clustering spires and thin-pinnacled crests crisply outlined on the horizon to the north and south of them.

Tracing the silky lawns, gradually ascending, gazing at the sublime scenery more and more openly unfolded, noting the avalanche gaps in the upper forests, lingering over beds of blue gentians and purple-flowered bryanthus and cassiope, and dwarf willows an inch high in close felted gray carpets, brightened here and there with kalmia and soft creeping mats of vaccinium, sprinkled with pink bells that seem to have been showered down from the sky like hail, — thus beguiled and enchanted, you reach the base of the mountain wholly unconscious of the miles you have walked. And so on to the summit. For all the way up the long red slate slopes that in the distance seemed barren you find little garden beds, and tufts of dwarf phlox, ivesia, and blue arctic daisies that go straight to your heart, blessed fellow mountaineers kept safe and warm by a thousand miracles. You are now more than thirteen thousand feet above the sea, and to the north and south you behold a sublime wilderness of mountains in glorious array, their snowy summits towering together in crowded bewildering abundance, shoulder to shoulder, peak beyond peak. To the east lies the Great Basin, barren-looking and silent, apparently a land of pure desolation, rich only in beautiful light. Mono Lake, fourteen miles long, is outspread below you at a depth of nearly seven thousand feet, its shores of volcanic ashes and sand, treeless and sunburned; a group of volcanic cones, with well-formed, unwasted craters, rises to the south of the lake; while up from

its eastern shore innumerable mountains with soft flowing outlines extend range beyond range, gray and pale purple and blue, — the farthest gradually fading on the glowing horizon. Westward you look down and over the countless moraines, glacier meadows, and grand sea of domes and rock waves of the upper Tuolumne basin, the Cathedral and Hoffman mountains with their wavering lines and zones of forest, the wonderful region to the north of the Tuolumne Cañon, and across the dark belt of silver firs to the pale mountains of the coast.

In the icy fountains of the Mount Lyell and Ritter groups of peaks, to the south of Dana, three of the most important of the Sierra rivers — the Tuolumne, Merced, and San Joaquin — take their rise, their highest tributaries being within a few miles of one another, as they rush forth on their adventurous courses from beneath snow banks and glaciers.

Of the small shrinking glaciers of the Sierra, remnants of the majestic system that captured the range, I have seen sixty-five. About twenty-five of them are in the park, and eight are in sight from Mount Dana.

The glacier lakes are sprinkled over all the alpine and subalpine regions, gleaming like eyes beneath heavy rock brows, tree-fringed or bare, embosomed in the woods, and lying in open basins with green and purple meadows around them; but the greater number are in the cool shadowy hollows of the summit mountains not far from the glaciers, the highest lying at an elevation of from eleven to nearly twelve thousand feet above the sea. The whole number in the Sierra, not counting the smallest, can hardly be less than fifteen hundred, of which about two hundred and fifty are in the park. From one standpoint, on

Red Mountain, I counted forty-two, most of them within a radius of ten miles. The glacier meadows, which are spread over the filled-up basins of vanished lakes, and form one of the most charming features of the scenery, are still more numerous than the lakes.

An observer stationed here, in the glacial period, would have overlooked a wrinkled mantle of ice as continuous as that which now covers the continent of Greenland; and of all the vast landscape now shining in the sun, he would have seen only the tops of the summit peaks, rising darkly like storm-beaten islands, lifeless and hopeless, above rock-encumbered ice waves. If among the agents that nature has employed in making these mountains there be one that above all others deserves the name of Destroyer, it is the glacier. But we quickly learn that destruction is creation. During the dreary centuries through which the Sierra lay in darkness, crushed beneath the ice folds of the glacial winter, there was a steady invincible advance toward the warm life and beauty of to-day; and it is just where the glaciers crushed most destructively that the greatest amount of beauty is made manifest. But as these landscapes have succeeded the preglacial landscapes, so they in turn are giving place to others already planned and foreseen. The granite domes and pavements, apparently imperishable, we take as symbols of permanence, while these crumbling peaks, down whose frosty gullies avalanches are ever falling, are symbols of change and decay. Yet all alike, fast or slow, are surely vanishing away.

Nature is ever at work building and pulling down, creating and destroying, keeping everything whirling and flowing, allowing no rest but in rhythmical motion, chasing everything in endless song out of one beautiful form into another.

John Muir.

THE TENANT.

WE have considered the problem of the tenement. Now about the tenant. How much of a problem is he? And how are we to go about solving his problem?

The government "slum inquiry," of which I have spoken before, gave us some facts about him. In New York it found 62.58 per cent of the population of the slum to be foreign-born, whereas for the whole city the percentage of foreigners was only 43.23. While the proportion of illiteracy in all was only as 7.69 to 100, in the slum it was 46.65 per cent. That, with nearly twice as many saloons to a given number, there should be three times as many arrests in the slum as in the city at large need not be attributed to nationality, except indirectly in its possible responsibility for the saloons. I say "possible" advisedly. Anybody, I should think, whose misfortune it is to live in the slum might be expected to find in the saloon a refuge. I shall not quarrel with the other view of it. I am merely stating a personal impression. The fact that concerns us here is the great proportion of the foreign-born. Though the inquiry covered only a small section of a tenement district, the result may be accepted as typical.

We shall not, then, have to do with an American element in discussing this tenant, for even of the "natives" in the census by far the largest share is made up of the children of the immigrant. Indeed, in New York only 4.77 per cent of the slum population canvassed were shown to be of native parentage. The parents of 95.23 per cent had come over the sea, to better themselves, it may be assumed. Let us see what they brought us, and what we have given them in return.

The Italians were in the majority where this census taker went. They were

from the south of Italy, avowedly the worst of the Italian immigration which in the eight years from 1891 to 1898 gave us more than half a million of King Humbert's subjects. The exact number, as registered by the Emigration Bureau, was 502,592. In 1898, 58,613 came over, 36,086 of them with New York as their destination. The official year ends with June. In the six months from July 1 to December 31, the immigrants were sorted out upon a more intelligent plan than previously. The process as applied to the 30,470 Italians who were landed during that term yielded this result: from northern Italy, 4762; from southern Italy, 25,708. Of these latter a number came from Sicily, the island of the absentee landlord, where peasants die of hunger. I make no apology for quoting here the statement of an Italian officer, on duty in the island, to a staff correspondent of the *Tribuna* of Rome, a paper not to be suspected of disloyalty to United Italy. I take it from the *Evening Post*:—

"In the month of July I stopped on a march by a threshing floor where they were measuring grain. When the shares had been divided, the one who had cultivated the land received a single *tumolo* (less than a half bushel). The peasant, leaning on his spade, looked at his share as if stunned. His wife and their five children were standing by. From the painful toil of a year this was what was left to him with which to feed his family. The tears rolled silently down his cheeks."

These things occasionally help one to understand. Over against this picture there arises in my memory one from the Barge Office, where I had gone to see an Italian steamer come in. A family sat apart, ordered to wait by the inspecting officer; in the group an old man,

worn and wrinkled, who viewed the turmoil with the calmness of one having no share in it. The younger members formed a sort of bulwark around him.

"Your father is too old," said the official.

Two young women and a boy of sixteen rose to their feet at once. "Are not we young enough to work for him?" they said. The boy showed his strong arms.

It is charged against this Italian immigrant that he is dirty, and the charge is true. He lives in the darkest of slums, and pays rent that ought to hire a decent flat. To wash, water is needed; and we have a law which orders tenement landlords to put it on every floor, so that their tenants may have the chance. And it is not yet half a dozen years since one of the biggest tenement house landlords in the city, the wealthiest church corporation in the land, attacked the constitutionality of this statute rather than pay a couple of hundred dollars for putting water into two old buildings, as the Board of Health had ordered, and came near upsetting the whole structure of tenement house law upon which our safety depends. He is ignorant, it is said, and that charge is also true. I doubt if one of the family in the Barge Office could read or write his own name. Yet would you fear especial danger to our institutions, to our citizenship, from these four? He lives cheaply, crowds, and underbids even the Jew in the sweatshop. I can myself testify to the truth of these statements. Only this spring I was the umpire in a quarrel between the Jewish tailors and the factory inspector whom they arraigned before the Governor on charges of inefficiency. The burden of their grievance was that the Italians were underbidding them in their own market, which of course the factory inspector could not prevent. Yet, even so, the evidence is not that the Italian always gets the best of it. I came across a family once working on "knee-

pants." "Twelve pants, ten cents," said the tailor, when there was work. "We work for dem sheenies," he explained. "Ven dey has work, ve gets some; ven dey has n't, ve don't." He was an unusually gifted tailor as to English, but apparently not as to business capacity. In the Astor tenements, in Elizabeth Street, where we found forty-three families living in rooms intended for sixteen, I saw women finishing "pants" at thirty cents a day. Some of the garments were of good grade, and some of poor; some of them were soldiers' trousers, made for the government; but whether they received five, seven, eight, or ten cents a pair, it came to thirty cents a day, except in a single instance, in which two women, sewing from five in the morning till eleven at night, were able, being practiced hands, to finish forty-five "pants" at three and a half cents a pair, and so made together over a dollar and a half. They were content, even happy. I suppose it seemed wealth to them, coming from a land where a Parisian investigator of repute found three lire (not quite sixty cents) *per month* a girl's wages.

I remember one of those flats, poor and dingy, yet with signs of the instinctive groping toward orderly arrangement which I have observed so many times, and take to be evidence that in better surroundings much might be made of these people. Clothes were hung to dry on a line strung the whole length of the room. Upon couches by the wall some men were snoring. They were the boarders. The "man" was out shoveling snow with the midnight shift. By a lamp with brown paper shade, over at the window, sat two women sewing. One had a baby on her lap. Two sweet little cherubs, nearly naked, slept on a pile of unfinished "pants," and smiled in their sleep. A girl of six or seven dozed in a child's rocker between the two workers, with her head hanging down on one side; the mother propped it up with her elbow as she sewed. They

were all there, and happy in being together even in such a place. On a corner shelf burned a night lamp before a print of the Mother of God, flanked by two green bottles, which, seen at a certain angle, made quite a festive show.

Complaint is made that the Italian promotes child labor. His children work at home on "pants" and flowers at an hour when they ought to have been long in bed. Their sore eyes betray the little flowermakers when they come tardily to school. Doubtless there are such cases, and quite too many of them; yet, in the very block which I have spoken of, the investigation conducted for the Tenement House Committee by the University Department of Sociology of Columbia College, under Professor Franklin H. Giddings, discovered of 196 children of school age only 23 at work or at home, and in the next block only 27 out of 215. That was the showing of the foreign population all the way through. Of 225 Russian Jewish children only 15 were missing from school, and of 354 little Bohemians only 21. The overcrowding of the schools and their long waiting lists occasionally furnished the explanation why they were not there. Professor Giddings reported, after considering all the evidence: "The foreign-born population of the city is not, to any great extent, forcing children of legal school age into money-earning occupations. On the contrary, this population shows a strong desire to have its children acquire the common rudiments of education. If the city does not provide liberally and wisely for the satisfaction of this desire, the blame for the civic and moral dangers that will threaten our community, because of ignorance, vice, and poverty, must rest on the whole public, not on our foreign-born residents." It is satisfactory to know that the warning has been heeded, and that soon there will be schools enough to hold all the children who come. After September 1, this year, the new factory law will

reach also the Italian flowermaker in his home, and that source of waste will be stopped.

He is clannish, this Italian; he gambles and uses a knife, though rarely on anybody not of his own people; he "takes what he can get," wherever anything is free, as who would not, coming to the feast like a starved wolf? There was nothing free where he came from. Even the salt was taxed past a poor man's getting any of it. Lastly, he buys fraudulent naturalization papers, and uses them. I shall plead guilty for him to every one of these counts. They are all proven. Gambling is his besetting sin. He is sober, industrious, frugal, enduring beyond belief, but he will gamble on Sunday and quarrel over his cards, and when he sticks his partner in the heat of the quarrel the partner is not apt to tell. He prefers to bide his time. Yet there has lately been evidence once or twice in the surrender of an assassin by his countrymen that the old vendetta is being shelved, and a new idea of law and justice is breaking through. As to the last charge: our Italian is not dull. With his intense admiration for the land where a dollar a day waits upon the man with a shovel, he can see no reason why he should not accept the whole "American plan" with ready enthusiasm. It is a good plan. To him it sums itself up in the statement: a dollar a day for the shovel; two dollars for the shovel with a citizen behind it. And he takes the papers and the two dollars.

He came here for a chance to live. Of politics, social ethics, he knows nothing. Government in his old home existed only for his oppression. Why should he not attach himself with his whole loyal soul to the plan of government in his new home that offers to boost him into the place of his wildest ambition, a "job on the streets," — that is, in the Street-Cleaning Department, — and asks no other return than that he shall vote as directed? Vote! Not only he, but

his cousins and brothers and uncles will vote as they are told, to get Pietro the job he covets. If it pleases the other man, what is it to him for whom he votes? He is after the job. Here, ready-made to the hand of the politician, is such material as he never saw before. For Pietro's loyalty is great. As a police detective, one of his own people, once put it to me: "He got a kind of an idea, or an old rule: an eye for an eye; do to another as you'd be done by; if he don't squeal on you, you stick by him, no matter what the consequences." This "kind of an idea" is all he has to draw upon for an answer to the question if the thing is right. But the question does not arise. Why should it? Was he not told by the agitators whom the police jailed at home that in a republic all men are made happy by means of the vote? And is there not proof of it? It has made him happy, has it not? And the man who bought his vote seems to like it. Well, then?

Very early Pietro discovered that it was every man for himself, in the chase of the happiness which this powerful votee had in keeping. He was robbed by the padrone — that is, the boss — when he came over, fleeced on his steamship fare, made to pay for getting a job, and charged three prices for board and lodging and extras while working in the railroad gang. The boss had a monopoly, and Pietro was told that it was maintained by his "divvying" with some railroad official. Rumor said, a very high-up official, and that the railroad was in politics in the city; that is to say, dealt in votes. When the job gave out, the boss packed him into the tenement he had bought with his profits on the contract; and if Pietro had a family, told him to take in lodgers and crowd his flat, as the Elizabeth Street tenements were crowded, so as to make out the rent, and to never mind the law. The padrone was a politician, and had a pull. He was bigger than the law, and it was the

votes he traded in that did it all. Now it was Pietro's turn. With his vote he could buy what to him seemed wealth. In the muddle of ideas, that was the one which stood out. When citizen papers were offered him for \$12.50, he bought them quickly, and got his job on the street.

It was the custom of the country. If there was any doubt about it, the proof was furnished when Pietro was arrested through the envy and plotting of the opposition boss last fall. Distinguished counsel, employed by the machine, pleaded his case in court. Pietro felt himself to be quite a personage, and he was told that he was safe from harm, though a good deal of dust might be kicked up; because, when it came down to that, both the bosses were doing the same kind of business. I quote from the report of the State Superintendent of Elections of January, this year: "In nearly every case of illegal registration, the defendant was represented by eminent counsel who were identified with the Democratic organization, among them being three assistants to the Corporation counsel. My deputies arrested Rosario Calecione and Giuseppe Marrone, both of whom appeared to vote at the fifth election district of the Sixth Assembly District; Marrone being the Democratic captain of the district, and, it was charged, himself engaged in the business of securing fraudulent naturalization papers. In both of these cases Farriello had procured the naturalization papers for the men for a consideration. They were subsequently indicted. Marrone and Calecione were bailed by the Democratic leader of the Sixth Assembly District."

The business, says the State Superintendent, is carried on "to an enormous extent." It appears, then, that Pietro has already "got on to" the American plan as the slum presented it to him, and has in good earnest become a problem. I guessed as much from the statement of a Tammany politician to

me, a year ago, that every Italian voter in his district got his "old two" on election day. He ought to know, for he held the purse. Suppose, now, we speak our minds as frankly, for once, and put the blame where it belongs. Will it be on Pietro? And upon this showing, who ought to be excluded, when it comes to that?

The slum census taker did not cross the Bowery. Had he done so, he would have come upon the refugee Jew, the other economic marplot of whom complaint is made with reason. If his Nemesis has overtaken him in the Italian, certainly he challenged that fate. He did cut wages by his coming. He was starving, and he came in shoals. In fourteen years more than 400,000 Jewish immigrants have landed in New York.¹ They had to have work and food, and they got both as they could. In the strife they developed qualities that were anything but pleasing. They herded like cattle. They had been so herded by Christian rulers, a despised and persecuted race, through the centuries. Their very coming was to escape from their last inhuman captivity in a Christian state. They lied, they were greedy, they were charged with bad faith. They brought nothing, — neither money nor artisan skill, — nothing but their consuming energy, to our land, and their one gift was their greatest offense. One might have pointed out that they had been trained to lie, for their safety; had been forbidden to work at trades, to own land; had been taught for a thousand years, with the scourge and the stake, that only gold could buy them freedom from torture. But what was the use? The charges were true. The Jew was — he still is — a problem of our slum.

And yet, if ever there was material for citizenship, this Jew is such material. Alone of all our immigrants he

comes to us without a past. He has no country to renounce, no ties to forget. Within him there burns a passionate longing for a home to call his, a country which will own him, that waits only for the spark of such another love to spring into flame which nothing can quench. Waiting for it, all his energies are turned into his business. He is not always choice in method; he often offends. But he succeeds. He is the yeast of any slum, if given time. If it will not let him go, it must rise with him. The charity managers in London said it, when we looked through their slums some years ago: "The Jews have renovated Whitechapel." I, for one, am a firm believer in this Jew, and in his boy. Ignorant they are, but with a thirst for knowledge that surmounts any barrier. The boy takes all the prizes in the school. His comrades sneer that he will not fight. Neither will he when there is nothing to be gained by it. But I believe that, should the time come when the country needs fighting men, the son of the despised immigrant Jew will resurree on American soil, the first that bade him welcome, the old Maccabee type, and set an example for all the rest of us to follow.

For fifteen years he has been in the public eye as the vehicle and promoter of sweating, and much severe condemnation has been visited upon him with good cause. He had to do something, and he took to the clothesmaker's trade as that which was most quickly learned. The increasing crowds, the tenement, and his grinding poverty made the soil, wherein the evil thing grew rank. Yet the real sweater is the manufacturer, not the workman. It is just a question of expense to the manufacturer. By letting out his work on contract, he can save the expense of running his factory and delay longer making his choice of styles. The Jew is the victim of the mischief quite as much as he has helped it on. Back of the manufacturer there

¹ According to the register of the United Hebrew Charities, between October 1, 1884, and March 1, 1899, the number was 402,181.

is still another sweater,—the public. Only by its sufferance of the bargain counter and of sweatshop-made goods has the nuisance existed as long as it has. I am glad to believe that its time is passing away. The law has driven the sweatshops out of the tenements, and so deprived them of one of their chief props: there was no rent at all to pay there. Child labor, which only four years ago the Reinhard Committee characterized as “one of the most extensive evils now existing in the city of New York, a constant and grave menace to the welfare of its people,” has been practically banished from the tailoring trade. What organization among the workers had failed to effect is apparently going to be accomplished by direct pressure of an outraged public opinion. Already manufacturers are returning to their own factories, and making capital of the fact among their customers. The new law, which greatly extends the factory inspector’s power over sweatshops, is an expression of this enlightened sentiment. It will put New York a long stride ahead, and quite up to Massachusetts. The inspector’s tag has proved, where the law was violated, an effective weapon. It suspends all operation of the shop and removal of the goods until the orders of the inspector have been obeyed. But the tag which shall finally put an end to sweating, and restore decent conditions, is not the factory inspector’s, I am persuaded, but a trades union label, which shall deserve public confidence and receive it. We have much to learn yet, all of us. I think I can see the end of this trouble, however, when the Italian’s triumph in the sweatshop shall have proved but a barren victory, to his own gain.

In all I have said so far, in these papers, I have not gone beyond the limits of the old city,—of Manhattan Island, in fact. I want now to glance for a moment at the several attempts made at colonizing refugee Jews in this part

of the country. Brownsville was one of the earliest. Its projector was a manufacturer, and its motive profit. The result was the familiar one,—as nasty a little slum as ever the East Side had to show. We have it on our hands now in the Greater City,—it came in with Brooklyn,—and it is not a gain. Down in southern New Jersey several colonies were started, likewise by speculators, in the persecution of the early eighties, and these also failed. The soil was sandy and poor, and, thrown upon their own resources in a strange and unfriendly neighborhood, with unfamiliar and unremunerative toil, the colonists grew discouraged and gave up in despair. The colonies were approaching final collapse, when the managers of the Baron de Hirsch Fund in New York, who had started and maintained a successful colony at Woodbine, in the same neighborhood, took them under the arms and inaugurated a new plan. They persuaded several large clothing contractors in this city to move their plants down to the villages, where they would be assured of steady hands, not so easily affected by strikes. For strikes in sweatshops are often enough the alternative of starvation. Upon the land there would be no starvation. The managers of the Fund built factories, bought the old mortgages on the farms, and put up houses for the families which the contractors brought down with them. This effort at transplanting the crowd from the Ghetto to the soil has now been going on for a year. At latest account, eight contractors and two hundred and fifty families had been moved out. The colonies had taken on a new lease of life and apparent prosperity. While it is yet too early to pass sober judgment, there seems to be good ground for hoping that a real way out has been found that shall restore the Jew, at least in a measure, to the soil from which he was barred so long. The experiment is of exceeding interest. The hopes of its project-

ors that a purely farming community might be established have not been realized. Perhaps it was too much to expect. By bringing to the farmers their missing market, and work to the surplus population, the mixed settlement plan bids fair to prove a step in the desired direction.

Some 18,500 acres are now held by Jewish colonists in New Jersey. In the New England states, in the last eight years, 600 abandoned farms have been occupied and are cultivated by refugees from Russia. As a dairy farmer and a poultry raiser, the Jew has more of an immediate commercial grip on the situation and works with more courage. At Woodbine, sixty-five boys and girls are being trained in an agricultural school that has won the whole settlement the friendly regard of the neighborhood. Of its pupils, eleven came out of tailor shops, and ten had been office boys, messengers, or newsboys. To these, and to the trade schools now successfully operated by the de Hirsch Fund, we are to look in the next generation for the answer to the old taunt that the Jew is a trader, and not fit to be either farmer or craftsman, and for the solution of the problem which he now presents in the slum.

I have spoken at length of the Jew and the Italian, because they are our present problem. Yesterday it was the Irishman and the Bohemian. To-morrow it may be the Greek, who already undersells the Italian from his pusheart in the Fourth Ward, and the Syrian, who can give Greek, Italian, and Jew points at a trade. From Dalmatia a new immigration has begun to come, and there are signs of its working further east in the Balkan states, where there is no telling what is in store for us. How to absorb them all safely is the question. Doubtless the Irishman, having absorbed us politically, would be glad to free us from all concern on that score by doing a like favor for them.

But we should not get the best of the slum that way; it would get the best of us, instead. Would I shut out the newcomers? Sometimes, looking at it from the point of view of the Barge Office and the sweatshop, I think I would. Then there comes up the recollection of a picture of the city of Prague that hangs in a Bohemian friend's parlor, here in New York. I stood looking at it one day, and noticed in the foreground cannon that pointed in over the city. I spoke of it, unthinking, and said to my host that they should be trained, if against an enemy, the other way. The man's eye flashed fire. "Ha!" he cried, "here, yes!" When I think of that, I do not want to shut the door.

Again, there occurs to me an experience the police had last summer in Mulberry Street. They were looking for a murderer, and came upon a nest of Italian thugs who lived by blackmailing their countrymen. They were curious about them, and sent their names to Naples with a request for information. There came back such a record as none of the detectives had ever seen or heard of before. All of them were notorious criminals, who had been charged with every conceivable crime, from burglary to kidnapping and "maiming," and some not to be conceived of by the American mind. Five of them together had been sixty-three times in jail, and one no less than twenty-one times. Yet, though they were all "under special surveillance," they had come here without let or hindrance within a year. When I recall that, I want to shut the door quick. I sent the exhibit to Washington at the time. But then, again, when I think of Mrs. Michelangelo in her poor mourning for one child run over and killed, wiping her tears away and going bravely to work to keep the home together for the other five until the oldest shall be old enough to take her father's place; and when, as now, there strays into my hand the letter from my

good friend, the "woman doctor" in the slum, when her father had died, in which she wrote: "The little scamps of the street have been positively pathetic; they have made such shy, boyish attempts at friendliness. One little chap offered to let me hold his top while it was spinning, in token of affection," — when I read that, I have not the heart to shut anybody out.

Except, of course, the unfit, the criminal and the pauper, cast off by their own, and the man brought over here merely to put money into the pockets of the steamship agent, the padrone, and the mine owner. We have laws to bar these out. Suppose we begin by being honest with ourselves and the immigrant, and enforcing our own laws. In spite of a healthy effort at the port of New York, — I can only speak for that, — under the present administration, that has not yet been done. When the door has been shut and locked against the man who left his country for his country's good, whether by its "assistance" or not, and when trafficking in the immigrant for private profit has been stopped, then, perhaps, we shall be better able to decide what degree of ignorance in him constitutes unfitness for citizenship and cause for shutting him out. Perchance then, also, we shall hear less of the cant about his being a peril to the republic. Doubtless ignorance is a peril, but the selfishness that trades upon ignorance is a much greater. He came to us without a country, ready to adopt such a standard of patriotism as he found, at its face value, and we gave him the rear tenement and slum politics. If he accepted the standard, whose fault was it? His being in such a hurry to vote that he could not wait till the law made him a citizen was no worse, to my mind, than the treachery of the "upper class" native, who refuses to go to the polls for fear he may rub up against him there. This last let us settle with first, and see what remains of our problem. We

can approach it honestly, then, at all events.

When the country was in the throes of the silver campaign, the newspapers told the story of an old laborer who went to the subtreasury and demanded to see the "boss." He undid the strings of an old leathern purse with fumbling fingers, and counted out more than two hundred dollars in gold eagles, the hoard of a lifetime of toil and self-denial. They were for the government, he said. He had not the head to understand all the talk that was going, but he gathered from what he heard that the government was in trouble, and that somehow it was about not having gold enough. So he had brought what he had. He owed it all to the country, and now that she needed it he had come to give it back. The man was an Irishman. Very likely he was enrolled in Tammany and voted her ticket. I remember a tenement at the bottom of a back alley over on the East Side, where I once went visiting with the pastor of a mission chapel. Up in the attic there was a family of father and daughter in two rooms that had been made out of one by dividing off the deep dormer window. It was midwinter, and they had no fire. He was a peddler, but the snow had stalled his pusheart and robbed them of their only other source of income, a lodger who hired cot room in the attic for a few cents a night. The daughter was not able to work. But she said, cheerfully, that they were "getting along." When it came out that she had not tasted solid food for many days, was starving, in fact, — indeed, she died within a year, of the slow starvation of the tenements that parades in the mortality returns under a variety of scientific names which all mean the same thing, — she met her pastor's gentle chiding with the excuse: "Oh, your church has many poorer than I. I don't want to take your money."

These were Germans, ordinarily held to be close-fisted; but I found that in

their dire distress they had taken in a poor old man who was past working, and had kept him all winter, sharing with him what they had. He was none of theirs; they hardly even knew him, as it appeared. It was enough that he was "poorer than they," and lonely and hungry and cold.

It was over here that the children of Dr. Elsing's Sunday school gave out of the depth of their poverty fifty-four dollars in pennies to be hung on the Christmas tree as their offering to the persecuted Armenians. One of their teachers told me of a Bohemian family that let the holiday dinner she brought them stand and wait, while they sent out to bid to the feast four little ragamuffins of the neighborhood who else would have gone hungry. I remember well a teacher in one of the Children's Aid Society's schools, herself a tenement child, who, with breaking heart, but brave face, played and sang the children's Christmas carols with them rather than spoil their pleasure, while her only sister lay dying at home.

I might keep on and fill many pages with instances of that kind, which simply go to prove that our poor human nature is at least as robust on Avenue A as up on Fifth Avenue, if it has half a chance, and often enough to restore one's faith in it, with no chance at all; and I might set over against it the product of sordid and mean environment which one has never far to seek. Good and evil go together in the tenements as in the fine houses, and the evil sticks out sometimes merely because it lies nearer the surface. The point is that the good does outweigh the bad, and that the virtues that turn the balance are after all those that make for good citizenship anywhere, while the faults are oftenest the accidents of ignorance and lack of training, which it is the business of society to correct. I recall my discouragement when I looked over the examination papers of a batch of candidates

for police appointment, — young men largely the product of our public schools in this city and elsewhere, — and read in them that five of the original New England states were "England, Ireland, Scotland, Belfast, and Cork;" that the Fire Department ruled New York in the absence of the Mayor, — I have sometimes wished it did, and that he would stay away awhile; and that Lincoln was murdered by Ballington Booth. But we shall agree, no doubt, that the indictment of these papers was not of the men who wrote them, but of the school that stuffed its pupils with useless trash, and did not teach them to think. Neither have I forgotten that it was one of these very men who, having failed, and afterward got a job as a bridge policeman, on his first pay day went straight from his post, half frozen as he was, to the settlement worker who had befriended him and his sick father, and gave him five dollars for "some one who was poorer than they." Poorer than they! What worker among the poor has not heard it? It is the charity of the tenement that covers a multitude of sins. There were thirteen in this policeman's family, and his wages were the biggest item of income in the house.

Jealousy, envy, and meanness wear no fine clothes and masquerade under no smooth speeches in the slums. Often enough it is the very nakedness of the virtues that makes us stumble in our judgment. I have in mind the "difficult case" that confronted some philanthropic friends of mine in a rear tenement on Twelfth Street, in the person of an aged widow, quite seventy I should think, who worked uncomplainingly for a sweater all day and far into the night, pinching and saving and stinting herself, with black bread and chicory coffee as her only fare, in order that she might carry her pitiful earnings to her big, lazy lout of a son in Brooklyn. He never worked. My friends' difficulty was a very real one, for absolutely every at-

tempt to relieve the widow was wrecked upon her mother heart. It all went over the river. Yet one would not have had her different.

Sometimes it is only the unfamiliar setting that shocks. When an East Side midnight burglar, discovered and pursued, killed a tenant who blocked his way of escape, a few weeks ago, his "girl" gave him up to the police. But it was not because he had taken human life. "He was good to me," she explained to the captain whom she told where to find him, "but since he robbed the church I had no use for him." He had stolen, it seems, the communion service in a Staten Island church. The thoughtless laughed. But in her ignorant way she was only trying to apply the standards of morality as they had been taught her. Stunted, bemuddled, as they were, I think I should prefer to take my chances with her rather than with the woman of wealth and luxury who, some years ago, gave a Christmas party to her lapdog, as on the whole the sounder of the two, and by far the more hopeful.

All of which is merely saying that the country is all right, and the people are to be trusted with the old faith in spite of the slum. And it is true, if we remember to put it that way, — in spite of the slum. There is nothing in the slum to warrant that faith save human nature as yet uncorrupted. How long it is to remain so is altogether a question of the sacrifices we are willing to make in our fight with the slum. As yet, we are told by the officials having to do with the enforcement of the health ordinances, which come closer to the life of the individual than any other kind, that the poor in the tenements are "more amenable to the law than the better class." It is of the first importance, then, that we should have laws deserving of their respect, and that these laws should be enforced, lest they conclude that the whole thing is a sham. Respect for law is a very

powerful bar against the slum. But what, for instance, must the poor Jew understand, who is permitted to buy a live hen at the market, yet neither to kill nor keep it in his tenement, and who on his feast day finds a whole squad of policemen detailed to follow him around and see that he does not do any of the things with his fowl for which he must have bought it? Or the day laborer, who drinks his beer in a "Raines law hotel," where brick sandwiches, consisting of two pieces of bread with a brick between, are set out on the counter, in derision of the state law which forbids the serving of drinks without "meals"? (The Stanton Street saloon keeper who did that was solemnly acquitted by a jury.) Or the boy, who may buy fireworks on the Fourth of July, but not set them off? These are only ridiculous instances of an abuse that pervades our community life to an extent that constitutes one of the gravest perils. Insincerity of that kind is not lost on our fellow citizen by adoption, who is only anxious to fall in with the ways of the country; and especially is it not lost on his boy.

We shall see how it affects him. He is the one for whom we are waging the battle with the slum. He is the to-morrow that sits to-day drinking in the lesson of the prosperity of the big boss who declared with pride upon the witness stand that he rules New York, that judges pay him tribute, and that only when *he* says so a thing "goes;" and that it is all for what he can get out of it, "just the same as everybody else." He sees corporations to-day pay blackmail and rob the people in return, quite according to the schedule of Hester Street. Only there it is the police who charge the peddler twenty cents, while here it is the politicians taking toll of the franchisees, twenty per cent. Wall Street is not ordinarily reckoned in the slum, because of certain physical advantages; but, upon the evidence of the day, I think we shall

have to conclude that the advantage ends there. The boy who is learning such lessons, — how is it with him?

The president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children says that children's crime is increasing, and he ought to know. The managers of the Children's Aid Society, after forty-six years of wrestling with the slum for the boy, in which they have lately seemed to get the upper hand, say in this year's report that on the East Side children are growing up in certain districts "entirely neglected," and that the number of such children "increases beyond the power of philanthropic and religious bodies to cope properly with their needs." In the Tompkins Square Lodging House the evening classes are thinning out, and the keeper wails: "Those with whom we have dealt of late have not been inclined

to accept this privilege; how to make night school attractive to shiftless, indifferent street boys is a difficult problem to solve."

Perhaps it is only that he has lost the key. Across the square, the Boys' Club of St. Mark's Place, that began with a handful, counts five thousand members to-day, and is seeking a place to build a house of its own. The school census man announces that no boy in that old stronghold of the "bread or blood" brigade need henceforth loiter in the street because there is not room in the public school, and the brigade has disbanded for want of recruits. The shop is being shut against the boy, and the bars let down at the playground. But from Tompkins Square, nevertheless, came Jacob Beresheim, whose story I shall tell you presently.

Jacob A. Riis.

THE VITALITY OF MACAULAY.

I.

THE reign of Queen Victoria has been the golden age of English prose. The royal masters lived earlier, — the makers of the English Bible, Milton, and Burke. Other masters of great fame — Hooker, Browne, Addison, Bolingbroke — have been scattered over other generations; but the prose of Victoria's reign has Newman, Ruskin, Carlyle, and Macaulay. Such diverse excellences of so high a reach have never appeared in England at one time before. In these men manner has so well matched matter that it seems the order of nature for a priest to write like Newman, a poet like Ruskin, a prophet like Carlyle, an historian like Macaulay. The diversity of these four, from another, forbids any comparison; do you prefer a horsehoe, a salt-cellar, or a bottle of cologne? Never-

theless, time has thrown out some hints concerning their enduring quality. Tract number 90 is already old with hoary age; Sartor Resartus is powerless to arouse the youth of to-day; the period of Ruskin's tyranny is past; and still Macaulay's essays, though it is fifty years since they were first published, are read continually, from London to Melbourne, from New York to Singapore.

It is the fashion at present to speak of Newman, Ruskin, and Carlyle with the utmost deference, even for those who dissent from their opinions; but many, both they who are fond of books and they who simulate such an affection, feel at liberty to speak of Macaulay as a sort of literary demagogue. The objects of admiration by a poet, a prophet, and a priest are more to the taste of the dainty than is the resolute, matter-of-fact man of business whom Macaulay celebrates.

For Macaulay's popularity there is one principal reason, — that he was a typical Englishman. All his English critics agree — and they ascribe it to him as a great limitation — that he was a man who represented his generation, who believed their beliefs, hoped their hopes, and feared their fears. Whether that charge be serious or not, Macaulay was far more than that; he had much of the permanent English in him. He did hold the political opinions of the men who emancipated the Catholics and reformed the House of Commons. Yet those political ideas of 1830 were not transitory, but English; they were merely the nineteenth-century form of the ideas which have been working at the social and political constitution of England ever since Magna Carta. Englishmen have always been zealous to obtain what they have deemed their rights. Those rights have not been creations of the imagination, not children of theory, but certain definite powers to be enjoyed, certain definite restraints to be cast loose. Macaulay's speeches on the Reform Bill are characteristic of the English mind. He instinctively employs only English arguments; he disclaims any symmetrical theory, he courts property, he shouts warning of instant danger. His voice sounds like the voice of England calling to her children in a good set English speech.

At Runnymede Macaulay would have had passionate delight. King John would have looked as big a fool as King James, and as bad as Jeffreys. Macaulay would have argued for the plaintiff in *Taltarum's* case; he would have cited endless precedents for the Petition of Right; he would have written hexameters for the Writ of Habeas Corpus; he would have championed any remedy for an immediate distemper of the body politic. He had no relish for the discomforts of subordination; he never believed that submission and asceticism were the will of God.

Macaulay had no religious quality; the English have never had the peculiar grace of Latin piety. Dunstan and à Becket have been their saints. Thomas à Kempis, St. Francis, Joan of Arc, St. Theresa, never could have been English. English piety trickles like "a rivulet in a meadow" of common sense and respectability. The Established Church calls to mind that picture of an English milord in Brown, Jones, and Robinson who is reading in a foreign railway carriage; some peasants are chattering under his window: "How rude in those people to disturb his lordship!" Emerson says: "The doctrine of the Old Testament is the religion of England. It believes in a Providence which does not treat with levity a pound sterling. They are neither transcendentalists nor Christians. They put up no Socratic prayer, much less any saintly prayer for the Queen's mind; ask neither for light nor right, but say bluntly, 'Grant her in health and wealth long to live.'"

Macaulay had none of the artist's temperament. England has never produced one of the world's great painters. England has never given birth to a great musician or to a good sculptor. There has been no great English architect since the French influences ceased. Sir Christopher Wren was not a great architect, but a great Englishman.

Common sense is the great English characteristic; Macaulay was filled with it. Macaulay did not care for philosophy. "The philosophy of Plato," says he, "is the philosophy of words." "The brilliant Macaulay, who expresses the tone of the English governing classes of the day, explicitly teaches that *good* means good to eat, good to wear, material commodity; that the glory of modern philosophy is its direction on 'fruit,' to yield economical inventions; and that its merit is to avoid ideas and avoid morals. He thinks it the distinctive merit of the Baconian philosophy, in its triumph over the old Platonic, its disen-

tangling the intellect from theories of the all-Fair and all-Good, and pinning it down to the making a better sick-chair and a better wine-why for an invalid; that 'solid advantage,' as he calls it, meaning always sensual benefit, is the only good." This is Emerson's criticism on Macaulay, but he puts it forward as illustrating English traits. Taine says: "I do not wish to criticise doctrines, but to depict a man; and truly nothing could be more striking than this absolute scorn for speculation, and this absolute love for the practical. Such a mind is entirely suitable to the national genius; in England a barometer is still called a philosophical instrument; philosophy is there a thing unknown. . . . The English have moralists, psychologists, but no metaphysicians. . . . The only part of philosophy which pleases men of this kind is morality, because, like them, it is wholly practical, and only attends to actions. . . . Macaulay's essays are a new example of this national and dominant inclination."

England is highly renowned for her natural science; but the Englishman's lack of interest in abstract ideas is the burden of the lamentation of every English Jeremiah.

Macaulay was essentially, and in his strongest characteristics, an Englishman. His mind and heart were cast in English moulds. His strong love and unbounded admiration of England sprung from his inner being. His morality, his honesty, his hate of sham, his carelessness of metaphysics, his frank speech, his insular understanding, his positiveness, are profoundly English. And there is in him something of that tenderness, to which in public he could give no adequate expression, which grants its grace to that most honorable epithet "an English gentleman." The real English gentleman shows his quality in his English home.

The cause of Lord Macaulay's success, of his triumphant and enduring popu-

larity, is that he is an Englishman praising English things. This is especially true of his History.

II.

The history of England is the great romance of the modern world. The story of the rise, triumph, decline, and fall of the Roman Empire is more dramatic; it would be impossible to match in interest the narrative of the Roman people from their cradle on the Palatine Hill until they walked abroad masters of the world. But England is now living in the height of her pride and power, the great civilizing force of this century. Sprung from the mingled blood of Celt, Saxon, Scandinavian, and Norman, the Englishman has made his island home a garden of poetry, a school of government for the nations, the factory of the world:—

"This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone set in the silver sea."

The story of England outdoes the *Waverley* novels. Its pages spread their brilliant colors in the full meridian of life. Its panorama extends like the visions of an enchanter,—

"Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes."

The mightiest Julius lands; legionaries build walls and camps, and withdraw; wild men struggle with wild men; missionaries teach the Pater Noster to awkward lips; petty kingdoms weld together; Saxons strike down Celts; Normans strike down Saxons; Crusaders cross the seas; Runnymede listens to a great charter; English judges and English priests contend against the dominion of Roman law and Roman theology; Hotspurs and Warwicks march across the stage; sons of serfs are born freemen; English kings lay claims to the lands of France; books are printed; rebellions break out against the Roman pontiffs; traders and sailors roam abroad; Bacon reasons; Shakespeare dramatizes; the nation shuffles off the coil of royal

tyranny; Royal Societies are founded; weavers weave; spinners spin; bobbins and shuttles load ships; chapter succeeds chapter, till the large volume of the nineteenth century is reached.

England has created the best and freest government in the world; England has made the greatest literature; England has brought forth Bacon, Newton, Darwin; England has wrought the only system of law that can match that of Rome; England has sent forth *comme un vol de gerfauts*, adventurers, colonizers, civilizers; England, by Drake and Howard of Effingham, has annexed the Channel to her coast; England has sent westward Raleigh and Cabot, Pilgrims to Massachusetts, younger sons to Virginia, Wolfe to Canada, Clive and Warren Hastings to India, Dampier and Cook to Australia, Gordon and Kitchener to Khartoum, taking *vi et armis* great regions of the earth to have and to hold to her and her English heirs forever.

Amid such prodigal wealth of harvest there is room for many husbandmen. Holinshed and Froissart may chronicle legend and foray; Bacon may find a narrative that shall lead to political preferment; Hakluyt may gather yarns together that shall stop the question, "What have the indolent English done at sea?" Clarendon may prove the badness of a fallen cause; Hume may uncover plentiful proofs of Tory virtue; Napier may track the "thin red line of heroes" threading the mountains of Spain. Out of the hundred facets an historian may select that one which flashes most light to him. Froude may praise the red hands of Elizabethan marauders; Gardiner may follow endless links of cause and effect; Freeman may find explanations for his own historic doubts; Lingard may gratify Roman Catholics; Green may avoid personal prejudices. English history has great garners laden with probabilities, theories, interests, and facts, protean enough to satisfy the most wanton historical desires.

By the side of the gay and splendid colors of English history there are large quiet spaces of sombre hues, dull to the indolent eye. While heroes, paladins, and champions have been caracoling conspicuous, sad-visaged, shrewd, resolute men have been steadily working, plodding, planning, constructing, — Commonly behind the scenes, but not always: men who gradually, step by step, sadly and surely enlarging precedent, piecing and patching, wrought the common law; who slowly and steadfastly built up the pious and sombre creeds and practices of the Nonconformist churches of England. Such men have had a great and controlling influence on the development of modern England. They have been the burghers as opposed to landowners or yeomen; of the middle class as against the aristocracy and the plebeians; the educated in distinction from the learned or the ignorant. They have been the Dissenters and Low Churchmen. They have been the party of advance; the advocates of petty changes; the practical men busy with daily needs, careless of sentiments and theories, taking care of the pennies of life.

They are the men of double entry, magnifying routine. In business, they have added mechanical device to mechanical device; they have put wind, water, steam, and electricity into subjection; they have done most of the reckoning in England, and their brains are hieroglyphed with *l. s. d.* They have built up cities, adding house to house, block to block, factory to factory; they also have made a man's house his castle. The magic of science does not affect them. But for its usefulness they would not heed it, —

"But, as 'tis,

We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us. What ho! slave!"

In literature they have sustained the names that have been forgotten; of art they are innocent; in religion they are

for the Old Testament; in English politics they are Whigs and Liberals. They made the revolution of 1688; they passed the Act of Settlement, — a formal declaration of an accepted principle that no king had divine rights in Great Britain; they maintained the house of Hanover.

This cautious, industrious, peering-round-the-corner class is not attractive to everybody. We miss the glitter and the purple of ostentatious heroism; we feel the absence of luxury, of recklessness, of epigram, of sangfroid. Nevertheless, that class constitutes most of the machinery of the civilized world, calling itself the party of progress, known to its enemies as Mr. Gradgrind, Mr. Worldlywise, and their friends. This difference between the manufacturer and the country squire, the artisan and the soldier, the practical man and the idealist, an eye fixed on the present and an eye roaming over the past or future, between Whig and Tory, is the line of demarcation between two kinds of minds: the Benjamin Franklin character, inclined to wise saws, wise doubts, wise practices and experiments; and the Dr. Johnson temperament, bowing to authority, custom, the ways of grandfathers, the traditions of grandmothers, full of crotchets, prejudices, beliefs, and idealism.

If one looks at these classes from the point of view of the reader on winter evenings, the attractions of Tory history (to use the political epithet), English conquests, English empire, English traditions, English poetry, are beyond comparison more entertaining than histories of the common law, of Presbyterian synods, of factory acts, of Manchesters and Birminghams. But when the world is quiet, and the politics of England can regulate themselves by private morality and by the maxims of Poor Richard's *Almanac*, the outwardly uninteresting class is sure to be in power. The great wealth of England, the moral tone of her literature, the humane standard

among her common clergy, the saving ballast in her ship of state, are all triumphs of the Whigs.

Two generations ago, the chief historians of England, Clarendon, Hume, Lingard, had done little justice to the achievements of utility and progress; it was time that an advocate should arise to show the real value of the work of the middle classes. Justice demanded that at the bar of public opinion a zealous believer should plead the cause of the Whigs. Up rose Thomas Babington Macaulay, and first in the *Edinburgh Review*, and afterward in his *History*, eulogized their political achievements with amazing eloquence. All that he has written on the subject has been a splendid repetition of his words on his election as member for Edinburgh: "I look with pride on all that the Whigs have done for the cause of human freedom and of human happiness."

III.

It would be easy to find fault with any story of past events, even if it were written by Minos and Rhadamanthus together. The historian must tell in a chapter the events of years; he must compress into a page the character of a hero; he must cram into a paragraph an episode which brought life or death to a thousand men. With innumerable facts to choose from, he is bound to make choice. By the law of individuality he will not choose just the facts that Tom, Dick, or Harry sets store by. That Stubbs, Freeman, Hallam, Gardiner, do not have as many fault-finders as Macaulay is due in a measure, at least, to the fact that they have not one fiftieth part of his readers; and the readers whom they have belong to certain general classes. Macaulay's readers are of every kind and description: of crabbed age and fiery youth; grave seniors, reckless ne'er-do-wells; obstinate men, reasonable men; choleric men, meek men; pinched men, pampered

men; misers, prodigals; saints, sinners; cynics, believers; the melancholy man, the curious man, the mean man, the envious man, — all kinds, from Brabantio to Autolycus, from Major Pendennis to Mr. Winkle; and every one a critic, caring not who knows his mind.

There are, however, several classes of men to whom Macaulay's History wears an essentially false aspect. These are, first, the men of Tory cast of thought: men who have been taught from babyhood to look upon the cause represented by Tories in the history of politics as the only true and just cause; men who sit at ease in the *status quo*, and wonder why other men squirm in their seats; men whose minds, clinging to the past,

"Sois-moi fidèle, ô pauvre habit que j'aime!"

look askance at the future and possible change, who face to-morrow in the posture of self-defense. Naturally, they look upon the liberal type with an unjust eye. Men who are strong party men bestow harsh criticism (even Montaigne says, "Il faut prendre party"); they strive to strike their buffets home, and expect hard blows back.

In the second place, there are men of religious nature: men who give as little ear to daily happenings as they do to unknown tongues; who care not for the reputed meaning of things; who read Plato, Spinoza, Wordsworth; who roam about seeking something that shall satisfy their sense of bigness; who plunge into learning, bigotry, or sacrifice as headlong as a boy dives into a summer pool. These men cannot take the Whig interpretation of life. Macaulay's facts are to them incoherent, meaningless; he might as well hold out to them a handful of sand. What are those gay-faceted little facts to them? What care they for machinery, parliamentary reform, progress, Manchester prints? They delight not in gaudy day; they are servants to darkness: —

"Hail, thou most sacred, venerable thing!"

Then there is a third class of men susceptible to delicate and indefinite sensations. They demand *chiaroscuro*, twilight, "shadows and sunny glimmerings." They are of a sensitive, skeptical quality. They hold that the meaning of one solitary fact cannot be exhausted by the most brilliant description; they must needs go back to it continually, like Claude Monet to his haystack; every time they find it different. They live in mystery and uncertainty. The past is to them as doubtful as the future. For them some infinite spirit hovers over life, continually endowing it with its own attribute of infinite change; forever wreathing this misty matter into new shapes; making all things uncommon, wonderful, and strange. For them the highest of man's nature is in his shudder of awe. For them all life has fitful elements of poetry, music, and art. They are sensitive to little things; moving about like children in a world unrealized. They are sympathetic with seeming mutually exclusive things. Such men seek poetry everywhere, and find it; they contemplate life as an aggregate of possibilities, not of facts. At common happenings, like opium eaters they fall into strange dreams. They live on symbols. To such an aspect of life as these men behold, Macaulay was utterly strange. Of a chapel in Marseilles he says: "The mass was nearly over. I stayed to the end, wondering that so many reasonable beings could come together to see a man bow, drink, bow again, wipe a cup, wrap up a napkin, spread his arms, and gesticulate with his hands; and to hear a low muttering which they could not understand, interrupted by the occasional jingling of a bell."

Macaulay seems to have felt his estrangement in a childlike way whenever he had to do with those matters of beauty which peculiarly call out the distinctive character of this class of men. "I have written several things on histori-

cal, political, and moral questions, of which, on the fullest reconsideration, I am not ashamed, and by which I should be willing to be estimated; but I have never written a page of criticism on poetry or the fine arts which I would not burn if I had the power." And yet Macaulay had strong feelings for two great idealists of the world, Dante and Cervantes. In Florence, his rooms looked out on a court adorned with orange trees and marble statues. His diary reads: "I never look at the statues without thinking of poor Mignon: —

'Und Marmorbilder stehn und sehn mich an:
Was hat man dir, du armes Kind, gethan?'

I know no two lines in the world which I would sooner have written than those." In another part of his diary he writes: "I walked far into Herefordshire, and read, while walking, the last five books of the *Iliad*, with deep interest and many tears. I was afraid to be seen crying by the parties of walkers that met me as I came back, — crying for Achilles cutting off his hair, crying for Priam rolling on the ground in the courtyard of his house; mere imaginary beings, creatures of an old ballad maker who died near three thousand years ago." To such sentiments few have been as susceptible as Macaulay, but beyond that, into the realm of spiritual sensitiveness, into the borderland where the senses cease to tyrannize, he could not go.

Then there are men of individual idiosyncrasies: one does not like the popularity of Macaulay's History, — he prefers that which is caviare to the general, a privacy of glorious light must be his; a second is troubled by antitheses and rhetoric; a third, hazy with old saws, thinks that in so much glitter there can be no gold; a fourth wants humor, — he misses the "tender blossoming" of Charles Lamb; others are Quakers zealous for William Penn, doctors of philosophy tender of Bacon's good name, grandsons of Scotch cavaliers warm for Dundee, militiamen valiant for Marl-

borough; then there are Mr. Churchill Babington, Sir Francis Palgrave, and Gladstone himself, defenders of the Anglican Church, and, not least, Macaulay's fellow historians. How can a just man please men of such varying humors? How shall a man write history for a fellow scholar? How hold the balances between yesterday and to-morrow? How can a man be neither for the party of change nor for the party that says, "Tarry awhile"? "*C'est une plaisante imagination de concevoir un esprit balancé justement entre deux pareilles evyes.*"

Macaulay's History suits the majority of Englishmen, by its virile directness, its honest clearness, its bold definiteness. Macaulay is never afraid; he never shirks; he never dissembles or cloaks; he never says "perhaps" or "maybe," nor "the facts are obscure," nor "authorities differ." He makes the reader know just what effect the evidence has produced on his mind. To be sure, there is danger in that brilliant rhetoric. The glow of declamation disdains the sickly hue of circumspection. The reader of the year 3000, for whom Macaulay winds his horn, cannot hear the shuffling syllables of shambling uncertainties. Men go to the window when a fire engine gallops through the street; a gentler summons might not fetch them. There is something of martial music about Macaulay's prose. There is that in it which excites a man. It belongs to a great advocate, not to blindfolded Justice holding her cautious scales and doling out "ifs," "buts," "howevers," as she balances probabilities with all the diffidence of Doubt.

IV.

In former times, when readers disagreed with an historian, they said politely that he had fallen into error, or rudely that he lied. Such people sincerely entertained great devotion to truth; they had in it the pleasure of

proprieters; they were proud of a standard by which they should judge and condemn. The more zealous among them were stoutly attached to what they called "God's truth." Their successors, in these latter days, are too cautious to use the word "truth." Therefore they cloak their criticism in hooded phrases. They say that Macaulay is narrow; that he understands only what all liberals of his generation understand; that he sees clearly, but not deep; that he is blinded by prejudice; that he beholds the outward aspect of life, but that the inner things escape him; or that he knows literature, and not life. There are many other phrases which, peeled and pared, signify that Macaulay does not tell facts as they are, does not narrate the truth.

If these persons were cross-examined as to their meaning, they would end by saying that a man such as Macaulay, of strong beliefs, of definite views, of one-sided knowledge, must by his own nature be especially unfit to arrive at just and evenly balanced conclusions upon disputed points of history. And if they were pressed home as to what shall determine the justice and nice balance of such conclusions, they would answer, The standard of the man free from prejudice.

This noble conception, this unprejudiced Cæsar to whom they appeal, must declare himself; and there are but three parts in which he can appear. First, as a cosmopolitan; second, as the average man; third, as a skeptic. Let us turn upon him a little of the light that beats fiercely upon the unprejudiced.

To Macaulay's critics the cosmopolitan appears crowned with impersonality, untouched by prejudice, unstained by violence. He never dreams the fanatic's dreams, he never strides the hippogriff; he neither bends to yesterday nor bows to to-morrow. The blood of twenty races mingles in his veins; seventy times seven cities lay claim to his birth. He

is the embodiment of humanity, the personification of twentieth-century mankind; careless of his native speech or of the spot where stood his father's house.

The average man is a little different. His views are those which in course of time have been gradually accepted. They are such as a jury would adopt. There is a large element of compromise in a verdict; and it is this very element of compromise which enables the average to exist. Beliefs which are now regarded as self-evident are verdicts which were once reached by means of general concession. Ideas which once were acceptable to nobody have now the stamp and superscription of universal consent. Scholars tell us that the English translation of the Bible bears traces of the cleavage between Presbyterian and High Churchman; nevertheless, every sentence has been accepted by ten generations as the language of divine truth. So it has been with all creeds, religious, political, social, and moral. One man receded here, another gave way there; exchange was made, concessions were granted; a belief was nominated, and acknowledged as a belief *de facto*; in the next generation it became a belief *de jure*. So it has been with the facts of history. Protestant and Catholic, Teuton and Latin, Republican and Tory, the man of statistics and the man of letters, have gradually reached a compromise on a large number of historical facts. One chief motive for these mutual concessions appears to have been a paradoxical deference to the theory of absolute truth. The only attribute of truth to which everybody agreed was fixedness; and by making mutual concessions that one quality of truth was approximately reached. In recent years another motive has been at work. The definiteness and positiveness of the sciences have stirred the envy of historians. They affect to look on history as a science, and desire that the facts of history should be as well settled as the composition of chemical sub-

stances ; nevertheless, accepted historical facts are constantly changing. New materials throw new light on old subjects, and new generations unconsciously color old subjects with their own pigments. Those elements in an accepted historical fact which were incorporated out of respect to violent beliefs little by little fade away, vanishing with the vanishing belief ; necessarily the fact is modified. In this way the processes of change go on. New generations have new interests, new desires, new problems ; they find the historian of the last generation old-fashioned, and his facts somewhat mouldy.

Sometimes facts are established, not by compromise, but by victory. Truth has often been decided by wager of battle and by duel. The stronger side has established its view of the truth ; yet it may have conquered by a very slight excess of strength, by a narrow majority, as in the case of the triumph of the Athanasian creed over the Arian at the council of Nicæa. A fact established in this way can hardly be said to have received the sanction of the common human mind ; it has not been fashioned by the handling of the thoughts of a whole people. It remains the fact of a dominant party, and it bears witness to conquest on one side, and to the desire for peace and quiet on the other.

In such ways, the views, beliefs, and facts of the average man have become what they are. They are accepted as established, in that it is for general weal that they be settled, and that they be comfortably settled. Protestants show gentleness to Mary, Queen of Scots, Catholics are deferential to Elizabeth ; Whigs pretend sympathy with the idea of empire, Tories are polite to the man who does not wish to be distraught from business. These compromised views, opinions, and historical facts, as substitutes for truth, have many practical advantages, but they cannot lay claim to any very close relation to truth nor to any

of that enthusiastic support which has always come forth when the motto *Truth with us* has been hoisted.

The skeptic approaches facts as an honorable man lays his wagers ; he always deals with probabilities, never with certainties. He will not tumble into any partisan pitfalls ; he is equally indifferent to Puritan and to Cavalier, to William and to James. He lends ear to all witnesses alike ; he believes that their testimony is false. He looks over records with a mechanical eye, for they are but embodiments of the doctrine of chances. He has no theory that the chapter of history told by fate was worse or better than that which might have been told had facts been changed. He makes no guesses at unseen motives ; he does not grope after general laws operating from some great hiding place. He puts forth handfuls of dust, saying, *This once had life ; but how it looked, or whether blood flowed when you pricked it, he cannot tell.*

Brilliant skeptics have written history known to all the world. Hume's history of England, however, bears few signs of skepticism. Renan's *Histoire des Origines du Christianisme* has not commanded universal assent ; his history of Israel describes David as a Highland robber or a Sicilian brigand. The truth is that Hume and Renan, when they came to history, ceased to be philosophers and became men.

The skeptic must always face alternate difficulties. Either he will adhere to his principles, and free himself from religion and country, from longitude and latitude, from sex, from youth and age, and see history as no man ever saw life ; or he will share the weaknesses of our common humanity, and espouse a cause, comfort it and live with it, and be persecuted for its sake. The latter choice all historians who have been skeptics have made. How could they help themselves ? How can the skeptic tell of love, of loyalty, of passion, of all the unreasoning

affections that flesh is heir to? What does Ishmael know of a father and a home?

The skeptical history is a fiction of the imagination; and if it were not, we should find that the skeptic no better than the cosmopolitan or the average man can lead us to truth. We must be content to see facts through one of the colors of the spectrum. The cold white light of truth is the dismal dream of the poet.

The conclusion is full of comfort. We find that life is far too big to be comprehended by one man or by a hundred thousand men. It partakes of the vast nature of the universe, and has some of the awfulness of infinity. History will always be written by one of a sect for the adherents of that sect. Why should not Whigs have their scribe? The sect has the outward appearance of vitality. Macaulay has spoken for them vigorously and well. Hundreds of years may go by before the Whig, or rather, one may say, the English idea of history, will be so admirably stated again.

v.

Macaulay's collected essays fill several volumes. All but a few were published in the *Edinburgh Review* from 1825 to 1845. Of his first essay, that on Milton, he himself says it "contains scarcely a paragraph such as my matured judgment approves, and is overloaded with gaudy and ungraceful ornament." Howbeit, a gay livery becomes the opinions of youth. The essay on Milton is boyish, not with the ordinary immaturity of four-and-twenty, but with the boyishness of Macaulay's own school-boy of twelve; he who at fifteen, in the Seminary of Douai, learned enough theology to outweigh the Jesuit counselors of Charles II. and James II., and whose private library would be incomplete without a full edition of Burnet's pamphlets. Nevertheless, of all blame laid upon Charles I., most people best remember

the famous summing up: "We charge him with having broken his coronation oath; and we are told that he kept his marriage vow." The essay is boyish; but fifty years after it was published, Mr. Gladstone, at the age of sixty-five, deemed it worthy of criticism.

In the essays many little mistakes of fact have been discovered by careful seekers. Froude charges Macaulay with error upon error; in that Macaulay makes accusation that Alice Perrers was mistress of Edward III., that Strafford debauched the daughter of Sir Richard Bolton, that Henry VIII. was the murderer of his wives. These allegations savor a little of the technical knowledge of an advocate at the criminal bar retained for the defense. Macaulay's statements may technically not be proved; as jurymen we may say not guilty, but as individuals we are convinced of the justice of his charge. Froude, champion of the Protestant cause, accuses Macaulay of wrong to the English Reformation and to Cranmer, and of espousal of the Catholic cause in 1829, but disarms himself by adding, "The Ethiopian, it was said, had changed his skin." Froude also finds fault that Macaulay was too severe in his essay on Robert Montgomery's bad poems. What place has generosity in matters of art?

Froude says Macaulay "was the creation and representative of his own age; what his own age said and felt, whether it was wise or foolish, Macaulay said and felt." In this judgment Mr. John Morley and Mr. Leslie Stephen concur. It may be that to be the representative of the age is no very serious fault. Shakespeare bears witness to the high renaissance of England; Dante embodies the Middle Ages; Cervantes represents the chivalry of Spain; Abraham Lincoln is the flower of American democracy. Macaulay, it is true, never tires telling of the growth of population and the increase of wealth; and many men, whose minds, like his, are, as Froude says, "of

an ordinary kind," think exactly as he does. But their creed is the creed of England. Is it surely wrong? We are taught to rejoice at the increase of wisdom, and not at multiplying numbers; but what of a hundred thousand mothers who rejoice over a hundred thousand children? Whose new-born son shall be handed to Herod as the price of wisdom? And what becomes of the sneer at commercial prosperity when we think of food for the hungry, shelter for the ragged, schools for the ignorant, homes for the aged? It is not the beliefs, but the skepticisms of the utilitarian which are to be blamed.

It may be asked if Froude's fame is the triumph of accuracy; if Mr. Morley has been wholly free from the popular positivist creed of his generation, if he has in Voltaire and Rousseau betrayed an unquiet sympathy with an alien faith; and whether Mr. Leslie Stephen is in danger lest he be flung from the saddle of common sense by the caracoling of his rhetoric. They all complain that Macaulay lacks sensitiveness. The complaint is just; but are they in a position to claim that their own title to distinction is *d'avoir quelque fois pleuré*?

Macaulay's essays taken one by one can be splintered and chipped, but bound together they furnish part of the strength of English literature. Their subjects have great range of historical interest; vast knowledge of literature has been crammed into their compass; mastery of rhetoric colors page, paragraph, and sentence. Picture follows picture, till the reader fancies that he is whirled by spring floods from Shalott castle down to many-towered Camelot. Like a genie to the lord of his lamp, Macaulay fetches the wealth of all the literature of the civilized world and lays it before his readers. He goes through a volume for an anecdote; he ransacks a library for an impression.

There is one danger into which Ma-

caulay's critics often fall. In the picture of a man, in the narration of an episode, they find an error of fact, and conclude that the picture is unjust, that the episode is false. But Macaulay is so steeped in information that, although he may be wrong as to a particular fact, he is justified in his conclusion. In the case of Henry VIII., there may be legal error and moral truth in the epithet "murderer." If some future Macaulay shall describe our great Rebellion and the President of the Southern Confederacy, would a critic be justified in denying his authority because he shall say that current in the North was a proposition to hang Jefferson Davis on a *sweet* apple tree?

The essays are the work of a rhetorician, — the greatest, perhaps, in English literature. One defect in that literature, as compared with Latin literatures, has been a lack of rhetoric. The great masters of English prose, Milton and Burke, appeal to the imagination; their language is sensuous and adorned, but they address themselves to the intellect; they charge their speech with thought; they are careless that they lay burdens upon their readers; they are indifferent that they outstride the crowd. The rhetorician — a Cicero, a Bossuet — tries to spare his readers; he wishes to be always thronged by the multitude. So it is with Macaulay. He says nothing that everybody cannot comprehend, and at once. He exerts all his powers to give the reader as little to do as possible; he drains his memory to find decorations to catch their eye and fix their attention. He presents everything in brilliant images. He writes to the eye and the ear. He has in mind the ordinary Briton; he does not write for a sect nor for a band of disciples. He is always the orator talking to men who are going to vote at the close of his speech. He never stops with a suggestion; he never pauses with a hint; he is never tentative, never is rendered august by the clouds of doubt.

Macaulay was a born orator fit to speak to the multitude at the cross-roads, not to the individual in his closet. He was also a man of letters, a man of the library; no living being ever had such a mass of information in his head at one time. These two qualities explain his devotion to literature, his admiration of the Greeks, his love of the world's great poets, and the seemingly inconsistent fact that he never exceeded the stature of a rhetorician. He had a skilled, delicate, and educated taste in literature; but his ear to listen and his voice to speak were far apart. His ear is the cunning ear of Jacob listening to the sweet voice of Rachel, but his voice is the voice of Esau calling afar to his shepherds.

Macaulay's poetry is himself set to metre and rhyme. It has the swing, the vigor, the balanced sentences, of his prose. It has the awakening power of brass instruments playing the reveille. It used to be a subject of debate whether Macaulay's poems were poetry or not; and there are men to whom those poems have not and never can have the significance of poetry native to them. But they are the poetry of a strong, healthy, typical Englishman. It may be doubted if there be any other English poetry which bears in itself half so much evidence that it was written by an Englishman. The metre is good, the rhyme is good, the narrative is excellent. Everybody knows how the strenuous rush of Horatius dints itself on

the memory; everybody can name the cities which sent their tale of men to Lars Porsena.

Macaulay, in his verse as in his prose, presents one definite picture after another. Each character comes on the stage in exact portraiture, whether it be Horatius, Herminius, Halifax, Sunderland, or Somers. There they are in the blaze of high noon: there is no twilight for them; never do their outlines blend in the shades of doubt. Macaulay saw the world as one vast picture book. This is the reason why his essays stand on the Australian's shelf next to the Bible and to Shakespeare. There is nothing in English literature comparable to them; there is nothing of the kind in foreign literatures. Each essay is a combination of history and literature, of anecdote and learning, of incident and portraiture, of advocacy and party spirit, — such as are commonly found separate and distinct in the essays of a dozen different men. There is somewhat of the constructive element of imagination here; as the mechanical mind brings together the odds and ends of its recollection, the remainder baggage of its memory, and works and fashions them into an invention, so Macaulay from his vast stores unites and combines scattered materials and creates an imaginative picture. There is nothing to be found in his work which the world did not possess before; but most of the world was not aware of those possessions until Macaulay gathered them together.

H. D. Sedgwick, Jr.

HIS BROTHER'S BROTHER.

It is now some years since I spent a certain agreeable evening, at the house of a Cambridge neighbor, with the celebrated Père Hyacinthe and his accomplished American wife. They had with them their only child, a little boy eight or ten, who had been described in some of the French journals as a monster of deformity inasmuch as his father had been a priest, but who was in reality beautiful in form and face, and altogether attractive. The child was in his first enthusiasm of autograph-collecting. He had a pile of little squares of paper, neatly cut, and whenever a new guest entered the room he would run to his mother or to the hostess, asking eagerly in respect to the latest visitor, "*Est-il célèbre ?*" If he was told that the newcomer was at least sufficiently celebrated for autographic purposes, the child would come shyly and gracefully up to him and ask in the sweetest of voices for his signature. At last there entered a short, squarely built man, with white hair, white mustache, and thick eyebrows still black, — with erect figure, fine carriage of the head, and a bearing often described as military. The hostess, after the usual inquiry, explained to the little boy that this new guest, though not personally famous, was the only brother of the celebrated Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. The newly arrived guest, being therefore offered one of the little pieces of paper, and having presumably heard the consultation, wrote upon it this brief inscription, "*John Holmes, frère de mon frère.*"

The statement, however felicitous under the circumstances, would not bear more than a general acceptance as to the facts. Few brothers so gifted were less alike in looks and habits, and although without the slightest visible disagreement, and residing but a few miles from each other, they had practically

lived much apart. In their personal habits, indeed, they covered the whole range from the most vivacious and companionable existence to the most reticent and reserved. The elder brother was born to live among cheery, social groups. He was fond of society, not averse to admiration, always ready for new acquaintances and novel experiences. The younger brother, while the more distinguished and noticeable in appearance of the two, was in the last degree self-withdrawing and modest; more than content to be held by the world at arm's length, yet capable of the most devoted and unselfish loyalty to the few real intimates he loved. Perhaps my first vivid association with him is when my elder brother, one of his especial cronies and then a law student, came home with two volumes of a newly published set of the Waverley novels, the first American edition. He said to my mother, "Johnnie has just given me these, and he says he is going to give me the whole set." "But you ought not to accept them," she protested. "He cannot afford such a gift." "But he has already subscribed for them," was the reply, "and he says if I don't take them he'll put them in the fire; and it would be just like Johnnie to do it." From this there was no appeal, and it would be difficult to tell how much of the enjoyment of my boyhood I owe to this imprudent generosity on the part of John Holmes.

Born at Cambridge (March 29, 1812), in the "gambrel-roofed house" made famous by his brother; graduating at Harvard in 1832, and at the Harvard Law School in 1839, he was for years of early life kept by chronic lameness a prisoner in his chair, with one foot on a footrest. He never practiced law, nor did he attempt any other profession, and

he never married, his betrothed having died of consumption in his early youth. He lived alone for many years with his aged mother, who died at the age of ninety-three, on August 19, 1862. A quaint portrait of her will be found engraved in Morse's life of Dr. Holmes (ii. 164). Her elder son describes her as "keeping her lively sensibilities and sweet intelligence to the last," and goes on to add: "My brother John had long cared for her in the most tender way, and it almost broke his heart to part with her. She was a daughter to him, she said, and he had fondly thought that love and care could keep her frail life to the filling up of a century or beyond it. It was a pity to look on him in his first grief; but Time, the great consoler, is busy with his anodyne, and he is coming back to himself." (Morse's Holmes, ii. 165.)

Not long after Mrs. Holmes's death the old house became the property of Harvard University, and John Holmes lived for the rest of his life in a little cottage on the short street called Appian Way. Here he boarded with an excellent and faithful woman who had been for many years in the service of the Holmes household. His mode of life, always blameless and abstemious, was now almost Spartan in its simplicity; few college students at the present day have rooms so bare, and he would allow himself no indulgence beyond occasional carriage-driving with old friends. His circle of intimates included only six or eight persons in Cambridge: James Russell Lowell, John Bartlett, Dr. Estes Howe (Holmes's classmate and Lowell's brother-in-law), Professor James B. Thayer, and for a time James Murray Howe, Dr. Howe's younger brother. With these he used to take walks on Cambridge Common, which he called the "philosopher's camp," and with the first three of them he used regularly to play whist. There were included in his circle also a few ladies whom he had

known from youth, and the late Robert Carter, Lowell's associate in editing *The Pioneer*, whom the poet had christened Don Roberto Wagonero, or, more briefly, the Don. Holmes owned a little real estate in Cambridge, yielding him a modest support and freeing him from pecuniary anxiety. He had at intervals recurrences of the old lameness and also of weak eyes, but his buoyancy of temperament made these quite subordinate. His friends read aloud to him a great deal. His neighbor and legal adviser, George C. Lawrence, Esq., tells me that he read to Holmes nearly the whole series of the Erckmann-Chatrian historical novels; the reader receiving from his friend the brevet name of Cobus, from a sergeant in one of the stories, and being habitually called on for the countersign before entering the door. Lowell's Letters, on the other hand, Holmes never wished to have read to him, saying that he "knew it all before." He had plenty of such little whims, as for instance in disliking to have flowers sent to him, and saying he did not enjoy their odor. He was never prominent in the circle of his brother's friends, except in the case of Lowell. His name does not once occur in the index to Longfellow's memoirs, though the two men lived within a few blocks of each other, and Miss Alice Longfellow was afterward his faithful friend; and it is found but four times in the index to Morse's Life of Dr. O. W. Holmes. In the two volumes of Lowell's Letters, on the other hand, John Holmes appears nearly as often as his more famous brother.

The main incidents of John Holmes's eighty-seven years of life — for he died on January 27, 1899 — consisted of two visits to Europe: one made when he was a law student; and again when he went with Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Lowell in July, 1872, remaining this time until June of the following year, having spent most of the period in Paris, but also a month in Italy and a short time in Germany. He

was never a profuse letter writer, and even his brief European epistles give us little beyond routine. In spite of the companionship of Lowell, he was restrained by his own infirmities in respect to sight and locomotion; so that he says in one of these letters to Mr. Bartlett (Paris, November 26, 1872): "You see that it is by no means a gay life that I lead away from home, though now a very comfortable one, and so far as domestic life is concerned a very pleasant one, except that I am necessarily a great deal alone. J. L. [Lowell] has to go out a good deal, and I cannot of course accompany him. Paris is more beautiful than I remembered it to be, and a more solid city than London, if stone is considered more massive than brick." Compare with this, on the other hand, the endless amusement he extracts in Cambridge from the midsummer desertion of a college town:—

"Solitude reigns here. The average number of people that pass for twelve hours from 6 to 6, per hour is $\frac{1}{12}$. At 10⁵ P. M. the travel (of pedestrians) is 0, and from that time till 6 the next morning, you can hear a small dog bark, over the river. I should like to hear a hand-organ, or some firecrackers, or some saw-filing, or something. The only amusement we have is the burglaries. You would be surprised to see how cheerful everybody looks when there has been a 'breaking and entering' (Legal expression). But they are very rare. Of course we can't count the funerals that pass through town as gaieties: but I fear that some people—I hesitate to express my thought—yes, I will say it—that some people begin to enjoy them. The city government foresaw the dullness & melancholy of midsummer and by a happy thought, they instituted repairs on the old burial ground to keep people's spirits up. There are no mosquitoes nor bugs and I confess I miss them,—they make things lively, at any rate."

Then follows:—

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DIARY OF A CITIZEN OF CAMBRIDGE.

August 1. Repairs of meetinghouse & burying ground going on—a dorbug flew in at a window—caused alarm of burglars—great excitement in the town.

August 2. Repairs still going on; a man who had n't left enough in his bottle fell off his cart, but escaped without broken legs—a great deal of excitement in the town.

August 3. Repairs still going on.

August 4. Repairs continued.

August 5. Repairs on the meeting-house going on.

August 6. Repairs of meetinghouse & burial ground very considerably advanced.

August 7. Workmen still busy on the meetinghouse.

August 8. The repairs of the church are continued.

August 9. The meetinghouse still under repair.

Later in the season he notes the premonitions of the autumnal return of his Cambridge neighbors: "You see at dusk a little procession move wearily along Appian Way. The smallest child has something or other to carry. It does n't look like a jubilant return."

While in Paris Holmes studied French most faithfully, though perhaps tardily, and he used every summer afterward to work away at his French grammar, on the piazza of my brother's house at Cohasset, or that of Dr. Charles Ware, their classmate and boyish playmate, at Rindge, New Hampshire. My sister-in-law described him as the pleasantest of inmates, always able to amuse himself even in the intervals of French grammar; a little whimsical and old-bachelorish, but never taking offense and never moody or suffering from ennui. This was all in keeping. The mere wit is lost without a companion with whom to cross swords; but the humorist finds a companion in the passing stranger, in a

stray dog, in a butterfly, or in a canker-worm. This, at least, was true of John Holmes.

I do not suppose that there was ever a moment in John Holmes's peaceful and prolonged existence when he could really have been said to feel envious of his famous brother. The "cool sequestered vale of life" was the choice of his temperament, and he certainly had it. When Ralph Waldo Emerson once said of him, "John Holmes represents humor, while his elder brother stands for wit," he really placed the younger the higher of the two; but it is doubtful whether the latter ever heard the remark, or would have paid much attention to it had it reached him. Wits are not uncommon and are seldom unappreciated; but the inborn humorist, for whom daily life furnishes its own entertainment, is less recognized by the public, yet seldom suffers by the omission. The most commonplace event, the most uninteresting tramp who wandered through the little street, was enough to feed John Holmes's thoughts and to supply his conversation with spice. He kept piles of assorted coins on his window seat with which to supply, according to his whim, the stray passers-by, sometimes questioning them and getting an ample money's worth before they left him. Next to them in his confidence were his friends' children, to whom also the intrinsic charm of a little bit of silver must be taught. His devices in overcoming their scruples were varied and indeed endless. I have heard him say to one of them, "My dear, did you know that a toll has to be paid for every child who passes through this street?" And when met by an anxious and wondering glance, he would persevere: "Yes, it is true, it always must be paid, but it makes no difference who pays it; you may pay it to me, or I will pay it to you. It will be the same thing. So you will have to take this quarter of a dollar," — a sum which the child would then receive and bear away with a vague

sense of that virtue which is its own reward.

His humor was singularly spontaneous, and took oftenest the form of a droll picture culminating in a little dramatic scene in which he enacted all the parts. A grave discussion, for instance, as to the fact, often noticed, that men are apt to shorten in size as they grow older, suggested to him the probable working of this process in some vast period of time like the longevity of the Old Testament patriarchs. His busy fancy at once conjured up a picture of Methuselah in his literally declining years, when he has shrunk to be less than knee-high compared with an ordinary man. The patriarch is running about the room, his eyes streaming with tears. "What's the matter, Thuse?" says a benevolent stranger. "Why are you crying?" "I ain't crying," responds the aged patriarch, brushing away the drops. "It's these plaguy shoestrings that keep getting into my eyes." Again, in answer to an inquiry about a child, I made some commonplace remark on the tormenting rapidity with which one's friends' children grow up, and he said eagerly: "That's it! That's it! It is always the way! You meet an old friend, and say to her in a friendly manner, 'By the way, how is that little girl of yours?' and she answers: 'Very well, I thank you. She is out in Kansas, visiting her granddaughter.'" Did any other man ever concentrate four whole generations of human life into so brief a formula?

These odd fancies were never worked up in advance, rarely duplicated, often forgotten. You might tell him his own bits of humor six months after, and he would credit them to you, as your own. Often the fun consisted merely in an expression of surprise, a drawing up of the mouth, a shutting of the eyelids, so whimsical that in any other hands the story would have failed. Such was one that he was sometimes called upon to duplicate, where a young man at a party, having

been served with tea and cake, and finding the tea too hot to drink and no table near on which to rest it, seeks in vain to pour it into his saucer for cooling. He is unable to do it because of the piece of cake in his hand. At last a happy thought occurs to him. He will put the cake in his mouth, and leave his hands free. The tea is poured with success, and he is about to drink it, when he remembers all at once that he still has the cake in his mouth, and is as far off as ever from relief. John Holmes's look of sudden despair and hopelessness, when the young man makes this discovery, is something which no one else could equal. Hopeless, also, was the attempt of any one else to render the look which he gave to the betrayed mother, when her boy, again and again replenished with ice cream before company, still obtains new supplies by the threat, "If you don't give it to me, I'll tell." On being finally met with refusal, he shouts forth to the embarrassed guests the awful domestic mystery, "My new breeches are made out of the old window curtains!" Stories that in themselves were nothing rose to dramatic episodes when acted out by Holmes.

Another of John Holmes's spontaneous dramatic pictures was this. Something was said about the increasing number of students who failed to complete their undergraduate course in the accustomed four years, but had to be dropped from class to class before they could finish it. It was admitted that the number of these unfortunates was increasing, and Holmes predicted, without hesitation, that a race of Harvard students would be ultimately developed who would never get through at all, but might perhaps die, at the age of ninety, on the very day before Commencement, thus depriving the institution of the glory of their final diploma. In his lively imagination, a group of President and Faculty was seen gathered around the bed of the aged man, imploring him to make the final effort ne-

cessary to hold out just one day longer. "Think," they said, "what an honor it would be to the university to have graduated you at last, and what a disappointment should you expire an undergraduate after all! Rouse yourself! Make one more effort! Live until to-morrow, and die a Bachelor of Arts!"

John Holmes was an admirable mimic, which his brother Wendell was not, and he had a favorite story of a Yankee farmer of his acquaintance who used to preface a sentence by five different enunciations of the word "well." The first would come lightly, as if finding the question trivial, "Well!" The second more drawlingly, on beginning to see the importance of the matter, "We-ell!" The third more drawlingly still, but solemnly, as if grappling meditatively with the whole extent of the subject, "We-e-ell!" The next impatiently, relapsing into the vernacular and bringing the whole thing emphatically into the field of action, "Wal!" as if to be settled now or never. And then at last decisively, as if the case were made up, and no human power could overrule it, "Well!"

This creative and dramatic quality of John Holmes's humor is vividly shown in his comment — made in a private letter to his friend John Bartlett — on the appendix to that gentleman's well-known Shakespeare Phrase Book, in which the careful editor gives by way of appendix eighty pages of "comparative readings," faithfully setting down all the Shakespearean lines from various editors, preserved because rejected by him. Holmes thus portrays the probable mental conflicts of his friend in deciding which reading to adopt in each case, and which to assign to what he calls "the wastebasket:" —

"I am glad that the brief episode of the wastebasket is attached to the *magnum opus*. The bold emancipation of the author from his own tyranny, the ferocious hurling of his work to apparent destruction, the savage exultation of

the mob (of one), the calm resistance of the conservative party (of one), the return of the mob to reason and of the tyrant to power, when the outcast of the night before is raised and hugged by the repentant populace, . . . it is altogether an admirable dramatic arrangement, in which a terrific combination of tragic elements (all that the supposed spectator can bear) suddenly culminates in wise resolution, unanimous action, and general happiness. Had not the insensate mob changed its mind,

" 'You had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work.' "

To appreciate the following extract from Lowell's Letters, it must be remembered that in the rural days of Cambridge the Holmes parsonage and its surrounding acres constituted a considerable farm, with all the accompaniments of garden lot, mowing lot, large barn, corn barn, horse stable, cow stable, and dog kennel: "Cambridge boasts of two distinguished farmers, John Holmes of Holmes Place, and him who would be, in the properly constituted order of things, the Marquess of Thompson Lot with a *p*." (That is, Lowell himself, the character being taken from a then favorite play of Toodles.) Lowell goes on: "The Marquess, fearing that (since Squire Holmes cultivated his own estate with his own hands and a camp stool) his rival might be in want of food and too proud to confess it, generously resolved to give him a dinner, which, to save his feelings, he adroitly veiled with the pretense of an agricultural festival and show of vegetables." In the subsequent narrative, the chairman gives the toast "Speed the Plough," which is "acknowledged by Mr. Holmes in a neat speech;" but the speech as given is so thoroughly Lowell's, and so remote from Holmes, by reason of its multitude of poor but ingenious puns, that the personal Holmes evidently disappears from the scene. John Holmes's humor sometimes, however, took the form of puns, but always with an apology, while Lowell never

spared anything but the apology. Holmes was Lowell's favorite guest, and when he asks Howells in 1869 to eat roast pig with him on Saturday at half past four P. M. — an abnormal dinner hour, now happily obsolete — he says to him: "Your commensals will be J. H. [John Holmes], Charles Storey [father of Moorfield Storey], and Professor [George M.] Lane, — all true blades who will sit till Monday morning, if needful. The pig is just ripe, and so tender that he would fall from his tail if lifted by it, like a mature cantaloupe from its stem." (Letters, i. 313.) These were all clever men, and Lowell must have had his fill of that "Lambish quintessence of John" which he described in verse. Again, on Christmas Day, 1876, Lowell writes: "I had expected my two grandsons to dinner, but the weather will not let them run the risk, so I am to have my friend John Holmes (the best and most delightful of men) and a student whom I found to be without any chance at other ~~made~~ dinner in Commons."

It was but two or three times in John Holmes's life that he trusted himself in print, and here too he kept carefully on his own ground, Old Cambridge. One may have faithfully perused Lowell's delightful Fireside Travels without getting the very inmost glimpse of village life in the earlier Cambridge, unless he has also read John Holmes's Harvard Square in the Harvard Book. Here live again, for instance, P. & S. Snow, the veteran oyster dealers whom Lowell has immortalized in delicious rhyme; but John Holmes's imagination goes beyond the dealers to the articles in which they dealt, and says of them, "The oysters seemed to know the brothers personally as old familiars of their element, and appeared satisfied and serene when they saw who had forced their doors." Lowell speaks of the old First Church, but no one has ever described like Holmes the outlet given to youthful vivacity, even in Puritan strongholds, by the drop-

ping of the pew seats: "The seats, which were independent of one another, were made to fold back, that their occupants might find support against the wall or the side of the pew during the time of prayers, when, at that day, all stood up; and leaves, suspended on the side of the pew, which could be extended and supported by an appropriate pine rod, seemed to recall an older Puritan time, when taking notes was an important part of the exercises. When the seats were let down, at the close of prayer, the effect was much like that of the abrupt discharge of a load of boards from a cart, but with more numerous percussions. They were lowered every way but quietly. Childhood was quick and energetic, age was slow, and between them were all modes of sublapsarianism. Perhaps they came down more violently after a very long prayer than at other times. It was a phenomenon, and the only one I recollect, at variance with the very strict decorum observed. It drew no attention whatever."

Lowell himself has not described so graphically as John Holmes the great colonial festival which the Harvard Commencement Day furnished in the middle of the eighteenth century:—

"A day or two beforehand, the agent charged with that duty measured the spaces on the Common allotted by the town, for a consideration, to the occupants of tents, and scored the number of each in the sod. Grave citizens watched the numerals; children circulated their reports with increase. The popular test of Commencement was the number of tents erected. When the work of construction began, fathers led out little children that they might themselves, without reproach, loiter near the delightful tumult. Selectmen are said to have hovered around the spot in a semi-official attitude. The inhabitants of the town, alive to their responsibility, prepared, and tradition says worthily, to bestow their hospitalities. And truly

it was time to be up and doing. A man might pass the whole year, until Commencement, without knowing the number and value of his friends. Then everybody and everything turned up. A prodigal son, supposed on a voyage up the Straits, arrived on Monday by coaster from Chappequiddick, to eat the fatted calf. In the afternoon, an unappreciated relative, presumed to have perished in the late war, appeared, with an appetite improved by open-air residence among the Indians. The more remote affinities at this period revealed their strength. On Tuesday, after the nearer relatives had arrived, there might drop in at evening a third cousin of a wife's half-brother from Agawam, or an uncle of a brother-in-law's step-sister from Contoocook, to re-knit the family ties. The runaway apprentice, who was ready to condone offenses and accept hospitality, was referred to the barn, as well as the Indian from Mr. Wheelock's Seminary, whose equipment was an Indian catechism and a bow and arrow, with which latter he expected to turn a fugitive penny by shooting at a mark on the morrow. The wayward boy, over whose watery grave Mr. Sam Stedman had so many times fired his long ducking-gun (cannon being scarce in those days), returned from a truant visit to his uncle on the 'New Hampshire Grants' [Vermont]. The College sloop, that shadowy craft which floats in time indefinitely, always arrived in time for the flood tide on Tuesday. The Watertown lighter was uniformly driven ashore on Tuesday evening by the perils of the seas; that is, by the strong current that prevailed in the river about Commencement time. The captain and crew, like judicious men, made it a point to improve their minds while detained, and always attended the literary exercises on the Common."

We may be sure that John Holmes describes in full the Commencement procession of 1750 and its accompanying

services: "The sober academic colors were relieved by occasional gold-laced hats and coats, by a sprinkling of his Majesty's uniforms, and by the scores of silver shoe-buckles which glistened in the sun at every footstep, to the delight of the public and of the wearers of them. . . . The President occupied the pulpit, and the Governor the great chair in front; the rest, with mutual *congéés*, self-sacrificing offers, and deprecatory acceptances of seats, distributed themselves on the stage. The cocked hats were hung on the brass-headed nails which lined the beams projecting from the wall between the pulpit and the galleries. . . . The [Latin] Salutatory goes off brilliantly, — that is to say, nobody seems depressed by it; the audience chats in a lively manner. A Latin thesis is called for, which goes rather heavily, but is relieved by the arrival of old Judge Trowbridge, who comes up the outside stairs, and with multiplied attentions is seated on the stage. He is the most famous recondite old lawyer in the Province, and has lost himself in a lucubration this morning, so as to forget the time. Another Latin thesis is helped off by a row at the west door of the church, at the sound of which young James Winthrop slips out and witnesses the victory of the 'constable and six men' over two drunken English sailors."

In describing the Commencement dinner he draws a new moral from the creation of the mosquito. "There was," he says, "no great affinity between the English gentleman, or courtier, of that day and the average New England colonist. . . . Two topics, under these circumstances, did excellent service, — the heat of to-day and the mosquitoes of last night. On these points there was a cordial unanimity, with an amount of circumstantial difference that extended the conversation most profitably. The patient who tosses and kicks under the lancet of the mosquito, or, worse, listens

to his hum, as he selects the spot for puncture, is not in a mood for reflection. Let him, however, remember that the torment of the night will become a social medium on the morrow to draw him nearer friends and soften his relation to strangers."

In those days, there was in the afternoon a separate series of addresses and a separate procession. "The afternoon audience, we may suppose, was largely composed of those who attend everything on principle. All reasonable people were now in a blissful state. The excellent Dr. Appleton, the minister of the parish, walking in the afternoon procession, smiled unconsciously on the collective license of the crowd. The rough village doctor, though witnessing the abominable breach of hygienic law everywhere, felt the cheering influence of the day, and his old mare with perplexity missed half her usual allowance of cowhide. The dry, skeptical village lawyer, returned from his dinner at Miss Chadbourne's to his dusty office in his best mood, prepared to deny everything advanced by anybody, and demand proof. On the Common, the Natick Indians, having made large gain by their bows and arrows, proceeded to a retired spot, and silently and successfully achieved the process of inebriation."

For one to whom the past was thus vivid, it might seem that the present must be shadowy in comparison; yet the latest visitor, the most recent passer-by, was to him a figure equally animated; nor was any picture of past or present so characteristic and original, after all, as was the inexhaustibly fertile mind from which it came. It is this which gives to those who knew John Holmes a sense of loss so unique and irreparable. Men and events will come and go, but we shall no longer listen to hear what he will say about them; it is as if the art of instantaneous photography had perished with its inventor.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

GREEK HISTORY AND GREEK MONUMENTS.

I.

THE notion of the antiquary current among many educated people is still that which Scott has illustrated and immortalized in the person of Mr. Oldbuck of Monkbarns, a man full of trifles and hobbies, of old-world lore and scraps of pedantry, who loves to keep about him everything that is old because it is old, and who is out of harmony with all modern progress. The figure is charming and picturesque; but an antiquary of this kind has clearly no claim to be called a man of science on the one hand, or a man of high culture on the other. He is a pleasing and harmless oddity.

The antiquarian of the popular fancy and the instructed antiquary or archæologist of to-day are beings as different one from the other as can well be imagined. The modern archæologist is nothing if not scientific, nothing if not progressive. He regards a textbook a few years old in the same way in which a chemist or a biologist would regard it, as quite out of date. He must have the last edition, the newest light. The objects with which he deals are indeed ancient, though not so ancient as the subject matter of the geologist and the astronomer. But his theories are new, sometimes painfully so, and he is as modern as possible in his habit of mind.

The force which has changed older antiquarianism into newer archæology is the same force which has revolutionized all the fields of physical and biologic science, and which is beginning to revolutionize the historic sciences also. It is the power of the idea of evolution or development, which has come in to bind into a compact body of knowledge the scattered facts of excavation and discovery, and to range into an ordered whole the monuments preserved in the

museums of various countries. Some people are tired of hearing of evolution: I fear that they have a bad time in prospect. No doubt about 1789 many French people were tired of the word "*revolution*;" but still, for good and for evil, the Revolution had to take its course, and it was mostly those who objected to the word who lost their heads in its process.

The methods by which we now deal with all the results of excavation are comparative. It has been said of Greek vases, "He who has seen a few has seen none; he who has seen many has seen one." And the same principle applies universally: only through the many does the one become really visible. For example, a statue is found on some classic site. The material, the date of origin, the artistic school to which it belongs, the particular one among all its aspects in which the artist has regarded his subject, — these questions at once occupy our attention, and to answer them we have to refer to all similar statues in all the museums of Europe. It is to be hoped that we shall not regard the statue without admiration and enjoyment, but the intellectual process is independent of such enjoyment. It proceeds by the comparative method, and assumes the course of ancient art to be an historic process, every point of which can only be rightly studied in relation to what came before and what follows after.

Fortunately, we are now saved from the dangers of excessive skepticism in this field by two things. In the first place, the introduction of the idea of evolution has acted with a purely constructive force. When we have determined certain fixed points in any field of ancient history, we are able to draw the line from one to the other with firm and steady hand. Before, the course of events between one point and the other

might well seem like the course of a river in a great plain, devious and unmeaning; now it will seem like the course of a river which is pent in by two great ranges of hills, and so limited by bounds which it cannot pass. Instead of being incalculable, the line of history is seen to be governed by ascertainable laws, and to follow the trend of traceable tendencies.

II.

The great advantage possessed by archaeology in an age of investigation and of skepticism is that it deals with things which can be seen and felt, can be examined and reexamined, measured and weighed, regarded in this light and in that, and left to work slowly on intellect and imagination. A theoretic view is one thing, a fact is quite another thing; and when the fact is embodied in an actually existing monument, it becomes hard and definite as marble or bronze. It is a great relief sometimes to escape from books, and to turn one's attention to facts which do not change, — hard ground which owes nothing to theories, though it may serve as a basis for many.

In its methods and material, prehistoric archaeology may be compared closely with geology. Dealing with flints and potsherds and other relics of primitive man, it endeavors to determine the nature of his abodes, his habits, and his arts. It has no records to examine or correct, no inscriptions to guide its researches. Its methods are those of comparison and classification, and its procedure is purely inductive.

In dealing with Egypt, Babylon, Assyria, and other old-world lands, archaeology does not run parallel to the statements of ancient historians, but almost entirely supersedes them. Herodotus or Berosus, Diodorus or Ctesias, may sometimes give us a useful suggestion or hint; but Greek knowledge of lands other than Greece was very limited, and we cannot trust except where we can test. On the other hand, the excavations of the pre-

sent century have brought us an almost infinite wealth of inscribed stones and bricks from the seats of these ancient empires; and out of these documents a fixed and objective history is being gradually built up, which now reaches back to the fourth or fifth millennium before the Christian era. At the same time, the cylinders, the wall paintings and sculptures, the tombs of Egypt and Mesopotamia, have furnished us with materials for a vivid restoration of the life of the peoples of those regions, of their appearance, their customs, their buildings, their wars, and their employments in time of peace. Thus, in the case of Egypt and Assyria, archaeological investigation has provided us not only with a background to history, but with a history and a background as well.

For the sake of contrast we turn at once to modern days, — say the time since the invention of printing. In this field it is evident that the details of all events of importance have been so fully recorded, from so many points of view, that it is unlikely that we need go to the material records of archaeology for any important additions to our knowledge of the facts of history. But our churches and town halls, our portraits and works of art, our relics of all kinds, are of the greatest possible value to the spirit of historic study, to those who wish to construct in imagination the life of the past in its detail. There can be no doubt that these surroundings of ours act daily beyond our consciousness on heart and imagination, producing a reverent spirit, and a sense of oneness with our ancestors which enters deeply into the lives of all who have leisure and imagination.

Greece lies midway between Egypt and the modern world; and Greek archaeology lies midway between that of Egypt and that of modern Europe. The main outlines of Greek history are traced for us by historians such as the world has scarcely again produced, — Herodotus and Thucydides and Polybius.

In comparison with the narratives of these great writers, the additions of positive fact which archæology can make to the fabric of history may well seem of small importance. Here and there our excavations and researches may correct a date or add detail to a statement. In some cases they reach beyond this, but only in comparatively few. Yet in filling up the background of the historic drama, in giving us a vivid sense of Greek life, religion, and art, the facts with which archæology deals are of untold value. These facts combined with the imaginative literature of ancient Hellas, the works of her poets and orators, vivify in an extraordinary degree the bare historic fact, and make the Greek race, the most gifted which the world has ever seen, seem to us near and clear, far nearer than our own ancestors of half a millennium ago. Of course, besides this historic value of the extant monuments of Greece, we have to consider their intrinsic value as works of supreme beauty and interest. But even apart from æsthetic appreciation, we must allow the data with which Greek archæology deals to be of high value, if the study of history itself be of value; if there is any good in escaping from the tyranny of the present, and in refreshing the emotions by dwelling with sympathy on the hopes and fears of a bygone age; or if there is any intellectual gain in realizing human history as a whole, as a progress from one phase of culture to another.

Probably no modern can fully realize the part played in Greece by the plastic arts; and perhaps we of England, Old and New, with our Puritan traditions, can realize this less than other peoples. Our architecture is eclectic, and not spontaneous; among us sculpture can hardly be said to exist; even painting is in the service of private persons, not of the state. We express our emotions, religious and patriotic, in poetry and in music rather than by means of the plastic arts. But

with the Greeks it was one of the first necessities of their nature to utter in some visible form, in monument and sculptured group, their strongest emotions. Their surroundings expressed them as clearly as the shell of the snail indicates its species. They were always, so to speak, blossoming in works of art: they thought and felt in stone or marble, or in the great national pictures which adorned all the places of public resort. Some appreciation of these facts is necessary to any full understanding of Hellenic life.

III.

The aid which archæology confers on Greek history is rendered in two ways. Partly it is the result of travel and excavation: travel by which new districts are searched through, excavation whereby the sites of ancient cities are discovered and their remains laid bare. Partly it is the result of more leisurely and detailed attention to the monuments which are thus brought to light, when they are scientifically analyzed, or examined in the great museums of Europe. In England we are perhaps too ready to think that excavation is the one road to archaeological discovery. But quite as important services as those rendered to knowledge by the excavator are performed by the highly trained scholars who assimilate the facts which come from the freshly opened sites, and extract from the mass of new material the grains of gold which give it most of its value. In the progress of physical science the explorer and the worker in the laboratory both have a share: it is just the same in the growth of archaeological knowledge.

Some of the most notable work of recent times has been done in numismatics. I can remember the time, scarcely a quarter of a century ago, when Greek coins were commonly called medals, and valued only as works of art or as interesting documents of mythology, or per-

haps as serving to illustrate some passage in Sophocles or Euripides. The idea of placing the coins of every Greek city in a strict chronological sequence, so that at every point they could be brought into relations with the recorded history of that city, was foreign to earlier numismatists. It was like the letting out of water when Mr. Barclay Head, now keeper of coins in the British Museum, published his modest work on the chronological sequence of the coins of Syracuse, in which for the first time a rigorous and logical method of arranging the coins was followed. This work made its appearance in 1874; and in the score of years which have since elapsed the entire procedure in Greek numismatics has been changed, and we regard coins as documents always to be placed in the strictest relation to history, in a series which runs parallel to the civil and military transactions of every city, and often casts on these a light which is by no means to be despised.

It would take us too far afield if I tried to show in any detailed fashion how the modern numismatist works, how he tries to bring into one focus the facts which are offered him by the monuments with which he has to deal and the statements of ancient writers; sometimes checking and correcting the writers by means of the monuments, more often using the monuments to illustrate and make vivid the statements of the historians. Instead of attempting that which circumstances render impossible, I will pass on to consider the results of one or two lines of research in Greek vases and statues, which no less than coins are real historical documents.

It is well known that while works of Greek sculpture survive in abundance, the equally beautiful and important creations of the great painters of Greece have utterly perished. Our knowledge of great masters of the brush in Greece is very scanty; we even have to fall back on the stories, often silly and al-

ways untrustworthy, told of them by the elder Pliny. But we are now slowly working back to them from the designs of Greek vases, which cannot indeed give us any notion of the coloring which they used, but may serve to enlighten us in regard to their treatment of subjects, their grouping and perspective, and their drawing. In regard to the greatest of early Greek painters, Polygnotus, who probably exercised much influence even on the genius of Pheidias, we have lately gained fresh light. Comparing the elaborate descriptions of his works by the traveler Pausanias with the designs of extant vases, we have by degrees, Professor Robert, of Halle, leading the way, at length reached a point at which we may claim to have recovered the general character of Polygnotan art.

I do not know that at the moment there is any more promising field for study in museums than that offered by Greek and Roman portraits. An extensive series of photographs of ancient portrait sculptures has been produced at Munich by Professor Brunn and his pupil von Arndt. By studying it, we are able for the first time to survey the mass of material relative to the subject, and to judge both what the Greeks and Romans were like, and what they wished to be thought like. As yet ancient portraits have been but little studied since the days of Visconti; but the first man who applies to them the methods and resources of modern archæology is likely to reap a rich harvest. Our knowledge of history, our understanding of mankind, our skill in art, will all alike profit.

Let us, however, now pass from museum work to the more stirring pursuits of excavation. The last few years have seen a far more rigorous method introduced into excavation. They have seen an attack made upon many of the important sites of Greece, — Olympia, Epidaurus, the Athenian Acropolis, Delphi. And the result has been the withdrawal

of curtain after curtain which hid from us the background against which the drama of Greek history was played. The Greek nature was so essentially articulate and plastic that every mood of the people and every event of their history left in these great religious centres traces in trophy and statue, in dedication and inscription. At the end of two thousand years only a small gleanings from the rich harvest remains to us. But even that gleanings is of inestimable value, since it enables us, by study and care, to reconstruct in imagination what has passed away, and to judge of the surroundings — the very beautiful and very characteristic surroundings — of ancient Hellenic life.

IV.

Some day it may be possible to set forth in detail the main results of the most recent of the great excavations in Greece, those which are now being carried out by the French at Delphi. That, however, must be reserved for the future. The French savants engaged in the excavation are very slow in publishing their results; and we must wait for accurate knowledge of their discoveries until they are prepared themselves to describe them in full. Yet, since I was able, in 1895, myself to pay a brief visit to the site, I may venture to give in a few words the general impressions which it made on me.

Delphi lay aloft, and apart from the ordinary ways of commerce and intercourse in Greece. On a terrace on the southern slope of Mount Parnassus, where the mountain breaks down in ledges to the Gulf of Corinth, the fair site is perched like an eagle's nest, some two thousand feet above the sea. Behind it rise the Phædriades, rocks which front the east and catch the earliest rays of the rising sun; paths lead up from the sacred spot to the wild mountain fastnesses above, from whence one can see the whole of Greece, which from his

Delphic home Apollo seems to survey. Delphi can be reached by a long road from Bœotia, but the natural approach is from the beautiful gulf which divides Peloponnesus from northern Greece; and we know that it was by way of this gulf that the votaries of Apollo commonly came to his presence. Toiling up steep after steep, the traveler feels a cooler and a keener air blowing as he draws near to Delphi; and there comes over him, unavoidably, something of the feeling of religious awe which from the earliest times men have felt in the vicinity of great mountains, and which still inspires poetry, the ghost of religion, in sonnets like those of Wordsworth and rhapsodies like those of Ruskin.

"The site of Delphi is one of the most beautiful spots in Greece:" thus writes M. Homolle, the director of the French excavations. "I scarcely know another which produces an impression more profound and more truly religious: it has mystery, grandeur, divine awe. The sanctuary is as it were hidden in the recess of a rocky theatre; a colossal precipice bounds and dominates it, and the wings of the semicircle seem to shut it in from the world. The wild ridge of Kirphis closes the horizon to the south. Around are rocks of brilliant whiteness on which the sun pours its hot rays; lofty peaks where the great storm clouds assemble; narrow and mysterious gorges whence sounds reëcho, multiplied and magnified; ravines bordered by deep precipices; a soil subject to frequent earthquake shocks; exhalations which rise from the earth and produce eestasy; streams of clear water which seem made to remove impurity. What clearer signs could there be of the presence and working of the gods? What place could be more suitable for prayer and prophecy?"

At Delphi religion and poetry were inextricably intertwined. Apollo was most at home as god of song and prophecy, among his attendant Muses. The

heights of Parnassus, the spring of Castalia, were equally sacred to religion and to poetry. The oracles of Apollo were given in verse; for the Pythian priestess, however uneducated, received, while she ministered to the god, something of the gift of song, and was able to write good verse.

A few years ago, the site of the temple of Apollo and the sacred inclosure where it stood were covered by the houses of a squalid Greek village. These have, fortunately, now been removed, and the French explorers, supported by liberal government grants and by every advantage of science, are engaged in the work of laying bare, foot by foot, all that remains to testify of the past splendors of the shrine.

From the Castalian spring, beside which now stands a chapel of St. George, we soon reach the ancient gate of the sacred precinct, the wall of which is in most places still preserved. Through this gate we enter the beginning of the Sacred Way, trodden by all who wished to approach the temple. Still paved almost throughout its length, this road winds up the hill in a circuitous course, amid the foundations of treasuries and of trophies, and amid inscriptions which stand on every side, written in the characters of all periods.

Just inside the gate stood the remains of two great trophies, close together, — that set up by Pheidias for the Athenians after the battle of Marathon, and that erected by Lysander after he had defeated the Athenian fleet at Ægos Potami. The Marathonian group consisted of Apollo and Athena and the general Miltiades, together with the legendary heroes of Attica, who by a pious imagination were chosen to represent the Attic tribes which took part in the battle. Far more extensive and magnificent was the group which Lysander set up, and in which all the greatest contemporary sculptors had a share. It contained forty figures, — the brethren Castor and

Pollux, the chief patrons of the Dorian race, Lysander receiving a wreath from Poseidon, other deities, and the principal officers of Lysander.

It is worth while to pause for a moment, to notice a point of contrast between these two historic trophies. The difference between them is not merely one of scale and splendor. It consists also in a changed view of religion. In the Marathonian trophy, it is the gods and heroes who are conspicuous, Apollo, Athena, and the ancestors of the Attic tribes. One man only, Miltiades, stands among them. To them the honors of the day are duly accorded. In the group set up by Lysander, it is himself and his principal officers who are central and conspicuous. Poseidon is there, but it is that he may hand a wreath to the victorious general. As Greek art rises, the gods are more and more prominent, men fade more and more into the background. As Greek art decays, men once more claim the front rank, while the gods fall back; and even in persisting, the gods take more and more of the nature of men.

Of the Spartan group the bases remain. A trophy which stood near by, commemorating a victory of the Tegeans over Spartan foes, has also bequeathed to us some fragments of foundation and a few inscriptions. It is curious to think with what feelings a passing Athenian or Spartan must have regarded these records of victory and defeat, of glory and humiliation. We can scarcely fancy the existence of a great European cathedral which should contain sculptural memorials of Jena and Sedan, of Austerlitz and Waterloo. Yet in the sacred shrines of Greece military trophies, once erected, were safe. In the peace of Zeus and of Apollo they remained, to instruct and to stimulate the descendants of both victor and vanquished. They were the property of the gods, who gave victory now to this city, and now to that. So the Greeks built up records of their history,

— records the value and character of which we first realize when, on the spot, we trace their very bases and the inscriptions which identified their statues.

From this group of trophies the Sacred Way leads between two semicircular buildings, fronting it one on each side, wherein the sculptor Antiphanes had ranged figures of the early kings of Argos and of the warriors who had taken part in the mythic siege of Thebes. A little further on the road broadens into a square, about which stand a number of treasure houses. The cities which were most liberal in their gifts to the Delphic shrine not only presented statues and tripods and sacred vessels to the god, but also erected small museums in which they could be safely housed. The sites of some of these, the treasuries of Sicyon and Syracuse, of Athens, Potidæa, and Thebes, can be identified with more or less confidence. And in the case of three treasuries, at least, those of Sicyon, Cnidus, and Athens, we have recovered not only the foundations, but remains of the sculptures with which they were adorned, — sculptures considerable in extent and of a high order of merit. In date they range from the middle of the sixth to the middle of the fifth century. The sculptures of the Athenian treasury, wrought in fine Parian marble, are of exceptional interest as well as beauty, as they exactly fill a gap in our knowledge of Athenian art. We are well acquainted with the art of Athens before the Persian invasion, and we are well acquainted with the art of Athens during the great age of Pericles and of Pheidias. But our knowledge of Athenian art during the period *B. C.* 480 to 450 hitherto has been gathered mainly from the paintings of vases. The sculpture at Delphi belongs precisely to that time. The interest of the Sicyonian and Cnidian sculptures is scarcely inferior. Of all these doubtless photographs will be shortly published.

From the place of the treasuries the

Sacred Way turns upward, bordered not only by the bases of dedications of all kinds, but also by outcropping fragments of virgin rock. It was seldom the Greek way to level and plan a great surface to be slowly filled by buildings. They allowed each new edifice to find a place as it could, whence arose infinite variety. The rocky ground allowed such proceeding. The rocks of Delphi were sacred, and any spot not actually occupied by a building or a dedication remained as nature had originally formed it. The way soon reaches another open space, called the area, a place surrounded by *exedrae*, or covered seats, furnishing an opportunity to the processions to halt and form anew before passing on to the temple. In this place once in eight years was acted a sort of miracle play, representing the battle between Apollo and the dragon Python, who had tried to exclude him from Delphi. In the immediate neighborhood stood many dedications, in part extant, such as the pyramid of the Messenians, a lofty three-sided basis whereon alighted a figure of Victory; a tall column dedicated by the Naxians, surmounted by a sphinx; and other memorials. Near by was the stoa, or portico of the Athenians, erected, as Pausanias says, in memory of the naval victories of Phormio over the ships of many of the Greek states. It was adorned with the prows of ships and with bronze shields. The inscription written in huge letters on the basis of this portico is still extant: these letters are certainly too archaic for the age of Phormio, and it must be some earlier victory which is commemorated. The background to these monuments is formed by one of the most characteristic of the features of the site, which has indeed been known for a long time, — a wall sixteen feet high, formed of polygonal stones cleverly fitted together in a compact mass, and engraved with innumerable inscriptions recording many acts of the people of Delphi, documents announcing the

emancipation of slaves, and the like. This inscribed wall, itself a perfect treasury of historic documents, supports also the terrace whereon the temple of Apollo is erected. One mounts the wall by a steeply sloping ramp, and arrives in front of the great altar of sacrifices. These great altars in Greece always stood outside the temples, which must not be polluted by the shedding of blood. The smoke of the burning rose day by day, through the clear air of Greece, to the presence of Apollo above. Just by the altar is a record of a dedication of exceptional interest, made to Apollo by Gelon, king of Syracuse, after his great victory over the Carthaginians at Himera in B. C. 480, on the very day of the victory over Xerxes at Salamis. The offering consisted of a golden Victory and a tripod. With this dedication stood two others, offered by the brothers of Gelon, and all round the ground is covered with the bases of monuments and trophies. These are nearly all of early date, some earlier than the Persian wars; a tithe from the people of Gortyna in Crete; offerings by the people of Metapontum, and even by the non-Hellenic races of Italy; a chariot dedicated by a Battus king of Cyrene; an extant bull presented by a man of Cleitor in Arcadia; three dancing women who supported on their heads a tripod, intended perhaps to hold the lustral water with which those who came into the presence of Apollo removed their ceremonial uncleanness.

We must not pass in silence what is, from the artistic point of view, the most important relic of ancient Delphi, — the archaic bronze charioteer. This fine statue of a youth, clad in a long robe reaching to the feet, and grasping in his hands the bronze reins of the chariot which he was driving, is a new and startling example of the freshness of Greek art. The lines of the drapery are severe, but the arms and feet, as is often the case in archaic art, are closely naturalistic. The small head, with its clear

and strong outline, is almost uninjured. M. Svoronos has tried to prove that this charioteer belonged to the votive chariot dedicated by the people of Cyrene; but M. Homolle, with greater probability, maintains that he comes from a chariot erected at Delphi by the rulers of Syracuse in B. C. 482–472. In the days of Gelon and Hieron Syracuse was one of the most interesting and artistic cities of Greece, and in future we shall always have this beautiful statue to recall the city to our minds.

The head of the Sacred Way is a magnificent spot, commanding a view not only of the whole precinct of Apollo with its rich dedications, but of a circle of mountains all round, while far below in the valley runs the stream fed by the Castalian spring.

We are now in front of the temple itself. And here for the first time we have to confess to a little disappointment. The French excavators had hoped to find the temple with marble front erected by the Alcmaeonidæ of Athens in a sumptuous fashion soon after the Persian wars. They had hoped to find at least some considerable part of the sculptures wherewith Praxias of Athens had adorned that temple. They had not been without some expectation of tracing the external machinery of the great oracle, of discovering the sacred adytum and the fissure whence issued the gas which inspired the Pythian prophethess. But it has been clearly made out that the temple built by the Alcmaeonidæ, with its sculptures, perished, probably by an earthquake, in the fourth century, to be succeeded by another less interesting and splendid shrine. At first, as was natural, the explorers were ready to give the credit of its destruction to the Phocian robbers who occupied the site about B. C. 355, but an inscription recently discovered proves that it took place at least fifteen years earlier; so that we must blame the vandalism of nature rather than that of man. Some

fragments of the earlier temple have at length been found; one of its pediments was of marble, the other of tufa stone. But the subjects, and even the style, can scarcely be recovered.

As regards the oracular shrine, also, our expectations have been disappointed. At first the foundations of the temple seemed to have an air of mystery: there is quite a network of crossing walls inclosing underground spaces. But a close examination shows that there is no definite plan in these underground labyrinths, nor do the chambers appear to have any communication one with another; thus it would seem that the walls must be merely a substruction built to support the floor of the temple. And the oracular cave does not anywhere appear. This disappointment is the greater because, in the excavation of the oracular temple of Apollo Didymæus at Miletus, an oracular chamber deep under the foundations of the temple was actually found.

Since good photographs of the Delphic discoveries are not yet to be had, we are obliged to fill up the defects in our evidence by turning to plans and restorations of the kindred site of Olympia, which has been so well worked out and so amply illustrated by the magnificent publications of the German Archaeological Institute. At Delphi, as at Olympia, we have a great altar, older than the temple, and a noble temple built when the growing anthropomorphism in religion made it necessary that the deity should have an abode worthy of him. At Delphi, as at Olympia, there were numerous treasuries, erected by the cities of Greece; inscriptions of all periods, unnumbered dedications to the gods. At Delphi, as at Olympia, there were a stadium, porticoes, and *exedrae*. From the athletic point of view, Olympia was the more important site; but at Delphi there were contests in poetry and music as well as in physical strength and address.

It is scarcely necessary to insist on the gain which has come to the student of Greek history from the excavations of Olympia. We are now able to reconstruct, in imagination, the background of one very important side of Greek life,—the side connected with the great athletic contests of Greece, and the religious shrines about which they revolved. For the first time the festival of Olympia becomes real to us. We see the vast crowd issuing in the morning from the porticoes where it has snatched a hasty sleep, and moving on to the stadium to see the chosen athletes of the age struggle for the mastery. We see the long procession of victims passing on to the altar of Zeus, accompanied by the bands of delegates from the Greek colonies of Italy, Sicily, and Asia Minor. We pore over the trophies of many a battle, and the records of many a treaty. We accompany the traveler Pausanias as he wanders with his guide over the sacred ground, from statue to statue, till he reaches the noblest embodiment of the religious feeling of the Greeks, the colossal Zeus of Pheidias in gold and ivory. Soon we shall be able to make Delphi as vivid in our imaginations as Olympia is now. The sacred home of Apollo will not be to us, as it was to our ancestors, the site of a squalid modern village, but a body to which the soul can be in a measure restored. We shall be able to follow up the Sacred Way the processions which came from Athens and Thebes and Sparta to ask for those decisions of Apollo on which the history of the world depended. With them we shall pass from treasury to treasury and trophy to trophy, till we stand by the great altar, in the presence of the temple which the indwelling deity had made the source of the noblest inspirations of the Hellenic race. Apollo will speak to us no longer from mere books, but from his own shrine on the slopes of the mountain which is for all time the sacred home of poetic fervor.

There will be gains of a more special character for the historian and the archæologist. The historian will doubtless recover copies of treaties and of wars but slightly recorded, or even unrecorded, by the ancient writers. The archæologist will acquire a vast accession of material, new lights on architecture, new sculptural groups and friezes. The epigraphist will find new forms of letters and new grammatical peculiarities. But the highest and most real gain which will accrue to all those interested in Hellenic studies in their various branches is the sudden breath of fact and reality which will blow through the whole field of Hellenic culture, stirring the air, and invigorating the pulses of all who feel it. The study which ceases to advance must surely retrograde. And whatever advantage the improved critical methods of modern days may secure us in the mastery and interpretation of known documents and the admirable works of the Greek historians, yet a far sharper spur to the mind is to be found in the discovery of what is altogether new material. In recent years, all scholars have felt the impulse given to Greek studies by the

discovery of the Athenian Constitution of Aristotle and the poems of Bacchylides. This fact should open their eyes to the solid advantage to be derived from new discoveries in other fields than that of literature. We are by degrees excavating the tomb not merely of Hellenic men, but of Greek civilization itself, and we find that tomb richly stored with all that Hellas held most dear. What would our ancestors, who so highly valued third-rate Græco-Roman sculpture and Roman sarcophagi, have thought of the treasures brought to light at Pompeii and Athens, Olympia and Delphi? It is for us that these treasures have been reserved; and if we fail to appreciate and to use them, we shall deserve to lose our sense of beauty in the vulgarity of modern surroundings, and to lose our sense of the dignity of human life amid the materialism produced by the rapid spread of all kinds of physical invention and discovery. Only fact can weigh against fact; and if we would not be overborne by the facts which surround our daily life, we must seek a remedy in the appeal to less obvious facts, — of history, of art, and of human nature.

Percy Gardner.

THE FLAIL OF TIME.

THE June air was flooding through open window and door in a high tide of rapture; birds rioted and frolicked in excess of joy; butterflies hovered above their storehouses of nectar, and bees harvested royally. Work of any kind seemed sacrilegious on such a morning. Tacitly agreeing to take a holiday, we wandered into the garden, where lilies and roses and flowers-de-luce sang midsummer hymns of praise, — the roses above and beyond all: heavy-headed yellow ones, clinging to a mouldering

wall; regal la Frances; and clustering white brides that clambered up a corner of the house, wreathing about a casement window. We passed out by the little wicket beneath the heaven-pointing poplar into the road which bounds the garden. On its other side a wheat field was waving, and we lingered to watch the bearded grain sway to the touch of the wind.

Then we crossed the highway and plunged into the river lane, the dogs capering ahead of us. In the shade of

some spreading beeches we sat down on the short dry turf. Women were washing their clothes in the river at a little distance, and the sound of laughter came to us, pleasantly softened, mingling with the blows of their flat wooden pallets. As the Norman peasant inevitably brings up memories of Millet, so does the more prosperous, large-limbed Touraine peasant speak of Jules Breton. Some hint of the laughter-loving south has crept into this land of vineyards, and there is a gentle comradeship in its inhabitants unlike the austerity one finds further north. ~~These~~ people are children, for the most part; rather incredulous children, to be sure, but quite unsophisticated, so that there is a pathos in the situation when one considers the ever encroaching march of what we call civilization.

We sat there by the river, idly throwing pebbles into the stream and drinking in the fullness of beauty about us. The faint violet mist that crept over even the middle distance had a glamour in its vague suggestiveness, and lent color to every object. The trunks of the poplars were a dull amethyst crusted with golden moss, and the cluster of cottages on the opposite bank was softened into a work of art. There was no sharp outline; one delicious tint melted into another in the lazy air. So our very talk came lazily, interspersed with contented silences.

"Sometimes you get a Millet here, — look at that old woman," said one among us, and turning we saw a peasant bending beneath a huge bag of herbs and weeds. She did not see us, and as she drew near groaned, shifted her burden from her back, let it fall to the ground, and then stiffly seated herself on a little mound.

"Eh, bon jour, Mère Robin," I said, recognizing her. I had not seen her for a long time, although she lives not far from us, and I was sorry to notice how changed she was. A year or two ago she was a handsome creature, in spite of the wrinkles carved on her statuesque

features by age, sorrows, and hard work; her head was held high, her cheeks had a warm glow, her eyes shone and sparkled, and her teeth gleamed white when her lips parted in a ready smile. On this morning she sat bent and weary, and at first no flash of welcome came into her gray face. Some curious association brought to my mind an evening when I stood without a cathedral. A service was going on, and the rich harmonies of the pealing organ blending with the priests' singing came clearly to me, while the brilliant lights shone through the windows which gleamed like jewels. A louder burst that rose through the brown dusk of the winter twilight brought the music to an end. The handful of worshipers filed out, and the sacristan extinguished the lights. In a moment all the glowing jewels became dead glass: there was nothing behind them. Poor old Mère Robin! Had her joy-lamps gone out?

We drew near, and one of us said with kindly meaning: "Your bundle is too heavy for you; leave it here, and I will send some one to carry it for you."

She brightened up somewhat, and there was a memory of her old spirit as she replied: "M'sieu' is too kind! But I can't be making all the gossips jealous of me, as they would be should m'sieu' have my rabbits' dinner taken home to them. It is not the bundle that is heavy, but the heart — and the back is old," she ended piteously.

"Your pretty granddaughter should carry it for you," I insisted, "or your jolly grandson. By the way, it's many a day since I have heard him whistling in the lane," I added.

"He is serving his three years," she replied tersely.

"And Jeannette?"

She shook her head.

I sat by her side in silence. I saw the others rise, and heard the dogs' eager reply to a whistle summoning them; but I waved my hand in token that I would

join them later, and waited. At last the old woman spoke:—

"Yes, Marc is taken from me, as his father was twenty-five years ago. If I were the boy's mother, they would leave him to provide for me; but I am only his grandmother, so off he goes,—fine uniform, a gun to shoulder, and the town life to teach him how we poor folk live out of the world. Ah! they talk to us about kings and emperors and republics! But what do we care about all those things? We want a kind curé, a good harvest, and our children to close our eyes at the last. Not much, is it, madame? Yet they don't give us even that."

"The enforced service comes hard on every one," I answered.

"Yes," she rejoined, "but hardest on the poor. Marc is a good boy,—a good boy. So was his father. Oh, they are so alike that sometimes when the lad is whistling among the vines and the sun shines straight, dazzling me, I forget the years between, and I put up my hand to shade my old eyes, thinking my husband must be somewhere near by. Then it all comes back to me. Marc's father and my husband are in their graves—and now I have lost them all."

"But surely Jeannette"—

The old face grew stern. "I can say no harm of the girl when I recollect her mother. I understand that she is not only my granddaughter, but has other blood in her. I want to be just, but pardie! Justice is easy when we love; when we don't—ah!"

She seemed to be wondering whether to open her heart or not, and I remained very still, my sympathies flowing silently toward her. In a moment she took up the thread of her memories:—

"It is like this, madame. My own son did not fight against the Prussians, being only nineteen, but he was conscripted soon after, and went away just as Marc has gone. A handsome boy, madame, like me; his father was stout

and light, but our Jean had my dark eyes and straight legs. While he was away those weary three years, we old ones used to talk only about him. We saved a little every month, and we planned how he should come back and take care of us when we were too feeble to work, and we chose a nice wife for him,—a good girl, not too ugly. Ah, la la! She married the rich farmer on the upland afterward. Well, the last part of the time came; Jean was to get home in August, and we thought how he would help with the vintage. It was a fine hot summer; the grapes were splendid. Every time my old man and I looked at them we would laugh and say, Jean will press out the wine, and we will put by a pièce (madame understands? A barrel, then),—half for his wedding, half for his first baby's christening. We had a good grain crop that year, too, and there was a quantity to thresh. There were no new-fangled machines to drum the ears out of you, in those days, but all was done by hand. My husband hired two lads to help him in our barn, and he would tire out first one and then the other before he gave way. I was getting dinner for the three; it was a terrible hot day, and the sound of the flails somehow got into my head. I was n't well that year; it seemed too good to be true that my boy was coming home to me. I could n't sleep nights, and, God forgive me, I spoke sharp and ugly-like to my old man at times. He never answered me as I deserved. He would only look at me as my poor Coco does sometimes when I jerk his bridle, his eyes pained-like, and go quiet out of the house. Well, this day, flip-flop, flip-flop, went the flails, hour after hour; the court was full of dust, and it sifted in and made me impatient. The fire burned into my brain, I thought. I flung out to get a breath of air, with an impatient word on my lips. 'I would like never to hear that flail fall again,' I said, and like a miracle

the sound stopped; then came a sort of thud and a rush inside the barn. I went to see what it was, and there — Oh, my God! I see him now! My old man, my Jean's father, fallen in the chaff. The lads were trying to pick him up, but he was too heavy for them. I ran to him, undid his collar, and sent them for the doctor. It was no use. 'An apoplexy,' they said, and he died twenty hours later."

"Poor Mère Robin!" I murmured.

She smiled a little, and resumed more briskly: "At any rate, it was not a costly sickness; the doctor only came twice, and there was no apothecary's bill. My sister-in-law had to pay nearly three hundred francs for her husband's last illness; but he was a lingering, putting-off sort of creature. My man was prompt and ready; living and dying he never kept me waiting, and not many wives can say that."

"No, indeed," I assented cordially; adding, "Did your son come home then?"

"Yes, but he did n't seem the same. He was handsomer than ever, but masterful, almost like a gentleman in his ways. He frightened me. He did n't take on about his father, as I had expected. I suppose the three years away had helped him to forget a good deal. But I'd have minded nothing if he had n't got him a wife. Of course I could have refused my consent and made him put off his marriage; but he could get his way in the end, especially as I had nothing against her but that she was town-bred. So I said yes, contrary to my heart. There were only hired hands at our vintage, for Jean went off and stayed a fortnight. Her people had no land nor nothing, and they had their wedding in an inn. I would not go. I worked that day like any other, and when the night came I got the graveyard key from the sacristan, and went and sat by my man's grave. I thought of the pièce of wine we had made plans

over, and I cried, — ah, madame, I cried my heart out."

"Did you never grow to like your daughter-in-law?"

"Ah pardie! What would you have? Jean was mad about her, and there was no harm in the girl. She brought no money, and all her idea was to dress herself, and later the children. She never wore a cap, but a hat like a lady's, and she had a sewing machine. I am not patient with noises, madame; every new thing sent by the devil to disturb the world is noisy, — except the worst of all, the bicycle. Bad for men are they, but for women destruction! Well, my daughter-in-law would have gone whirling over the country on one of these cursed wheels, if there had been any; as it was, she only sat whirl-whir-whirling away at her frills and furbelows. Jean said at first, that the house was too small for us; that he meant to build an addition for his wife and give me a servant. But it was all her fault, and the army's too. He'd lost the taste for the land; he sold fields his father and I had bought bit by bit, he took to going to the café every night to play billiards, and then the poor boy — Oh well, well, it's a sad tale altogether. Enough that when Marc was twelve and Jeannette eight they were orphans, with only me to look to. That is nine years ago, and I did my very best. Marc was a good boy to his grandam, and Jeannette as neat and handy about the house as you would ask."

"Besides being the prettiest girl in the commune," I put in, thinking to please the old woman; but she thrust out her lower lip.

"Every one according to his taste," she said. "For me she is too pale and slim. Give me a good buxom lass with red cheeks."

"But you had an easy time during those years, did n't you, ma mère?" I asked.

"Yes, madame, as far as affection and home comfort go, easy enough. I

made my little economies ; the children helped, and it did not take much to dress and feed them. I never had enough to buy back any of the land that was sold, but I kept out of debt. Coco has been a heap of use to me ; I got him six years ago, and paid on the spot. At first I was shaken, now with one thing, now with another. Everything new scared me. The drum of the threshing machine used to get into my ears like a big bee ; the scream of the locomotives from across the river ; the weary click of Jeannette's sewing machine ; even — madame will laugh — but even the wind singing in the telegraph wires used to torment me. I dreamt that all these steel things were the devil's work, and were sent to crush out us poor peasants. I imagined the earth cried and bled when a steam plough was sent to dig it up, and even now I cannot drink wine pressed out in the new ways. No, I keep to the honest sabots of the village lads. Let them tread out the good wine ; it is honest then. Well, well, madame may think me a little crazed about all these things ; perhaps I am, but they have brought all my woes. First the conscription stole my son and grandson ; then the little needle that the devil makes work so fast that any girl, almost, may have her fineries stole my granddaughter."

"But Jeannette is doing well, is n't she?"

"Who can tell, who can tell?" she said sadly, shaking her head. "The girl is in a shop in Tours. She is pretty. Tours is full of officers. She will be filled with nonsense and vanity. Her mother left her nothing but her own share of folly and some of her ruffled petticoats. Marc is not there to see after her ; he is at Orleans. Ah me, ah me!" She struggled to her feet, and, lifting up one thin arm, broke forth into a sort of prophetic chant. "I see it coming! It is the future, and it frightens me. We are

simple folk, and the new things are too strong for us. The young are willing to hurry, hurry! They must write fast, travel fast, sew fast, plough, plant, and harvest fast. We have been content to go softly, but they must gallop. They are blind and can't see the dangers ; but I see them crushing down on us. It is only the rich and great who can escape ; we must go under, we weak ones."

Solitude and grief had troubled the poor brain. I rose also.

"Yes, my rabbits and Coco will be wondering where I am. It used to be the children who looked out for me, but now it's only dumb beasts," she said bitterly.

We walked silently to the highroad where our ways parted. She paused at the opening in the dike, and said : "Hark! The wind is whispering an evil message over the wires. They only telegraph bad things."

I listened, and heard the sad strains as of an *Æolian* harp above my head. The air was as full of fragrance and melody as an hour before, but it seemed to me that all the radiance had faded. I watched the poor bent figure as it moved slowly away, and I pondered on this result of the iron march of progress. Ah well! some must submit, while others profit by it. A sudden whirl of wheels, and a boy flashed by me on a bicycle. I recognized him as one of the telegraph office messengers, and felt an instinctive relief that he had passed me by. I sat in the garden until the rusty bell swinging against the north tower warned me that it was time to go in.

On my way through the shrubbery I met the farmer's wife.

"I am running to find Denis," she panted. "The doctor is needed. Mère Robin got a message with bad news about her granddaughter, and has fallen like one dead."

The wind had told the truth when it moaned along the wires.

Helen Choate Prince.

IN A MUTTON-HAM BOAT.

THE sailboat *Jessie* lay alongside the wooden pier, with ballast stowed amidships and her mutton-ham unclewed.

The *Jessie* was a trig, span little boat, painted a clover green outside and a pale straw color within. She had been freshly swabbed that day, and her mutton-ham fluttered as white as new cotton around her single mast. I more than once sought to learn why Albemarle and Pamlico fishing smacks call their huge sails "mutton-ham," and was invariably assured, in slow Southern gutturals, that "they was jes' named that-a-way, an' reckon tha' wa'n't no reason fo' it."

Though nominally a fisher, in summer the *Jessie* carried on a brisk trade as private yacht to predatory tourists who annually invade the beautiful south tide-water regions, armed with rod, reel, and trolling line, and upon this particular occasion was under promise to ferry a life-saving station house keeper and his little family across the sound to their station on Kitty Hawk ocean side. I was merely an uninvited guest, having managed to establish a sort of freemasonry with the captain, — a wiry, tanned mariner, with a keen blue eye and a ginger-colored mustache, — by means of which I voyaged wherever the *Jessie* voyaged; and where the *Jessie* anchored, there I hung up my sailcloth cap, and ate my cakes and drank my bottled ale.

The passengers had been comfortably settled, and the painter hauled in; the captain, tiller in hand, was shouting alternately to his sail boy to "give 'er head," and to "shove 'way" and "look what yo' 'bout, an' ease 'er off," when a series of loud halloos on shore arrested action. Then we saw a cart whirl around the corner by what is politely termed on the island "th' Co'te House," and come tearing down the sandy lane toward the wharf. The cart was drawn by a brisk

little island horse. A young man and a girl sat perilously on the single seat, jiggling up and down as the vehicle bounded along. The young man was lashing the horse and shouting; the girl held her sunbonnet on with one hand, and her short skirts down with the other; for although, as the captain had remarked several times that morning, "tha' wa'n't no win' to speak uv," the rapidity of the pony's gait had evidently raised a breeze.

"Wha-at — yo' — want?" shouted the captain in his sea voice, so hoarse that it started the herons from the marsh, half a mile off.

"Wa-ait!" hallooed the young man in the cart, and he frantically lashed the pony. "We — want — to go — 'long!"

The brisk little horse pattered to the wharf side. The young man leaped out, and tenderly helped the girl to descend. He also took out a satchel and a square pasteboard box, which articles of luggage he deposited carefully on the sand, and then deliberately, albeit nervously, proceeded to fasten the pony to a convenient stake at the water side.

"Look hyuh," said the captain in his land voice, "this ain' no fe'eyboat."

The young man did not answer at once. He finished fastening the pony's reins, tucked the girl's hand within his arm, gathered up satchel and box, then came quickly upon the wharf, and looked the captain in the eyes. He was a very young man; the apple bloom of his cheek was girlishly fresh, and his lip was guiltless of even gosling down.

"I did not suppose it was a ferryboat," he answered, with Bostonian precision, "but I thought that doubtless you would not object to taking two more passengers."

His boyish face, in spite of an obvious effort to appear unconcerned, betrayed lively anxiety.

"No, suh," returned the captain severely. "I'd like mighty well to accomodate yo', but I've hi'ud my boat to this hyuh gentleman" — indicating the life-saving station keeper — "fo' th' day; it consequently b'longs to him, an' I can't take nobody else in."

At these heartless words, delivered in Captain Jo West's most nautical manner, a manner which could be grim upon occasion, the boy looked crestfallen, and the girl burst into tears.

The tears drew our interested attention. She was a mere child, hardly more than fourteen at the most, and she wept very much as a child weeps, — in unstified sobs, smearing the tears away with the tips of her fingers. Her flaxen hair hung in two braids, one on either shoulder; she wore a short blue calico skirt, and her round little ankles and feet were bare. Her face was framed in a blue gingham sunbonnet, and beneath the twinkling tears it was the face of a wood nymph, as wood nymphs are pictured by French Impressionists. The mouth was especially charming; the tender chin curved softly to a round little throat; the brow was low and broad; and the eyes were adorable.

"Oh, now, don't, don't!" said the passenger, with unfeigned compassion.

"Tha' 'll be some othuh boat, little gyurl," added the captain, letting all his grimness go, and a fresh deluge poured from the child's gentian eyes. The boy put his arms around her.

"Yo' ain' in any gre't hu'ey, air yo'?" asked the captain.

"Yes," replied the boy mournfully; "we're boun' to get 'eross befo' — that is, soon 's we can." He forgot to be precise. "It will be awful hawd on us if we don't."

The passenger looked at the captain; the captain looked at the passenger, and the station keeper's wife, with her baby at her breast, nudged her husband with her elbow. The station keeper cleared his throat.

"Wha'h do yo' want to go?" he asked, with polite ceremony.

"Across," answered the boy vaguely, with eyes straining over the silver-blue bay.

"Oh, to Nag's Head, prob'ly?"

"We want — to get the fir's steamer for — Newbern, I reck'n." There was a queer hesitancy in the boy's speech.

"Tha' ain' any steamuh fo' Newb'n tell day aftuh to-moh'aw." The three men spoke at once. Boy and girl looked aghast.

"Anyhow, we 'd like awf'l well to get across — somewha'," said the boy earnestly.

"I don' see as tha' 'd be any objection to lettin' 'um go 'eross with us," remarked the station keeper.

"If yo' have n't got no objection, I have n't," replied the captain sententiously. He seized an oar. "Pile in, will yo'! Tha' ain' no win' to speak uv, no-how, an' "

Boy and girl were already in the boat, and further words would have been superfluous.

"Let go!" The captain, standing in the stern with a huge oar, slowly shoved off; the mutton-ham filled; we cleared the spit of sand at the harbor mouth and stood out to sea, the Jessie's nose pointed nor'east and her jib sniffing the breeze.

It proved, as Captain Jo had predicted at the start, a hot day and a light wind, — "no win' to speak uv," — and we were presently afloat on water as burnished, as vivid, as liquid turquoise, and under a turquoise concave of sky wherein the sun orb stood brassy yellow. There was as yet no tacking to be done, and the captain, lazily holding the tiller, easily fell to relating fish yarns, — a form of fiction no longer new to me, and not at any time nor in any circumstances comparable in interest with romance narratives and the love stories of real life. I made overtures to the boy and girl, who sat amidships, looking happy and half scorched. I invited them into the

bow, where the mutton-ham threw a cool shadow and spray dashed into one's face.

The pair settled side by side with me in the bow. They preserved a dignified silence and an attitude of uncompromising correctness; still there was a latent something in their timidly exchanged glances which aroused all the interest of a romance seeker. The girl wore a frightened look, too; her eyes were always turning back to the shores we had left, while the boy looked fearlessly forward to the shores we neared.

The longer I studied them, the more I felt my compassion warming toward this unknown callow pair, cast like wreckage upon the summer sea, and I sought for a conventional entering wedge of conversation; for even superficial observation assured me that the boy respected the conventions, and believed in wearing stiff linen collars in the hottest weather. I could think of nothing better than the awkward and seemingly spy-out question, "You are a public school teacher, are you not?"

"Yes." His eyes sought the girl's. "I taught a six-month term last winter, and a summer session afterward, on the West Side."

"And do you return for the fall term?"

"No." Again his eyes sought the girl's. "I think not."

The girl blushed.

At this moment we came within hail of Nag's Head Hotel, and the captain interrupted the propitious beginnings of friendship with the mysterious weanlings. I could not help feeling that he was too rudely realistic and uncompromisingly practical.

"Yo' an' yo'w sistuh want t' go asho' hyuh?" he called from the stern.

"Do you land anyhow?" asked the boy, peeping round the corner of the mutton-ham.

The captain said he did not; he was sailing to Kitty Hawk with as much speed as "no win' to speak uv" would

allow, and Nag's Head would not be of record in his logbook that day.

"Very well; if you don't mind, we'll go on with you to Kitty Hawk."

The captain silently turned the Jessie's nose two points west'ard, and we lazied along, hardly seeming to move at all, yet steadily gaining upon a break in the shoreward wall of giant pines, which was the mouth of the creek we were presently to explore on our course to Kitty Hawk Bay.

A big shape, as black as a rock and as shiny as ebony, suddenly hove out of the placid sea, creaming the bright level with foam. The creature blew, with a noise like the escape of steam from an engine, and fell back into the deep. Bubbles, spray, and small waterspouts glittered for half a mile about our fragile bark; similar black shapes were wallowing everywhere.

"Porpoise," said the captain briefly.

The boat's attention was centred in the monsters.

"Now is my time," I thought, and I drew Miss close to me in the shadow of the sail. I assumed a grandmotherly stateliness and rigidity of manner.

"What is your name, dear?"

The face under the edge of the blue sunbonnet was so like a flower that I half expected to hear the child lisp, in reply to my question, "Rose" or "Pink." Shyly, like a baby, she inserted her small brown forefinger into her lovely arch mouth, and, with a downward glance, just murmured no louder than a wood dove's coo, "Cynthia."

It was not a poetic name!

I stroked the little sunburned hand, and smiled reassuringly. "You and your brother are off for home to enjoy the summer holidays, I dare say?"

She looked startled. "My brother?" She tried to withdraw her hand from mine.

"He is your brother, of course?"

The boy had forgotten reserve so far as to go astern and enter into animated

— animated for the climate — conversation with Captain Jo and the life-saving station keeper concerning porpoises. Cynthia winced and reddened piteously. Of course he was n't! I had known it all the time. But how truly delicious to have my suspicions confirmed! Nevertheless, I assumed a great sternness of manner.

"Who is he, then?"

Cynthia did not reflect that she was not in duty bound to submit to my cross-examination. Two distressful large tears arose and hung in her babyish eyes without dropping from the golden lashes, and her lips widened with grief; her plump little fingers played nervously with the blue bonnet strings.

"He is" — and there she hesitated, overcome with bashfulness.

"Who, Cynthia?"

"Dickie."

I broke into a laugh, finding myself so naively headed off, and the laugh was the overthrow of that awe with which I had contrived to inspire the girl. She laughed with me, and the bright drops hanging by the lashes in either eye dripped unhindered down her ruddy cheeks. Our mirth drew the boy's attention from the porpoise.

"Cynthia!" he uttered, in the tenderest of love calls.

I shook my head at him, and held Miss close at my side. "Cynthia," I said, glad to make use of a name more musically befitting this beautiful shy young sylvan creature than its rustic diminutive, "quick, tell me all about it. Is Dickie your sweetheart?"

Cynthia stole me a swift glance and nodded slowly; she inserted her brown forefinger into her mouth, and a blush swept her face, fading quickly, like the fitful flush of an ember in the gloom of twilight.

"You are a pair of runaways. Oh, Cynthia!"

Cynthia was wide-eyed at my discernment of occult mysteries. She nod-

ded again, timidly, with some return of awe.

"But why do you run away? Don't your papa and mamma approve of your marrying Dickie?"

"I have n't any papa," said Cynthia, "nor any mamma." Her tender tones were touched with melancholy.

Poor Cynthia! I smoothed a curling flaxen tress from her fine white brow; my heart melted with pity.

"Have n't you any friends, Cynthia?" I asked.

"T-tha's uncle Jeems Dannil and aunt Ginnie Lou. But they're not my reel folks, — just foster."

"And they did n't want you to marry Dickie?"

"No'm!"

"Why not?"

Cynthia gazed reflectively over the glowing meadow of blue water. "I don't know. They jes' did n't, I reckon."

Cynthia's confidences were uphill matters; yet she was not altogether averse to them; she would probably have given me the whole story, with judicious leading, had not her bare toes unfortunately encountered my patent-leather shoes. The contrast between bare toes and polished leather was too much for the incipient woman in little Cynthia's breast. She did not see the wide slit along the instep of the left shoe, nor was she aware of the worn spot in the sole of the right one, or the contrast would certainly have been less oppressive. As it was, she tried to draw her short blue calico skirt entirely over her naked brown feet, and closed her lips in a silence that seemed to indicate the irrevocable.

I determined to try the effect of feminine wheedling on the boy. He was looking toward us now with wistful discontent, and it required no more than a nod and a smile to bring him quickly. I shall not attempt to rehearse my delicate manoeuvres with him.

"If you won't give us away, I don't mind telling you about it," said Dickie,

"because," and his tone assumed a protecting manliness, perfectly delicious to hear, "I reck'n Cynthiana does need a kind of frien' some older than she is. Cynthiana's not fifteen yet."

I promised with the utmost solemnity not to "give them away" even by the winking of an eye, and he thereupon related the loves of Richard and Cynthiana in due sequence of facts, while our clover-colored bark swayed to the blue and went loafing along the sparkling meadows of the sea.

"I was teachin' public school ovuh on th' Wes' Side," said the boy, easily dropping into the vernacular as the more spontaneous and natural form of speech, "an' I bo'ded at Mr. Jeems Dannil's house. Cynthiana was raised in his fambly; she calls them uncle and aunt. They were always right kin', wa'n't they, Cynthiana?"

Cynthiana murmured, "Yes, right kin'."

"Exceptin' this partic'lar: Mr. Jeems Dannil an' Miss Ginnie Lou are awful hawd wo'kers; an' they wo'ked Cynthiana too hawd, fo' a girl no bigguh th'n Cynthiana is. Mr. Jeems Dannil's place — you might know it, on th' Wes' Side, atop th' bluff, an' close to th' soun'? Yes, it's a right lawge fawm; an' th' vineyawd 's th' bigges' on th' island, they seh. Beside that, he owns sev'al oystuh beds, an' a sloop, an' th'ee 'r fo' fishin' boats. He takes a gre't 'eal uv salm'n an' ships no'th. Mr. Jeems Dannil 's a rich man. But I mus' seh he does wo'k too hawd, — gettin' up at th'ee a'clock summuh, an' five wintuhs! An' th' women folks have to keep right 'long up with th' men. When I bo'ded tha' Cynthiana stawted in to school; but she was always havin' to stop fo' this thing an' that, — 'bout th'ee days out uv ev'y week; an' I saw she was wo'kin' too hawd, an' not gettin' th' right kin' uv education. Beside, it was boun' to break her down. I thought to myse'f," — here the boy grew bashful and blushed a good

deal, — "I was lovin' her right along, yo' know, — an' so I thought tha' wa'n't any use waitin'; I jes' asked Mr. Jeems Dannil an' Miss Ginnie Lou squa' out to let me maw'y Cynthiana, come close uv summuh term. Yo' might n't believe it, but they both got mad, an' said they would n't allow any such thing!"

"What possible reason could they have for refusing?" I asked, feeling a glow of indignation at the heartlessness of Mr. Dannil and the equally culpable Miss Ginnie.

"Th' only reason Miss Ginnie Lou gave was that Cynthiana's too young. Mr. Jeems Dannil did n't give any reason 't all, — he is n't a reasonin' kin' uv man, Mr. Jeems Dannil is n't; he jes' refused, squa' out 'n' out; an' he would n't listen to a wo'd I wanted to seh. But," added the boy, with cynicism worthy of a Schopenhauer, "I b'lieve 't was jes' 'cause Cynthiana was a cheap han' on th' plantation, an' helpin' with th' fishin', — cheapuh 'n he 'd likely fin' anothuh good one, an' bettuh th'n mos' any othuh he could fin'. She's been at it since she was sev'n years old, have n't yo', Cynthiana?"

"Yes. I c'n catch salm'n, clean an' salt 'um down as well as uncle Jeems Dannil, an' mos' as fas'." Her face brightened with the triumph of the thought.

"Surely they could n't be so heartless!" I said.

"Mr. Jeems Dannil is right down close an' hawtless," Dickie affirmed, sticking to his cynicism. "Not that I 'd like to seh he an' Miss Ginnie Lou wa'n't fond uv Cynthiana, but they were too hawd on her. I could n't stan' it! An' so, when they would n't give in, I jes' said: 'Cynthiana, school 's out Friday, an' I 'm goin' away Satuhday mawnin'. Will yo' come 'long?' An' we came away."

"How did you manage it, though?"

"Mr. Jeems Dannil went off fishin' with the men at th'ee a'clock. It was easily managed. Cynthiana was up giv-

in' them a bite to eat befo' they got off. It's usual, is n't it, Cynthiana?"

"Yes," said Cynthiana timidly, as though she feared Mr. Jeems Dannil might overhear.

"Aftuh th' boats hauled off, Cynthiana stepped outside to watch th' sail an' give wawn'n'. I was by that time slippin' easy inside th' stable lot an' catchin' th' pony. We jes' bowrrowed Mr. Jeems Dannil's hawse an' cya't! Cynthiana helped me hitch up soon's th' boats got under sail good. Tha' wa'n't re'ly anybody to hinduh; Miss Ginnie Lou was in bed fo' ha'f an hour yet, an' *she* thought Cynthiana was gone to th' pasture lot to drive up th' cows. Uv co'se we di'n't make any noise; Miss Ginnie Lou could 'a' heard; but th' stable bein' on th' othuh side, th' little passel uv sugar-cawn groun' made it easier. We were dreadfully afraid, though, drivin' down th' lane f'om th' house yawd to th' road. It's a long lane; an' th' moon was bright as day, wa'n't it, Cynthiana?"

"Yes. Old Briskie's feet made such a awful noise pattin' down th' san'! An' th' gate sagged so, did n't it, Dickie? Seemed like uncle Jeems Dannil was boun' to hear it draggin' op'n, 'way off tha' in th' bay." Cynthiana had forgotten all about her bare feet.

"You don' want to go back, do you, Cynthiana?" Dickie looked anxiously into her face.

"Oh *no*, Dickie!" Cynthiana edged nearer to Dickie in a frightened way. Their hands came innocently together, quite regardless of me. I considerably glanced somewhere else.

"We got a nice stawt uv 'um, anyhow," said Dickie presently. "Mr. Jeems Dannil's boats won' be back home much befo' sunset; an' Miss Ginnie Lou won' prob'ly think but wat Cynthiana's gone along with 'um."

"I of'n do," murmured Cynthiana.

"An' if we c'n only get ovuh to Kitty Hawk an' get th' ministuh to maw'y us, they cawn't do anything to us!"

I asked him if he was certain there was a resident clergyman at Kitty Hawk.

"No, I nevuh was ovuh tha'," Dickie answered cheerfully, — "I'm rather strange in this pawt uv th' country, — but tha' are ministuhs almos' everywha'."

"If there is n't one there," I questioned, "what then?"

Dickie looked thoughtful. "Well," he said finally, with hoary wisdom, "I've always foun' it th' bes' plan not to cross bridges till yo' come to 'um. Th' main thing now is to get *somewha'*, away f'om th' islan' an' Mr. Jeems Dannil, because" — Dickie's tones grew stern and resolute — "tha's no gettin' roun' it, Mr. Jeems Dannil was too hawd on Cynthiana. I could n't stan' it. I got to get her away."

We loitered through the creek, — a sinuous stream full of floating seaweed, the long brown tendrils of which resembled "a drowned maiden's hair," — and it was a lazy time, a time for summer dreams. Dickie and Cynthiana leaned over the side of the boat, and Cynthiana was so much the child that she allowed her hands to drag in the serene flood, laughing when seaweed caught her fingers. Never, perhaps, had the girl enjoyed so long a period of tranquil do-nothingness. The station keeper's small son gravitated toward her, with the instincts of infancy, and the pair were presently playing together, fishing with a crooked pin and a bit of cotton twine. They babbled like amicable babes, while Dickie looked on in silence, his youthful eyes dreamy with a thought I could only surmise, — some fancy which glowed through and through his countenance like the radiance that fills a sanctuary.

In that strange sylvan region of yellow sand hills and blue lilies, our clover-colored boat with its cottony sail seemed the embodiment of a dream, drifting through a shadow river toward a visionary Island of the Blessed.

"We'll soon be to Kitty Hawk," said the captain; and there was nothing

dreamlike in his tones. The voyage had been no vision to him, tacking around a hundred bends and scraping seaweed off the keel.

Suddenly the canvas bulged, a strong spurt of salt air smacked us in the face, the boom of surf near at hand shook the sultry midafternoon silences with splendid orchestral thunders; the creek widened, and between two round green myrtle-browed capes the mutton-ham emerged into Kitty Hawk Bay.

The boy drew a profound sigh. Just across the shining blue water the hamlet was plainly visible, — a white farmhouse, a fisher's log cabin, and a low-roofed country shop set beneath the pines. But there was no church spire pointing heavenward, no awning of pleached oak boughs shading a group of rude benches. Kitty Hawk was pastorless!

We tied up at the shackling wooden wharf, where the post boat — Uncle Sam delivers the mail at Kitty Hawk in a romantic blue-hulled sloop with sail as white as a sea gull's breast — was already anchored. We disembarked, and a solitary old man, with a sensible countenance and no collar, came out of the shop and bade us welcome. Dickie wistfully inquired of him whether there was a justice of the peace at Kitty Hawk. The old man looked surprised.

"No," he said in soft gutturals. "We ain' nevuh had occasion to make use uv any squire at Kitty Hawk. What's wanted?"

"Nothing, thanks," replied Dickie, blushing, and resuming the Boston manner.

Fortunately, the company's attention was diverted by the arrival of a pony cart driven by a barefoot boy, who stood upright on the shafts and held a quite useless rein. This was the coach sent to convey the station keeper's family home, — the ocean beach is always "on the other side" in this region. It was rather small for the load, but the station keeper's good wife did not mind that a bit,

nor did the babies; they crowded in along with the luggage, and were trotted off, smiling and waving good-by in the pleasantest manner possible, the station keeper walking at the pony's head in true patriarchal style.

Dickie was looking very grave. He had come to the bridge. He drew Miss apart, and they sat on the grassy slope among the myrtles in a ragged circumference of shade, and conferred earnestly together. The captain winked at me.

"Reckon 't ain't his sistuh, aftuh all," he said; and he presently sauntered carelessly to the edge of the myrtle thicket.

"Seems to me," he said to Cynthiana in an offhand way, "I ought to kin' o' know yo'. Ain't yo' Mr. Jeems Dannil's little gyurl?"

Cynthiana quailed; she pulled the blue sunbonnet over her face and was silent.

"Thought I ought to 'a' knowed yo'," continued the captain. "Now jes' le' me ast yo' one thing: ain't yo' two young ones runnin' away?"

The boy looked reproachfully at me. I shook my head in denial. I had not given them away.

"I guessed yo' was," went on Captain Jo. He selected a soft spot where iris thickly tufted the long grass, and seated himself between the boy and the girl. "I got daughtuhs uv my own, — an' sons too, fo' that mattuh; an' now I 'm goin' to reas'n with yo' two, jes' fatherly."

He proceeded to reason with them. I sat on a cypress knee, not far distant, and heard it all.

"T ain't exactly right," said the captain, "fo' a little gyurl to be trapsin' ovuh th' country with a young man, all by tha'selves."

The boy assented mournfully; the girl had nothing to say; she was terrorized by the belief that she was forthwith to be torn from Dickie's side, and returned to the iron-bound custody of Mr. Jeems Dannil and Miss Ginnie Lou; it numbed her into silence.

"Reasoning like a father, I'd seh," continued the captain relentlessly, "Cynthia ought to go back home to her uncle Jeems, an' yo' continny on to 'Liz'beth City aw Newbern, whichevuh place yo'w business call yo' to."

"Do you *want* to go back home, Cynthia?" asked Dickie, leaning across the captain in order to look into the girl's woe-stricken face.

Cynthiana's budlike lips could only frame a sobbing "Oh no, Dickie!"

"Then you shan't!" said Dickie, with a stoutness of protecting determination which increased my respect for him to the pitch of admiration. He sprang to his feet.

"If we can't be maw'ied at Kitty Hawk, we can somewha' else," he said resolutely. "I've promised Cynthia that I'd maw'y her an' take ca'h uv her, an' I'm goin' to do it." He had let go of Brahminism once more. "Come, Cynthia."

He took the girl's hand in his, and side by side they walked up the slope toward the dingy store. I do not exactly know what he meant to do next, but I think he would have claimed the protection of the old storekeeper for the girl. At this moment, however, what some people would have called Providence intervened to change the course of events. The little horse and the two-wheeled pine box which had lately pattered over to the ocean side with the station keeper's family now came pattering back around the corner of the store. In the box was seated a slender dark man, young in years and hoary in aspect, with a thin, smooth-shaven face and a stoop in the shoulders. He was dressed in decent, even new long alpaca coat and trousers that bagged at the knees, a careless white cravat, and a black slouch hat. The gravity of his countenance was almost phenomenal, and his voice was sonorous with the sonorousness of the echo in a sepulchre.

"Well, Brothuh Mayhew, do you meditate takin' advantage uv th' present

opportunity to leave us all?" asked the storekeeper in an affable tone.

At the word "brother" my heart gave a queer sudden bound, and I looked at Cynthia and the boy. The boy straightened his shoulders and drew a breath of relief and emotion. Cynthia put her right forefinger into the corner of her mouth.

The slim, pale, old young man descended with deliberate dignity from the cart, set a sleek black leather traveling bag upon the doorsill, took off his bell-crown hat, and wiped his brow with a sheetlike handkerchief. Then he cleared his throat.

"Yes," said he in what must have been his pulpit voice, "I have, with th' Lawd's help, done what I could ovuh hyuh lookin' to th' savin' uv precious souls, an' I believe my mission is at an end."

It was with difficulty that I restrained my hands from taking hold of the long skirts of the straight alpaca coat, so oppressive was my anxiety lest this angelic being should take flight into the blue before his mission really was accomplished; for I felt that he was no common mortal parson, but a miracle created especially for Cynthia and the boy.

"Yo'w meetin's have edified us all gre'tly, Brothuh Mayhew," said the storekeeper. "It ain't of'n these hyuh lonely coasts enj'y th' visit uv a mess'nger f'om heav'n, an' we all feel — I know I do — that th' finguh uv Gawd was in th' stawm which tossed yo' asho' hyuh, as it wuh."

"Gawd is evuh wo'kin' out his own plans an' puhposes, Brothuh Cliffowd," responded the parson.

I do not know how long this pious colloquy might have continued, had the boy not interrupted it by stepping boldly to the front and laying firm hold of the clerical arm.

"May I speak a wo'd with you, suh?" asked Dickie earnestly, and without ado sidled Brother Mayhew off into the myr-

tle thicket before he had time to remonstrate.

The storekeeper, the captain, the small boy upon the shafts of the cart, and the postman, who had suddenly appeared on the ground, coming out of the unknown, all stared fixedly at the retreating figures. I took the girl by the hand. She was trembling.

"Do yo' think uncle Jeems Dannil c'd make me come home, *aftuh all*?" she whispered.

"No, not if you are careful to keep hidden," I replied; for, alas, Cynthiana was not of age, and her guardians might legally claim and restrain her if desirous of doing so. Besides, Brother Mayhew might have conscientious scruples. He looked as if he would. As it proved, he did. He presently returned, agitatedly, to the group gathered around the store doorstep. Dickie followed slowly and mournfully in his wake.

"M-m-m," said the parson, clearing his throat and nervously wiping his hands on the sheet, "I have just been the recipient uv a mos' singuluh an' unhappy confession. Th' Lawd assuredly directed my steps hither fo' th' salvation uv these two misguided young pulations."

The boy paled with agitation, but there was no diminution of his courage. He took Cynthiana by the hand.

"If *you* won't maw'y us," he said firmly, "tha' 's only one thing to do. I'll take Cynthiana to 'Liz'beth City; if th' ministuhs tha' won't maw'y us, we'll be maw'ied by th' justice uv th' peace."

The parson was dumfounded for the space of several seconds, and could only gasp and stare. And if I did not step up and pat the boy on the shoulder, it was only because I too deeply appreciated the dramatic beauty of the situation to stir a finger, for fear the fine effect should be marred.

There was an impressive pause, during which everybody looked fixedly at the chief actors; and the shallow waves

could be heard beating rhythmically on the sands.

The old storekeeper was evidently a man of keen perceptions and quick sympathies.

"I b'lieve it takes a license," he said reflectively, looking far across the bay.

"It does," the postman corroborated, cocking his white cap on the back of his head.

"An' pawties mus' be uv age."

"An' pawties mus' be uv age," repeated the postman, like an echo.

"But if 't was *my* little gyurl, I'd ruthuh let her be maw'ied right hyuh on th' spot, quietly, an' a license got aftuh 'uds, th'n let her run th' resk uv bein' tawked about."

"Mayby yo' right," said the captain, in the manner of one who had received new guidings. "A gyurl is like a boat in some ways: once give 'er a bad name, nobody 'll b'lieve in 'er aftuh 'uds, how-evuh stanch she sail."

"It 's jes' like that, e'zac'ly, Cap'n Jo Wes'!" exclaimed all the men together.

"An' so as Mr. Jeems Dannil's frien'," the captain continued, "I don' know but whut I ought to urge it on Brothuh Mayhew to jine th' pa'h hyuh an' now."

The consensus of opinion supported the captain. In this solitary and unfrequented region, irregular, even common law marriages are not ill regarded; and dispensing with the legal formality of a license, provided an accredited clergyman administers the marriage vows, does not act at all as a social bar. Respectable people, though, like the captain and the storekeeper, must have the clergyman.

Brother Mayhew was himself young, and possibly he felt a sympathetic melting of the heart toward trembling Cynthiana and her faithful lover. At all events, after taking counsel of the Lord, with bowed head and hands shading his eyes, he lifted his face and said in a loud official voice, "Let th' contractin' pawties stan' befo' me."

Dickie grasped Cynthiana's hand more firmly.

"Don't be scared, Cynthiana!" I heard him whisper reassuringly to the frightened girl; and he led her into the clear space under a big rock pine.

The parson mounted the doorstep, and the bride and groom knelt before him. Pine-tree shadows flickered and swayed over their bowed heads, the blue bay scintillated and murmured beyond, and

sweet odors of myrtle and wild flowers breathed through the green spaces to their young vows and the solemn syllables of prayer.

That marriage without benefit of license was the prettiest sacrament I ever saw. And I believe the sternest moralist in the world could find no fault with the parson for stepping over the forms of law to shield a young girl's name and make two faithful hearts happy.

Elisabeth Dupuy.

THE MAN WITH THE EMPTY SLEEVE.

I.

THE DOCTOR closed the book with an angry gesture and handed it to me as I lay in my steamer chair, my eyes on the tumbling sea. He had read every line in it. So had P. Wooverman Shaw Todd, Esquire, whose property it was, and who had announced himself only a moment before as heartily in sympathy with the pessimistic views of the author, especially in those chapters which described domestic life in America.

The Doctor, who has a wrist of steel and a set of fingers steady enough to adjust a chronometer, and who, though calm and silent as a stone god when over an operating table, is often as restless and outspoken as a boy when something away from it touches his heart-strings, turned to me and said:—

"There ought to be a law passed to keep these men out of the United States. Here's a Frenchman, now, who speaks no language but his own, and after spending a week at Newport, another at New York, two days at Niagara, and then rushing through the West on a 'Limited,' goes home to give his Impressions of America. Read that chapter on Manners," and he stretched a hand over my shoulder, turning the leaves quickly with

his fingers. "You would think, to listen to these fellows, that all there is to a man is the cut of his coat or the way he takes his soup. Not a line about his being clean and square and alive and all a man,—just manners! Why, it is enough to make a cast-iron dog bite a blind man."

It would be a waste of time to criticize the Doctor for these irrelevant verbal explosives. Indefensible as they are, they are as much parts of his individuality as the deftness of his touch and the fearlessness of his methods are parts of his surgical training.

P. Wooverman Shaw Todd, Esquire, looked at the Doctor with a slight lifting of his upper lip and a commiserating droop of the eyelid,—an expression indicating, of course, a consciousness of that superior birth and breeding which prevented the possibility of such outbreaks. It was a manner he sometimes assumed toward the Doctor, although they were good friends. P. Wooverman and the Doctor are fellow townsmen and members of the same set, and members too of the same club,—a most exclusive club of one hundred. The Doctor had gained admission, not because of his ancestors etc. (see Log of the Mayflower), but because he had been the first and

only American surgeon who had removed some very desirable portions of a gentleman's interior, had washed and ironed them and scalloped their edges, for all I know, and had then replaced them, without being obliged to sign the patient's death certificate the next day.

P. Wooverman Shaw Todd, Esquire, on the other hand, had gained admission because of — well, Todd's birth and his position (he came of an old Salem family who did something in whale oil, — not fish or groceries, be it understood); his faultless attire, correct speech, and knowledge of manners and men; his ability to spend his summers in England and his winters in Nice; his extensive acquaintance among distinguished people, — the very most distinguished, I know, for Todd has told me so himself, — and — well, all these must certainly be considered sufficient qualifications to entitle any man to membership in almost any club in the world.

P. Wooverman Shaw Todd, Esquire, I say, elevated his upper lip and drooped his eyelid, remarking with a slight Beacon Street accent: —

"I can't agree with you, my dear Doctor," — there were often traces of the manners and the bearing of a member of the Upper House in Todd, especially when he talked to a man like the Doctor, who wore turned-down collars and detached cuffs, and who, to quote the distinguished Bostonian, "threw words about like a coal heaver," — "I can't agree with you, I say. It is n't the obzervar that we should criticise; it is what he finds." P. Wooverman was speaking with his best accent. Somehow, the Doctor's bluntness made him over-accentuate it, — particularly when there were listeners about. "This French critic is a man of distinction and a member of the most exclsioive circles in Europe. I have met him myself repeatedly, although I can't say I know him. We Americans are too sensitive, my dear Doctor. His book, to me, is

the work of a keen obzervar who knows the world, and who sees how woefully lacking we are in some of the common civilities of life," and he smiled faintly at me, as if confident that I shared his opinion of the Doctor's own shortcomings. "This Frenchman does not lay it on a bit too thick. Nothing is so mortifying to me as being obliged to travel with a party of Americans who are making their first tour abroad. And it is quite impossible to avoid them, for they all have money and can go where they please. I remember once coming from Basle to Paris, in a first-class carriage, — it was only larst summer, — with a fellow from Indiana or Michigan, or somewhere out there. He had a wife with him who looked like a cook, and a daughter about ten years old, who was a most objectionable young person. You could hear them talk all over the train. I should n't have minded it so much, but Lord Norton's harf-brother was with me," — and P. Wooverman Shaw Todd glanced, as he spoke, at a thin lady with a smelling bottle and an air of reserve, who always sat with a maid beside her, to see if she were looking at him, — "and one of the best bred men in England, too, and a man who" —

"Now hold on, Todd," broke in the Doctor, upon whom neither the thin lady nor any other listener had made the slightest impression. "No glittering generalities with me. Just tell me in so many plain words what this man's vulgarity consisted of."

"Why, his manners, his dress, Doctor, — everything about him," retorted Todd.

"Just as I thought! All you think about is manners, only manners!" exploded the Doctor. "Your Westerner, no doubt, was a hard-fisted, weather-tanned farmer, who had worked all his life to get money enough to take his wife and child abroad. The wife had tended the dairy and no doubt milked ten cows, and in their old age they both wanted to

see something of the world they had heard about. So off they go. If you had any common sense or anything that brought you in touch with your kind, Todd, and had met that man on his own level, instead of overawing him with your high-daddy airs, he would have told you that both the wife and he were determined that the little girl should have a better start in life than their own, and that this trip was part of her education. Do you know any other working people," and the Doctor faced him squarely, — "any Dutch, or French, or English, Esquimaux or Hottentots, — who take their wives and children ten thousand miles to educate them? If I had my way with the shaping of the higher education of the country, the first thing I would teach a boy would be to learn to work, and with his hands, too. We have raised our heroes from the soil, — not from the easy-chairs of our clubs," — and he looked at Todd with his eyebrows knotted tight. "Let the boy get down and smell the earth, and let him get down to the level of his kind, helping the weaker man all the time and never forgetting the other fellow. When he learns to do this he will begin to know what it is to be a man, and not a manikin."

When the Doctor is mounted on any one of his hobbies, — whether it is a new microbe, Wagner, or the rights of the workingman, — he is apt to take the bit in his teeth and clear fences. As he finished speaking, two or three of the occupants of contiguous chairs laid down their books to listen. The thin lady with the smelling bottle and the maid remarked in an undertone to another exclusive passenger on the other side of her, in diamonds and white ermine cape, — it was raining at the time, — that "one need not travel in a first-class carriage to find vulgar Americans," and she glanced from the Doctor to a group of young girls and young men who were laughing as heartily and as merrily, and

perhaps as noisily, as if they were sitting on their own front porches at their Southern homes.

Another passenger — who turned out later to be a college professor — said casually, this time to me, that he thought good and bad manners were to be determined, not by externals, but by what lay underneath; that neither dress, language, nor habits fixed or marred the standard. "A high-class Turk, now," and he lowered his voice, "would be considered ill bred by some people, because in the seclusion of his own family he helps himself with his fingers from the common dish; and yet so punctiliously polite and courteous is he that he never sits down in his father's presence or lights a cigarette without craving his permission."

After this the talk became general, the group taking sides; some supporting the outspoken Doctor in his blunt defense of his countrymen, others siding with the immaculately dressed Todd, so correct in his every appointment that he was never known, during the whole voyage, to wear a pair of socks that did not in color and design match his cravat.

The chief steward had given us seats at the end of one of the small tables. The Doctor sat under the porthole, and Todd and I had the chairs on either side of him. The two end seats — those on the aisle — were occupied by a girl of twenty-five, simply clad in a plain black dress with plainer linen collar and cuffs, and a young German. The girl would always arrive late, and would sink into her revolving chair with a languid movement, as if the voyage had told upon her. Often her face was pale and her eyes were heavy and red, as if from want of sleep. The young German — a Baron von Hoffbein, the passenger list said — was one of those self-possessed, good-natured, pink-cheeked young Teutons, with blue eyes, blond hair, and a tiny waxed mustache, a

mere circumflex accent of a mustache, over his "o" of a mouth. His sponsors in baptism had doubtless sent him across the sea to chase the wild boar or the rude buffalo, with the ultimate design, perhaps, of founding a brewery in some Western city.

The manners of this young aristocrat toward the girl were an especial source of delight to Todd, who watched his every movement with the keenest interest. Whenever the baron approached the table he would hesitate a moment, as if in doubt as to which particular chair he should occupy, and, with an apologetic hand on his heart and a slight bow, drop into a seat immediately opposite hers. Then he would raise a long, thin arm aloft and snap his fingers to call a passing waiter. I noticed that he always ordered the same breakfast, beginning with cold sausage and ending with pancakes. During the repast the young girl opposite him would talk to him in a simple, straightforward way, quite as his sister would have done, and without the slightest trace of either coquetry or undue reserve.

When we were five days out, a third person occupied a seat at one side of the young woman. He was a man of perhaps sixty years of age, with big shoulders and big body, and a great round head covered with a mass of dull white hair which fell about his neck and forehead. The newcomer was dressed in a suit of gray cloth, much worn and badly cut, the coat collar, by reason of the misfit, being hunched up under his hair. This gave him the appearance of a man without a shirt collar, until a turn of his head revealed his clean starched linen and narrow black cravat. He looked like a plain, well-to-do manufacturer or contractor, one whose earlier years had been spent in the out of doors; for the weather had left its mark on his neck, where one can always look for signs of a man's manner of life. His was that of a man who had worn low-collared

flannel shirts most of his days. He had, too, a look of determination, as if he had been accustomed to be obeyed. He was evidently an invalid, for his cheeks were sunken and pale, with the pallor that comes of long confinement.

Apart from these characteristics there was nothing specially remarkable about him except the two cavernous eye sockets sunk in his head, the shaggy eyebrows arched above them, and the two eyes which blazed and flashed with the inward fire of black opals. As these rested first on one object and then on another, brightening or paling as he moved his head, I could not but think of the action of some alert searchlight gleaming out of a misty night.

As soon as he took his seat, the young woman, whose face for the first time since she had been on board had lost its look of anxiety and fatigue, leaned over him smilingly and began adjusting a napkin about his throat and pinning it to his coat. He smiled in response as she finished, — a smile of singular sweetness, — and held her hand until she regained her seat. They seemed as happy as children or as two lovers, laughing with each other, he now and then stopping to stroke her hand at some word which I could not hear. When, a moment after, the von Hoffbein took his accustomed seat, in full dress, too, — a red silk lining to his waistcoat, and a red silk handkerchief tucked in above it and worn liver-pad fashion, — the girl said simply, looking toward the man in gray, "My father, sir;" whereupon the young fellow shot up out of his chair, clicked his heels together, crooked his back, placed two fingers on his right eyebrow, and sat down again. The man in gray looked at him curiously and held out his hand, remarking that he was pleased to meet him.

Todd was also watching the group, for I heard him say to the Doctor: "These high-class Germans seldom forget themselves. The young baron saluted the old

duffer with the bib as though he were his superior officer."

"Should n't wonder if he were," replied the Doctor, who had been looking intently over his soup spoon at the man in gray, and who was now ~~stunning~~ up the circumflex accent, the red edges of the waistcoat, the liver-pad handkerchief, and the rest of von Hoffbein.

"You don't like him, evidently, my dear Doctor."

"You saw him first, Todd, — you can have him. I prefer the old duffer, as you call him," answered the Doctor dryly, and put an end to the talk in that direction.

Soon the hum of voices filled the saloon, rising above the clatter of the dishes and the occasional popping of corks. The baron and the man in gray had entered into conversation almost at once, and could be distinctly heard from where we sat, particularly the older man, who was doubtless unconscious of the carrying power of his voice. Such words as "working classes," "the people," "democracy," "when I was in Germany," etc., intermingling with the high-keyed tones of the baron's broken English, were noticeable above the din; the young girl listening smilingly, her eyes on those of her father. Then I saw the gray man bend forward, and heard him say with great earnestness, and in a voice that could be heard by the occupants of all the tables near our own: —

"It is a great thing to be an American, sir. I never realized it until I saw how things were managed on the other side. It must take all the ambition out of a man not to be able to do what he wants to do, and what he knows he can do better than anybody else, simply because somebody higher than he says he shan't. We have our periods of unrest, and our workers sometimes lose their heads, but we always come out right in the end. There is no place in the world where a man has such opportunities as in my country. All he wants is brains

and some little horse sense, — the country will do the rest."

Our end of the table had stopped to listen; so had the occupants of the tables on either side; so had Todd, who was patting the Doctor's arm, his face beaming.

"Listen to him, Doctor! Hear that voice! How like a traveling American! There's one of your *extrawd'nary* clay-soiled sons of toil out on an educating tour: are n't you proud of him? Oh, it's too delicious!"

For once I agreed with Todd. The peculiar strident tones of the man in gray had jarred upon my nerves. I saw, too, that one lady, with slightly elevated shoulder, had turned her back and was addressing her neighbor.

The Doctor had not taken his eyes from the gray man, and had not lost a word of his talk. As Todd finished speaking, the daughter, with all tenderness and with a pleased glance into her father's eyes, arose, and putting her hand in his helped him to his feet, the baron standing "at attention." As the American started to leave the table, and his big shaggy head and broad shoulders reached their full height, the Doctor leaned forward, craning his head eagerly. Then he turned to Todd, and in his crisp, incisive way said: "Todd, the matter with you is that you never see any further than your nose. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Look at his empty sleeve; off at the shoulder, too!"

II.

In the smoking room, that night, a new and peculiar variety of passenger made his appearance, and his first one, — to me, — although we were then within two days of Sandy Hook. This individual wore a check suit of the latest London cut, big broad-soled Piccadilly shoes, and smoked a brierwood pipe which he constantly filled from a rubbed

pouch carried in his waistcoat pocket. When I first noticed him, he was sitting at a table with two Englishmen drinking brandy-and-sodas, — plural, not singular.

The Doctor, Todd, and I were at an adjoining table: the Doctor immersed in a scientific pamphlet, Todd sipping his *crème de menthe*, and I my coffee. Over in one corner were a group of drummers playing poker. They had not left the spot since we started, except at meal-time and at midnight, when Fritz, the smoking-room steward, had turned them out to air the room. Scattered about were other passengers, — some reading, some playing checkers or backgammon, others asleep, among them the pink-cheeked von Hoffbein, who lay sprawled out on one of the leather-covered sofas, his thin legs spread apart like the letter A, as he emitted long-drawn organ tones, with only the nose stop pulled out.

The party of Englishmen, by reason of the unlimited number of brandy-and-sodas which their comrade in the check suit had ordered for them, were more or less noisy, laughing a good deal. They had attracted the attention of the whole room, many of the old-timers wondering how long it would be before the third officer would tap the check suit on the shoulder, and send it and him to bed under charge of a steward. The constant admonitions of his companions seemed to have had no effect upon the gentleman in question, for he suddenly launched out upon such topics as Colonial Policies and Governments and Taxation and Modern Fleets; addressing his remarks, not to his two friends, but to the room at large.

According to my own experience, the traveling Englishman is a quiet, well-bred, reticent man, brandy-and-soda proof (I have seen him drink a dozen of an evening without a droop of an eyelid), and if he has any positive convictions of the superiority of that section of the Anglo-Saxon race to which he belongs, — and he invariably has, — he

keeps them to himself, certainly in the public smoking room of a steamer filled with men of a dozen different nations. The outbreak, as well as the effect of the incentive, was therefore as unexpected as it was unusual.

The check-suit man, however, was not constructed along these lines. The spirit of old Hennessy was in his veins, the stored energy of many sodas pressed against his tongue, and an explosion was inevitable. No portion of these excitants, strange to say, had leaked into his legs, for outwardly he was as steady as an undertaker. He began again, his voice pitched in a high key: —

“Talk of coercing England! Why, we’ve got a hundred and forty-one ships of the line, within ten days’ sail of New York, that could blow the bloody stuff-in’ out of every man Jack of ’em. And we don’t care a brass farthing what Uncle Sam says about it, either.”

His two friends tried to keep him quiet, but he broke out again on Colonization and American Treachery and Conquest of Cuba; and so, being desirous to read in peace, I nodded to the Doctor and Todd, picked up my book, and drew up a steamer chair on the deck outside, under one of the electric lights.

I had hardly settled myself in my seat when a great shout went up from the smoking room that sent every one running down the deck, and jammed the portholes and doors of the room with curious faces. Then I heard a voice rise clear above the noise inside: “Not another word, sir; you don’t know what you are talking about. We Americans don’t rob people we give our lives to free.”

I forced my way past the door and stepped inside. The Englishman was being held down in his chair by his two friends. In his effort to break loose he had wormed himself out of his coat. Beside their table, close enough to put his hand on any one of them, stood the Doctor, a curious set expression on his

face. Todd was outside the circle, standing on a sofa to get a better view.

Towering above the Englishman, his eyes burning, his shaggy hair about his face, his whole figure tense with indignation, was the man with the empty sleeve! Close behind him, cool, polite, straight as a gendarme, and with the look in his eye of a cat about to spring, stood the young baron. As I reached the centre of the *mêlée*, wondering what had been the provocation and who had struck the first blow, I saw the baron lean forward, and heard him say in a low voice to one of the Englishmen, "He is so old as to be his fadder; take me," and he tapped his chest meaningly with his fingers. Evidently he had not fenced at Heidelberg for nothing, if he did have pink cheeks and pipestem legs.

The old man turned and laid his hand on the baron's shoulder. "I thank you, sir, but I'll attend to this young man." His voice had lost all its rasping quality now. It was low and concentrated, like that of one accustomed to command. "Take your hands off him, gentlemen, if you please. I don't think he has so far lost his senses as to strike a man twice his age and with one arm. Now, sir, you will apologize to me, and to the room, and to your own friends, who must be heartily ashamed of your conduct."

At the bottom of almost every Anglo-Saxon is a bed rock of common sense that you reach through the shifting sands of prejudice with the probe of fair play. The young man in the check suit, who was now on his feet, looked the speaker straight in the eye, and, half drunk as he was, held out his hand. "I'm sorry, sir, I offended you. I was speaking to my friends here, and I did not know any Americans were present."

"Bravo!" yelled the Doctor. "What did I tell you, Todd? That's the kind of stuff! Now, gentlemen, all together, — three cheers for the man with the empty sleeve!"

Everybody broke out with another shout, — all but Todd, who had not made the slightest response to the Doctor's invitation to loosen his legs and his lungs. He did not show the slightest emotion over the fracas, and, moreover, seemed to have become suddenly disgusted with the baron.

Then the Doctor grasped the young German by the hand, and said how glad he was to know him, and how delighted he would be if he would join them and "take something," — all of which the young man accepted with a frank, pleased look on his face.

When the room had resumed its normal conditions, all three Englishmen having disappeared, the Doctor, whose enthusiasm over the incident had somehow paved the way for closer acquaintance, introduced me in the same informal way both to the baron and to the hero of the occasion, as "a brother American," and we all sat down beside the old man, his face lighting up with a smile as he made room for us. Then laying his hand on my knee, with the manner of an older man, he said: "I ought not to have given way, perhaps; but the truth is, I'm not accustomed to hear such things at home. I did not know until I got close to him that he had been drinking, or I might have let it pass. I suppose this kind of talk may always go on in the smoking room of these steamers. I don't know, for it's my first trip abroad, and on the way out I was too ill to leave my berth. Tonight is the first time I've been in here. It was bad for me, I suppose. I've been ill all" —

He stopped suddenly, caught his breath quickly, and his hand fell from my knee. For a moment he sat leaning forward, breathing heavily.

I sprung up, thinking he was about to faint. The baron started for a glass of water. The old man raised his hand.

"No, don't be alarmed, gentlemen; it is nothing. I am subject to these at-

tacks; it will pass off in a moment," and he glanced around the room as if to assure himself that no one but ourselves had noticed it.

"The excitement was too much for you," the Doctor said gravely, in an undertone. His trained eye had caught the peculiar pallor of the face. "You must not excite yourself so."

"Yes, I know, — the heart," he said after a pause, speaking with short, in-drawn breaths, and straightening himself slowly and painfully until he had regained his old erect position. After a little while he put his hand again on my knee, with an added graciousness in his manner, as if in apology for the shock he had given me. "It's passing off, — yes, I'm better now." Then, in a more cheerful tone, as if to change the subject, he added: "My steward tells me that we made four hundred and fifty-two miles yesterday. This makes my little girl happy. She's had an anxious summer, and I'm glad this part of it is over. Yes, she's *very* happy to-day."

"You mean on account of your health?" I asked sympathetically; although I remembered afterward that I had not caught his meaning.

"Well, not so much that, for that can never be any better, but on account of our being so near home, — only two days more. I could n't bear to leave her alone on shipboard, but it's all right now. You see, there are only two of us since her mother died." His voice fell, and for the first time I saw a shade of sadness cross his face. The Doctor saw it, too, for there was a slight quaver in his voice when he said, as he rose, that his stateroom was No. 13, and he would be happy to be called upon at any time, day or night, whenever he could be of service; then he resumed his former seat under the light, and apparently his pamphlet, although I could see his eyes were constantly fixed on the pallid face.

The baron and I kept our seats, and I ordered three of something from Fritz,

as further excuse for tarrying beside the invalid. I wanted to know something more of a man who was willing to fight the universe with one arm in defense of his country's good name, though I was still in the dark as to what had been the provocation. All I could gather from the young baron, in his broken English, was that the Englishman had maligned the motives of our government in helping the Cubans, and that the old man had flamed out, astounding the room with the power of his invective and thorough mastery of the subject, and compelling their admiration by the genuineness of his outburst.

"I see you have lost your arm," I began, hoping to get some further facts regarding himself.

"Yes, some years ago," he answered simply, but with a tone that implied he did not care to discuss either the cause or the incidents connected with its loss.

"An accident?" I asked. The empty sleeve seemed suddenly to have a peculiar fascination for me.

"Yes, partly," and, smiling gravely, he rose from his seat, saying that he must rejoin his daughter, who might be worrying. He bade the occupants of the room good-night, many of whom, including the baron and the Doctor, rose to their feet, — the baron saluting, and following the old man out, as if he had been his superior officer.

With the closing of the smoking-room door, P. Wooverman Shaw Todd, Esquire, roused himself from his chair, walked toward the Doctor, and sat down beside him.

"Well! I must say that I'm glad that man's gone!" he burst out. "I have never seen anything more outrageous than this whole performance. This fire eater ought to travel about with a guardian. Suppose, now, my dear Doctor, that everybody went about with these absurd ideas, — what a place the world would be to live in! This is the worst American I have met yet. And

see what an example; even the young baron lost his head, I am sorry to say. I heard the young Englishman's remark. It was, I admit, indiscreet, but no part of it was addressed to this very peculiar person; and it is just like that kind of an American, full of bombast and bluster, to feel offended. Besides, every word the young man said was true. There is a great deal of politics in this Cuban business, — you know it, and I know it. We have no men trained for colonial life, and we never shall have, so long as our better class keep aloof from politics. The island will be made a camping ground for vulgar politicians, — no question about it. Think, now, of sending that firebrand among those people. You can see by his very appearance that he has never done anything better than astonish the loungers about a country stove. As for all this fuss about his empty sleeve, no doubt some other fire eater put a bullet through it in defense of what such kind of people call their honor. It is too farcical for words, my dear Doctor, — too farcical for words," and P. Wooverman Shaw Todd, Esquire, pulled his steamer cap over his eyes, jumped to his feet, and stalked out of the room.

The Doctor looked after Todd until he had disappeared. Then he turned to his pamphlet again. There was evidently no composite, explosive epithet deadly enough within reach at the moment, or there is not the slightest doubt in my mind that he would have demolished Todd with it.

Todd's departure made another vacancy at our table, and a tall man, who had applauded the loudest at the apology of the Englishman, dropped into Todd's empty chair, addressing the Doctor as representing our party.

"I suppose you know who the old man is, don't you?"

"No."

"That's John Stedman, manager of the Union Iron Works of Parkinton, a

manufacturing town in my state. He's one of the best iron men in the country. Fine old fellow, is n't he? He's been ill ever since his wife died, and I don't think he'll ever get over it. She had been sick for years, and he nursed her day and night. He would n't go to Congress, preferring to stay by her, and it almost broke his heart when she died. Poor old man, — don't look as if he was long for this world. I expected him to mop up the floor with that Englishman, sick as he is; and he would, if he had n't apologized. I heard, too, what your friend who has just gone out said about Stedman not being the kind of a man to send to Cuba. I tell you, they might look the country over, and they could n't find a better. That's been his strong hold, straightening out troubles of one kind or another. Everybody believes in him, and anybody takes his word. He's done a power of good in our state."

"In what way?" asked the Doctor.

"Oh, in settling strikes, for one thing. You see, he started from the scrap pile, and he knows the laboring man down to a dot, for he carried a dinner pail himself for ten years of his life. When the men are imposed upon he stands by 'em, and compels the manufacturers to deal square; and if they don't, he joins the men and fights it out with the bosses. If the men are wrong, and want what the furnaces can't give 'em, — and there's been a good deal of that lately, — he sails into the gangs, and, if nothing else will do, he gets a gun and joins the sheriffs. He was all through that last strike we had, three years ago, and it would be going on now but for John Stedman."

"But he seems to be a man of fine education," interrupted the Doctor, who was listening with all his ears.

"Yes, so he is, — learned it all at night schools. When he was a boy he used to fire the kilns, and they say you could always find him with a spelling book in one hand and a chunk of wood

in the other, reading nights by the light of the kiln fires."

"You say he went to Congress?"

The Doctor's eyes were now fixed on the speaker.

"No, I said he *would* n't go. His wife was taken sick about that time, and when he found she was n't going to get well, — she had lung trouble, — he told the committee that he would n't accept the nomination; and of course nomination meant election for him. He told 'em his wife had stuck by him all her life, had washed his flannel shirts for him and cooked his dinner, and that he was going to stick by her now she was down. But I tell you what he did do: he stumped the district for his opponent, because he said he was a better man than his own party put up, — and elected him, too. That was just like John Stedman. The heelers were pretty savage, but that made no difference to him.

"He's never recovered from his wife's death. That daughter with him is the only child he's got. She's been so afraid he'd die on board and have to be buried at sea that he's kept his berth just to please her. The doctor at home told him Carlsbad was his only chance, and the daughter begged so he made the trip. He was so sick when he went out that he took a coffin with him, — it's in the hold now. I heard him tell his daughter this morning that it was all right now, and he thought he'd get up. You see, there are only two days more, and the captain promised the daughter not to bury her father at sea when we were that close to land. Stedman smiled when he told me, but that's just like him; he's always been cool as a cucumber."

"How did he lose his arm?" I inquired. I had been strangely absorbed

in what he had told me. "In the war?"

"No. He served two years, but that's not how he lost his arm. He lost it saving the lives of some of his men. I happened to be up at Parkinton at the time, buying some coke, and I saw him carried out. It was about ten years ago. He had invented a new furnace; 'most all the new wrinkles they've got at the Union Company Stedman made for 'em. When they got ready to draw the charge, — that's when the red-hot iron is about to flow out of the furnace, you know, — the outlet got clogged. That's a bad thing to happen to a furnace; for if a chill should set in, the whole plant would be ruined. Then, again, it might explode and tear everything to pieces. Some of the men jumped into the pit with their crowbars, and began to jab away at the opening in the wrong place, and the metal started with a rush. Stedman hollered to 'em to stop; but they either did n't hear him or would n't mind. Then he jumped in among them, threw them out of the way, grabbed a crowbar, and fought the flow until they all got out safe. But the hot metal had about cooked his arm clear to the elbow before he let go."

The Doctor, with hands deep in his pockets, began pacing the floor. Then he stopped, and, looking down at me, said slowly, pointing off his fingers one after the other to keep count as he talked: —

"Tender and loyal to his wife — thoughtful of his child — facing death like a hero — a soldier and patriot. What is there in the make-up of a gentleman that this man has n't got?"

"Come! Let's go out and find that high-collared, silk-stockinged, sweet-scented Anglomaniac from Salem! By the Eternal, Todd's got to apologize!"

F. Hopkinson Smith.

LOVELINESS: A STORY.

LOVELINESS sat on an eider-down cushion embroidered with cherry-colored puppies on a pearl satin cover. The puppies had gold eyes. They were drinking a saucer of green milk. Loveliness wore a new necktie, of cherry, a shade or two brighter than the puppies, and a pearl-gray, or one might call it a silver-gray jacket. He was sitting in the broad window sill, with his head tipped a little, thoughtfully, toward the left side, as the heads of nervous people are said to incline. He was dreamily watching the street, looking for any one of a few friends of his who might pass by, and for the letter carrier, who was somewhat late.

Loveliness had dark, brilliant eyes, remarkably alert, but reflective when in repose. Part of their charm lay in the fact that one must watch for their best expression; for Loveliness wore bangs. He had a small and delicate nose, not guiltless of an aristocratic tip, with a suspicion of a sniff at the inferior orders of society. In truth, Loveliness was an aristocrat to the end of his tongue, which curled daintily against his opalescent teeth. At this moment it lay between his teeth, and hung forward as if he held a roseleaf in his lips; and this was the final evidence of his birth and breeding.

For Loveliness was a little dog; a silver Yorkshire, blue of blood and delicately reared, — a tiny creature, the essence of tenderness; set, soul and body, to one only tune. To love and be beloved, — that was his life. He knew no other, nor up to this time could he conceive of any other; for he was as devotedly beloved as he was passionately loving. His brain was in his heart. In saying this one does not question the quality of the brain any more than one does in saying a similar thing of a woman. In-

deed, considered as an intellect, his was of the highest order known to his race. Loveliness would have been interesting as a psychological study, had he not been absorbing as an affectional occupation. His family and friends often said, "How clever!" but not until after they had said, "How dear he is!" The order of precedence in this summary of character is the most enviable that can be experienced by human beings. But the dog took it as a matter of course.

This little creature loved a number of people on a sliding scale of intimacy, carefully guarded, as the intimacies of the high-born usually are; but one he loved first, most, best of all, and profoundly. I have called him Loveliness because it was the pet name, the "little name," given to him by this person. In point of fact, he answered to a variety of appellations, more or less recognized by society; of these the most lawful and the least agreeable to himself was Mop. It was a disputed point whether this were an ancestral name, or whether he had received it from the dog store whence he had emerged at the beginning of history, — the shaggiest, scrubbiest, raggedest, wildest little terrier that ever boasted of a high descent.

People of a low type, those whose imagination was bounded by menial similes, or persons of that too ready inclination to the humorous which fails to consider the possible injustice or unkindness that it may involve, had in Mop's infancy found a base pleasure in attaching to him such epithets as window washer, scrubbing brush, feather duster, and footmuff. But these had not adhered. Loveliness had. It bade fair, at the time of our story, to outlive every other name.

The little dog had both friends and acquaintances on the street where the

professor lived; and he watched for them from his cushion in the window, hours at a time. There was the cabman, the academic-looking cabman, who was the favorite of the faculty, and who hurrahed and snapped his whip at the Yorkshire as he passed by; there was the newsboy who brought the Sunday papers, and who whistled at Loveliness, and made faces, and called him Mop.

To-day there was a dark-faced man, a stranger, standing across the street, and regarding the professor's house with the unpleasant look of the foreign and ill-natured. This man had eyebrows that met in a straight black line upon his forehead, and he wore a yellow jersey. The dog threw back his supercilious little head and barked at the yellow jersey severely. But at that moment he saw the carrier, who ran up the steps laughing, and brought a gumbdrop in a sealed envelope addressed to Loveliness. There was a large mail that afternoon, including a pile of pamphlets and circulars of the varied description that haunt professors' houses. Kathleen, the parlor maid, — another particular friend of the terrier's, — took the mail up to the study, but dropped one of the pamphlets on the stairs. The dog rebuked her carelessness (after he had given his attention to the carrier's gumbdrop) by picking the pamphlet up and bringing it back to the window seat, where he opened and dog-eared it with a literary manner for a while, until suddenly he forgot it altogether, and dropped it on the floor, and sprang, bounding. For the dearest person in the world had called him in a whisper, — "Love-li-ness!" And the dearest face in the world appeared above him and melted into laughing tenderness. "Loveliness! Where's my *Love-li-ness*?"

A little girl had come into the room, a girl of between five and six years, but so small that one would scarcely have guessed her to be four, — a beautiful child, but transparent of coloring, and

bearing in her delicate face the pathetic patience which only sick children of all human creatures ever show. She was exquisitely formed, but one little foot halted and stepped weakly on the thick carpet. Her organs of speech were perfect in mechanism, but often she did not speak quite aloud. Sometimes, on her weaker days, she carried a small crutch. They called her Adah.

She came in without her crutch that afternoon; she was feeling quite strong and happy. The little dog sprang to her heart, and she crooned over him, sitting beside him on the window seat and whispering in her plaintive voice: "Love-li-ness! I can't live wivout you anover *minute*, Loveliness! I can't *live* wivout you!"

She put her head down on the pearl-gray satin pillow with the cherry puppies, and the dog put his face beside hers. He was kept as sweet and clean as his little mistress, and he had no playfellow except herself, and never went away from home unless at the end of a gray satin ribbon leash. At all events, the two *would* occupy the same pillow, and all idle effort to struggle with this fact had ceased in the household. Loveliness sighed one of the long sighs of perfect content recognized by all owners and lovers of dogs as one of the happiest sounds in this sad world, and laid his cheek to hers quietly. He asked nothing more of life. He had forgotten the world and all that was therein. He looked no longer for the cabman, the newsboy, or the carrier, and the man with the eyebrows had gone away. The universe did not exist; he and she were together. Heaven had happened. The dog glanced through half-closed, blissful eyes at the yellow hair — "eighteen carats fine" — that fell against his silver bangs. His short ecstatic breath mingled with the gentle breathing of the child. She talked to him in broken rhapsodies. She called him quaint pet names of her own, — "Dear-

ness" and "Daintiness," "Mopsiness" and "Preciousness," and "Dearest-in-the-World," and who knew what besides? Only the angels who are admitted to the souls of children and the hearts of little dogs could have understood that interview.

No member of the professor's household ever interfered with the attachment between the child and the dog, which was set apart as one of the higher facts in the family life. Indeed, it had its own page of sacred history, which read on this wise:—

When Adah was a walking baby, two and a half years before the time of which we tell, the terrier was in the first proud flush of enthusiasm which an intelligent dog feels in the mastery of little feats and tricks. Of these he had a varied and interesting repertoire. His vocabulary, too, was large. At the date of our story it had reached one hundred and thirty words. It was juvenile and more limited at the time when the sacred page was written, but still beyond the average canine proficiency. Loveliness had always shown a genius for the English language. He could not speak it, but he tried harder than any other dog I ever knew to do so; and he grew to understand with ease an incredibly large part of the usual conversation of the family. It could never be proved that he followed—or did not follow—the professor of psychology in a discussion on the Critique of Pure Reason; but his mental grasp of ordinary topics was alert and logical. He sneezed when he was cold and wanted a window shut, and barked twice when his delicate china water cup was empty. When the fire department rang by, or a stove in the house was left on draught too long, and he wished to call attention to the circumstance, he barked four times. Besides the commonplace accomplishments of turning somersaults, being a dead dog, sitting up to beg for things, and shaking hands, Loveliness

had some attainments peculiar to himself.

One of these was in itself scientifically interesting. This luxurious, daintily fed little creature, who had never known an hour's want nor any deprivation that he could remember, led by the blind instinct of starving, savage ancestors skulking in forests where the claw and tooth of every living thing were against every other, conscientiously sought to bury, against future exigencies, any kind of food for which he had no appetite. The remnants of his dog biscuit, his saucer of weak tea, an unpalatable dinner, alike received the treatment given to the bare bone of his forefathers when it was driven into the ground.

Anything served the purpose of the earth,—the rough, wild earth of whose real nature the house pet knew so little. A newspaper, a glove, a handkerchief, a sheet of the professor's manuscript, a hearth brush, or a rug would answer. Drag these laboriously, and push them perseveringly to their places! Cover the saucer or the plate from sight with a solemn persistence that the starving, howling ancestor would have respected! Thus Loveliness recognized the laws of heredity. But the corners of rugs were, and remained, the favorite burying sod.

On that black day when the baby girl had used her white apron by way of blowers before the reluctant nursery fire, the little dog was alone in the room with her. It had so happened.

Suddenly, through the busy house resounded four shrill, staccato barks. In the vocabulary of Loveliness this meant, "Fire! Fire! Fire! Fire!" Borne with them came the terrible cries of the child. When the mother and the nursemaid got to the spot, the baby was ablaze from her white apron to her yellow hair. She was writhing on the floor. The terrier, his own silver locks scorching and his paws in the flame, was trying to cover his young mistress with the big Persian rug, in itself a load for a collie. He had so

far succeeded that the progress of the flames had been checked.

For years the professor of philosophy speculated on the problems raised by this tremendous incident. Whether the Yorkshire regarded the fire as a superfluity, like a dinner one does not want, — but that was far-fetched. Whether he knew that wool puts out fire, — but that was incredible. Whether this, that, or the other, no man could say, or ever has. Perhaps the intellect of the dog, roused to its utmost by the demand upon his heart, blindly leaped to its most difficult exertion. It was always hard to cover things with rugs. In this extremity one must do the hardest. Or did sheer love teach him to choose, in a moment that might have made a fool or a lunatic of a man, the only one or two of several processes which could by any means reach the emergency?

At all events, the dog saved the child. And she became henceforth the saint and idol of the family, and he its totem and its hero. The two stood together in one niche above the household altar. It was impossible to separate them. But after that terrible hour little Adah was as she was: frail, uncertain of step, scarred on the pearl of her neck and the rose of her cheek; not with full command of her voice; more nervously deficient than organically defective, — but a perfect being marred. Her father said, "She goeth lame and lovely."

On the afternoon when our story began, the child and the Yorkshire sat cuddled together in the broad window seat for a long time. Blessedness sat with them. Adah talked in low love tones, using a language as incomprehensible to other people as the tongue in which the dog replied to her. They carried on long conversations, broken only by caresses, and by barks of bliss or jets of laughter. The child tired herself with laughing and loving, and the dog watched her; he did not sleep; he silently lapped the fingers of her little

hand that lay like a cameo upon the silken cushion.

Some one came in and said in a low voice: "She is tired out. She must have her supper and be put to bed."

Afterward it was remembered that she clung to Loveliness and cried a little, foolishly; fretting that she did not want her supper, and demanding that the dog should go up to bed with her and be put at once into his basket by her side. This was gently refused.

"You shall see him in the morning," they told her. Kathleen put the little dog down forcibly from the arms of the child, who wailed at the separation. She called back over the balusters: "*Loveliness!* Good-by, *Loveliness!* When we're grown up, we'll always be together, *Loveliness!*"

The dog barked rebelliously for a few minutes; then sighed, and accepted the situation. He ran back and picked up the pamphlet which Kathleen had dropped, and carried it upstairs to the professor's study, where he laid it on the lowest shelf of the revolving bookcase. The professor glanced at the dog-eared pages and smiled. The pamphlet was one of the innumerable throng issued by some philanthropic society devoted to improving the condition of animals.

When Kathleen came downstairs she found the dog standing at the front door, patiently asking that it might be opened for him. She went down the steps; for it was the rule of the house never to allow the most helpless member of the family at liberty unguarded. The evening was soft, and the maid stood looking idly about. A man in a yellow jersey and with straight black eyebrows was on the other side of the street; but he did not look over. The suburban town was still and pleasant; advancing spring was in the air; no one was passing; only a negro boy lolled on the old-fashioned fence, and shouted: "Hi! Yi! Yi! Look a' dem crows carryin' off a b'iled pertater 'n' a piecer squashed pie!"

Kathleen, for very vacuity of mind, turned to look. Neither potatoes nor squash pie were to be seen careering through the skies; nor, in fact, were there any crows.

"I'll have yez arrested for sarse and slander!" cried Kathleen vigorously.

But the negro boy had disappeared. So had the man in the yellow jersey.

"Where's me dog?" muttered Kathleen. It was dipping dusk; it was deepening to dark. She called. Loveliness was an obedient little fellow always; but he did not reply. The maid called again; she examined the front yard and the premises, — slowly, for she was afraid to go in and tell. With the imbecility of the timid and the erring, she took too much time in a fruitless and unintelligent search before she went, trembling, into the house. Kathleen felt that this was the greatest emergency that had occurred since the baby was burned. She went straight to the master's door.

"God have mercy on me, but I've lost the little dog, sir!"

The professor wheeled around in his study chair.

"There was a nigger and a squashed crow — but indeed I never left the little dog, as you bid me, sir — I never left him for the space of me breath between me lips — and when I draws it in the little dog warn't nowhere. . . . Oh, whatever 'll *she* say? Whatever 'll *she* do? Mother of God, forgive me soul! Who'll tell *her*?"

Who indeed?

The professor of psychology turned as pale as the paper on which he was about to write his next famous and inexplicable lecture. He pushed by Kathleen and sprang for his hat.

But the child's mother had already run out, bareheaded, into the street, calling the dog as she ran. Nora, the cook, left the dinner to burn, and followed. Kathleen softly shut the nursery door, "So *she* won't hear," and, sobbing, crept

downstairs. The family gathered as if under the black wing of an unspeakable tragedy. They scoured the premises and the street, while the professor rang in the police call. But Loveliness was not to be found.

The carrier came by, on his way home after his day's work was over.

"Great Scott!" he cried. "I'd rather have lost a month's pay. Does *she* know?"

The newsboy trotted up, and stopped whistling.

"Golly whop!" he said. "What'll the little *gell* dew?"

The popular cabman came by, driving the president, who let down the window and asked what had happened. The driver uttered a mild and academic oath.

"Me'n' my horse, we're at your disposal as soon as me and the president have got to faculty meeting."

But the president of the University of St. George put his long legs out of the carriage, and bowed the professor into it.

"The cab is at your service now," he said anxiously, "and so am I. They can get along without us for a while, tonight. Anything that I can do to help you, Professor Premice, in this — real calamity — How does the child bear it?"

"Poor little kid!" muttered the cabman. "And to think how I used to snap my whip at 'em in the window!"

"An' how I used to bring him candy, contrary to the postal laws!" sighed the carrier. The cab driver and the postman spoke as if the dog and the child were both already dead.

The group broke slowly and sadly at last. The mother and the maids crept tearfully into the house. The professor, the carrier, the newsboy, and the president threw themselves into the matter as if they had been hunting for a lost child. The president deferred his engagement at the faculty meeting for two hours, — which gave about time

for a faculty meeting to get under way. The professor and the cab driver and the police ransacked the town till nearly dawn. It began to rain, and the night grew chilly. The carrier went home, looking like a man in the shade of a public calamity. The newsboy ran around in the storm, shadowing all the negro boys he met, and whistling for Loveliness in dark places where low-bred curs answered him and yellow mongrels snarled at his soaked heels. But the professor had the worst of it; for when he came in, drenched and tired, in the early morning, a little figure in a lace-trimmed nightgown stood at the head of the stairs, waiting for him.

The professor gave one glance at the child's face, and instinctively covered his own. He could not bear to look at her.

"Papa," said Adah, limping down the stairs, "where is Loveliness? I can't find him! Oh, I *cannot* find him! And nobody will tell me where he's gone to. Papa? I arxpect *you* to tell me 'e trufe. WHERE is my Loveliness?"

Her mother could not comfort or control her. She clung to her father's heart the remainder of the night; moaning at intervals, then unnaturally and piteously still. The rain dashed on the windows, for the storm increased; the child shrank and shivered.

"He's *never* been out in 'e rain, Papa! He will be wet — and frightened. Papa, who will give him his little baxet, and cover him up warm? Papa! Papa! who will be *kind* to Loveliness?"

In the broad daylight Adah fell into a short sleep. She woke with a start and a cry, and asked for the dog. "He'll come home to breakfast," she said, with quivering lip. "Tell Nora to have some sugar on his mush when he comes home."

But Loveliness did not come home to breakfast. The child refused to eat her own. She hurried down and crept to the broad window seat, to watch the street. When she saw the empty gray

satin cushion with the red puppies on it, she flung herself face down with a heart-rending cry.

"Papa! Papa! Papa! I never had a 'fiction before. Oh, Papa, my heart will break itself apart. Papa, can't you know enough to comfort you little girl? I can't *live* wivout my Loveliness. Oh, Papa! Papa!"

This was in the decline of March. The winds went down, and the rains came on. The snow slid from the streets of the university town, and withdrew into dingy patches about the roots of trees and fences, and in the shady sides of cold back yards. The mud yawned ankle-deep, and dried, and was not, and was dust beneath the foot. Crocuses blazed in the gardens of the faculty, — royal-purple, gold, and wax-white lamps set in the young and vivid grass. The sun let down his mask and looked abroad, and it was April. The newsboy and the carrier and the cab driver laughed for very joy of living. But when they passed the professor's house they did not laugh. It came on to be the heart and glory of the spring, and the warm days melted into May. But the little dog had not been found.

The professor had exhausted hope and ingenuity in the dreary quest. The state, one might say without exaggeration, had been dragged for that tiny dumb thing, — seven pounds' weight of life and tenderness. Money had been poured like love upon the vain endeavor. Rewards of reckless proportion appealed from public places and from public columns to the blank eyes that could not or did not read. The great detective force, whose name is familiar from sea to sea, had supplemented the useless search of the local police and of the city press. And all had equally failed. The "dog banditti" had done their work too well.

Loveliness had sunk out of sight like forgotten suffering in a scene of joy.

In the window seat, propped with white pillows, "lame and lovely," Adah sat. The empty embroidered gray satin cushion lay beside her. Sometimes she patted the red puppies softly with one thin little hand; she allowed no one else to touch the cushion.

"Till Loveliness comes home," she said. In the window, silent, pale, and seeing everything, she watched. But Loveliness did not come home.

The pitiful thing was that the child herself was so changed. She had wasted to a little wraith. For some time she had not walked without her crutch. Now she scarcely walked at all. At the first she had sobbed a good deal, in downright childish fashion; then she wept silently; but now she did not cry any more,—she did but watch. Her sight had grown unnaturally keen, like that of pilots; she gazed out of great eyes, bright, and dry, and solemn. Already she had taken on the look of children whose span of time is to be short. She weakened visibly.

At first her father took her out with him in the cab, so she should feel that she was conducting the search herself. But she had grown too feeble for this exertion. Sometimes, on such drives, she saw cruel sights,—animals suffering at the black tempers of men or the diabolic jests of boys; and she was hurried home, shivering and sobbing. When night came she would ask for the Yorkshire's bed to be put beside her own, and with trembling fingers would draw up the crimson blankets over the crimson mattress, as if the dog had been between them. Then she would ask the question that haunted her most:—

"Mamma, who will put Loveliness into a little baxet to sleep, and cover him up? Papa, Papa, will they be *kind* to Loveliness?"

Stormy nights and days were always the hardest.

"Will Loveliness be out and get wet? Will he shiver like 'e black dog I saw

to-day? Will he have warm milk for his supper? Is there anybody to rub him dry and cuddle my Loveliness?"

To divert the child from her grief proved impossible. They took her somewhere, in the old, idle effort to change the place and help the pain; but she mourned so, "because he might come home, and nobody see him but me," that they brought her back.

The president of the university, who was a dogless and childless man, presented the bereaved household with a mongrel white puppy, purchased under the amiable impression that it was of a rare, Parisian breed. The distinguished man cherished the ignorant hope of bestowing consolation. But the invalid child, with the sensitiveness of invalid children, refused to look at the puppy, who was returned to his donor, and constituted himself henceforth the tyrant and terror of that scholastic household.

As the weather grew warmer, little Adah failed and sank. It came on to be the bloom of the year, and she no longer left the house.

The carrier and the cab driver lifted their hats in silence now, when they passed the window where the little girl sat, and the newsboy looked up with a sober face, like that of a man. The faculty and the neighbors did not ask, "How is the child?" but always, "Have you heard from the dog?" The doctor began to call daily. He did not shake his head,—no doctor does outside of an old-fashioned story,—and he smiled cheerfully enough inside the house; but when he came out of it, to his carriage, he did not smile. So the spring mellowed, and it was the first of June.

One night, the poor professor sat trying to put into shape an impossible thesis on an incomprehensible subject (it was called *The Identity of Identity and Non-Identity*), for Commencement delivery in his department. Pulling aside some books of reference that he needed, he dragged to view a pamphlet

from the lowest shelf of the revolving bookcase. Then he saw the marks of the Yorkshire's teeth and claws on the pamphlet corners, and, sadly smiling, he opened and read.

The Commencement thesis on *The Identity of Identity and Non-Identity* was not corrected that night. The professor of psychology sat moulded into his study chair, rigid, with iron lips and clenched hands, and read the pamphlet through, every word, from beginning to end. For the first time in his life, this eminent man, wise in the wisdom of the world of mind and half educated in the practical affairs of the world of matter, studied for himself the authenticated records of the torments imposed upon dumb animals in the name of science.

As an instructed man, of course this subject was not wholly unfamiliar to him, but it was wholly foreign. Hitherto he had given it polite and indifferent attention, and had gone his ways. Now he read like a man himself bound, without anæsthesia, beneath the knife. Now he read for the child's sake, with the child's mind, with the child's nerves, and with those of the little helpless thing for whom her life was wasting. He tore from his shelves every volume, every pamphlet, that he owned upon the direful subject which that June night opened to his consciousness; and he read until the birds sang.

With brain on fire, he crept, in the brightness of coming day, to his wife's side.

"Tired out, dear?" she asked gently. Then he saw that she too had not slept.

"Adah has such dreams," she explained; "cruel things,—all the same kind."

"About the dog?"

"Always about the dog. I have been sitting up with her. She is—not as strong as—not quite"—

The professor set his teeth when he heard the mother's moan. When she

had sunk into broken rest he stole back to his study, and locked out of sight the pamphlet which Loveliness had chewed. So, with the profound and scientific treatises on the subject, arguing and illustrating this way and that (some of these had cuts and photogravures which would haunt the imagination for years), he crowded the whole out of reach. His own brain was reeling with horrors which it would have driven the woman or the child mad to read. Scenes too ghastly for a strong mind to dwell upon, incidents too fearful for a weak one to conceive, flitted before the sleepless father.

Now the professor began to do strange and secretive things. Unknown to his wife, unsuspected by his fading child, he began to cause the laboratories of the city and its environs to be searched. In the process, curious trades developed themselves to his astonished ignorance: the tricks of boys who supply the material of anguish; the trade of the janitor who sells it to the demonstrator; the trade of the brute who allures his superior, the dog, to the lairs of medical students. Dark arts started to the foreground, like imps around Mephistopheles concealed. From such repellent education the professor came home and took his little girl into his arms, and did not speak, but laid his cheek to hers, and heard the piteous, familiar question, "Papa, did you promise me they'd be kind to Loveliness?" It was always a whispered question now; for Adah had entirely lost command of her voice, partly from weakness, partly from the old injury to the vocal organs; and this seemed, somehow, to make it the harder to answer her.

So there fell a day when the child in the window, propped by more than the usual pillows, sat watching longer than usual, or more sadly, or more eagerly,—who can say what it was? Or did she look so much more translucent, more pathetic, than on another day? She leaned

her cheek on one little wasted hand. Her great eyes commanded the street. She had her pilot's look. Now and then, if a little dog passed, and if he were gray, she started and leaned forward, then sank back faintly. The sight of her would have touched a savage; and one beheld it.

A man in a yellow jersey passed by upon the other side of the street, and glanced over. His straight black brows contracted, and he looked at the child steadily. As he walked on, it might have been noticed that his brutal head hung to his breast. But he passed, and that cultivated street was clean of him. The carrier met him around the corner, and glanced at him with coldness.

"What's de matter of de kid yonder, in de winder?" asked the foreigner.

"Dyin'," said the carrier shortly.

"Looks she had — what you call him? — gallopin' consum'tion," observed the man with the eyebrows.

"Gallopin' heartbreak," replied the carrier, pushing by. "There's a devil layin' round loose outside of hell that stole her dog, — and she a little sickly thing to start with, — him! There's fifty men in this town would lynch him inside of ten minutes, if they got a clue to him, — him to —!"

That afternoon, when the professor left the house, the newsboy ran up eagerly. "There's a little nigger wants yez, perfesser, downstreet. He's in wid the dog robbers, that nigger is. Jes' you arsk him when he see Mop las' time. Take him by the scruff the neck, an' wallop like hell till he tells. Be spry, now, perfesser!"

The professor hurried down the street, fully prepared to obey these directions, and found the negro boy, as he had been told.

"Come along funder," said the boy, looking around uneasily. He spoke a few words in a hoarse whisper.

The blood leaped to the professor's wan cheeks, and back again.

"I'll show ye for a V," suggested the boy cunningly. "But I won't take no noter hand. Make it cash, an' I'll show yer. Ye ain't no time to be foolin'," added the gamin. "It's sot for ter-morrer 'leven o'clock. He's down for the biggest show of the term, *he* is. The students is all gwineter go, an' the doctors along of 'em."

His own university! His own university! The professor repeated the three words, as he dashed into the city with the academic cabman's fastest horse. For weeks his detectives had watched every laboratory within fifty miles. But — his own college! With the density which sometimes submerges a superior intellect, it had never occurred to him that he might find his own dog in the medical school of his own institution. Stupidly he sat gazing at the back of the gamin who slunk beside the aversion of the driver on the box. The professor seemed to himself to be driving through the terms of a false syllogism.

The cabman drew up in a filthy and savage neighborhood, in whose grim purities the St. George professors did not take their walks abroad. The negro boy tumbled off the box.

The professor sat, trembling like a woman. The boy went into the tenebment, whistling. When he came out he did not whistle. His evil little face had fallen. His arms were empty.

"The critter's dum gone," he said.

"Gone?"

"He's dum goneter de college. Dey'se tuk him, sah. Dum dog to go so yairly."

The countenance of the professor blazed with the mingling fires of horror and of hope. The excited driver lashed the St. George horse to foam; in six minutes the cab drew up at the medical school. The passenger ran up the walk like a boy, and dashed into the building. He had never entered it before. He was obliged to inquire his way, like a rustic on a first trip to town. After

some delay and difficulty he found the janitor, and, with the assurance of position, stated his case.

But the janitor smiled.

"I will go now — at once — and remove the dog," announced the professor. "In which direction is it? My little girl — There is no time to lose. Which door did you say?"

But now the janitor did not smile. "Excuse me, sir," he said frigidly, "I have no orders to admit strangers." He backed up against a closed door, and stood there stolidly. The professor, burning with human rage, leaned over and shook the door. It was locked.

"Man of darkness!" cried the professor. "You who perpetrate — Then he collected himself. "Pardon me," he said, with his natural dignity; "I forget that you obey the orders of your chiefs, and that you do not recognize me. I am not accustomed to be refused admittance to the departments of my own university. I am Professor Premice, of the Chair of Mental Philosophy, — Professor Theophrastus Premice." He felt for his cards, but he had used the last one in his wallet.

"You might be, and you might n't," replied the janitor grinely. "I never heard tell of you that I know of. My orders are not to admit, and I do not admit."

"You are unlawfully detaining and torturing my dog!" gasped the professor. "I demand my property at once!"

"We have such a lot of these cases," answered the janitor wearily. "We hain't got your dog. We don't take gentlemen's dogs, nor ladies' pets. And we always etherize. We operate very tenderly. You hain't produced any evidence or authority, and I can't let you in without."

"Be so good," urged the professor, restraining himself by a violent effort, "as to bear my name to some of the faculty. Say that I am without, and wish to see one of my colleagues on an urgent matter."

"None of 'em's in just now but the assistant demonstrator," retorted the janitor, without budging. "He's experimenting on a — well, he's engaged in a very pretty operation just now, and cannot be disturbed. No, sir. You had better not touch the door. I tell you, I do not admit nor permit. Stand back, sir!"

The professor stood back. He might have entered the lecture room by other doors, but he did not know it; and they were not visible from the spot where he stood. He had happened on the laboratory door, and that refused him. He staggered out to his cab, and sank down weakly.

"Drive me to my lawyer!" he cried. "Do not lose a moment — if you love her!"

It was eleven o'clock of the following morning; a dreamy June day, afloat with color, scent, and warmth, as gentle as the depths of tenderness in the human heart, and as vigorous as its noblest aspirations.

The students of the famous medical school of the University of St. George were crowding up the flagged walk and the old granite steps of the college; the lecture room was filling; the students chatted and joked profusely, as medical students do, on occasions least productive of amusement to the non-professional observer. There chanced to be some sprays of lily of the valley in a tumbler set upon the window sill of the adjoining physiological laboratory, and the flower seemed to stare at something which it saw within the room. Now and then, through the door connecting with the lecture room, a faint sound penetrated the laughter and conversation of the students, — a sound to hear and never to forget while remembrance rang through the brain, but not to tell of.

The room filled; the demonstrator appeared suddenly, in his fresh, white blouse; the students began to grow quiet. Some one had already locked the

door leading from the laboratory to the hallway. The lily in the window looked, and seemed, in the low June wind, to turn its face away.

"Gentlemen," began the operator, "we have before us to-day a demonstration of unusual beauty and interest. It is our intention to study" — here he minutely described the nature of the operation. "There will be also some collateral demonstrations of more than ordinary value. The material has been carefully selected. It is young and healthy," observed the surgeon in parenthesis. "We have not put the subject under the usual anæsthesia," — he motioned to his assistant, who at this point went into the laboratory, — "because of the importance of some preliminary experiments which were instituted yesterday, and to the perfection of which consciousness is conditional. Gentlemen, you see before you" —

The assistant entered through the laboratory door at this moment, bearing something which he held straight out before him. The students, on tiered and curving benches, looked down from their amphitheatre, lightly, as they had been trained to look.

"It is needless to say," proceeded the lecturer, "that the subject will be mercifully disposed of as soon as the demonstration is completed. And we shall operate with the greatest tenderness, as we always do. Gentlemen, I am reminded of a story" —

The demonstrator indulged in a little persiflage at this point, raising a laugh among the class; he smiled himself; he gestured with the scalpel, which he had selected while he was talking; he made three or four sinister cuts with it in the air, preparatory cuts, — an awful rehearsal. He held the instrument suspended, thoughtfully.

"The first incision" — he began. "Follow me closely, now. You see — Gentlemen? Gentlemen! Really, I cannot proceed in such a disturbance —

What is that noise?" With the suspended scalpel in his hand, the demonstrator turned impatiently.

"It's a row in the corridor," said one of the students. "We hope you won't delay for that, doctor. It's nothing of any consequence. Please go ahead."

But the locked door of the laboratory shook violently, and rattled in unseen hands. Voices clashed from the outside. The disturbance increased.

"Open! Open the door!" Heavy blows fell upon the panels.

"In the name of humanity, in the name of mercy, open this door!"

"It must be some of those fanatics," said the operator, laying down his instrument. "Where is the janitor? Call him to put a stop to this."

He took up the instrument with an impetuous motion; then laid it irritably down again. The attention of his audience was now concentrated upon the laboratory door, for the confusion had redoubled. At the same time feet were heard approaching the students' entrance to the lecture room. One of the young men took it upon himself to lock that door, also, which was not the custom of the place; but he found no key, and two or three of his classmates joined him in standing against the door, which they barricaded. Their blood was up, — they knew not why; the fighting animal in them leaped at the mysterious intrusion. There was every prospect of a scene unprecedented in the history of the lecture room.

The expected did not happen. It appeared that some unsuccessful effort was made to force this door, but it was not prolonged; then the footsteps retreated down the stairs, and the demand at the laboratory entrance set in again, — this time in a new voice: —

"It is an officer of the court! There is a search warrant for stolen property! Open in the name of the Law! *Open this door in the name of the Commonwealth!*"

Now the door sank open, was burst open, or was unlocked, — in the excitement, no one knew which or how, — and the professor and the lawyer, the officer and the search warrant, fell in.

The professor pushed ahead, and strode to the operating table.

There lay the tiny creature, so daintily reared, so passionately beloved; he who had been sheltered in the heart of luxury, like the little daughter of the house herself; he who used never to know a pang that love or luxury could prevent or cure; he who had been the soul of tenderness, and had known only the soul of tenderness. There, stretched, bound, gagged, gasping, doomed to a doom which the readers of this page would forbid this pen to describe, lay the silver Yorkshire; kissing his vivisector's hand.

In the past few months Loveliness had known to the uttermost the matchless misery of the lost dog (for he had been sold and restolen more than once): he had known the miseries of cold, of hunger, of neglect, of homelessness, and other torments of which it is as well not to think; the sufferings which ignorance imposes upon animals. He was about to endure the worst torture of them all, — that reserved by wisdom and power for the dumb, the undefended, and the small.

The officer seized the scalpel which the demonstrator had laid aside, and slashed through the straps that bound the victim down. When the gag was removed, and the little creature, shorn, sunken, changed, almost unrecognizable, looked up into his master's face, those cruel walls rang to such a cry of more than human anguish and ecstasy as they had never heard before, and never may again.

The operator turned away; he stood in his butcher's blouse and stared through out of the laboratory window, over the head of the lily, which regarded him fixedly. The students grew rapidly quiet.

When the professor took Loveliness into his arms, and the Yorkshire, still crying like a human child that had been lost and saved, put up his weak paws around his master's neck and tried to kiss the tears that fell, unashamed, down the cheeks of that eminent man, the lecture room burst into a storm of applause; then fell suddenly still again, as if it felt embarrassed both by its expression and by its silence, and knew not what to do.

"Has the knife touched him — anywhere?" asked the professor, choking.

"No, thank God!" replied the demonstrator, turning around timidly; "and I assure you — our regrets — such a mistake" —

"That will do, doctor," said the professor. "Gentlemen, let me pass, if you please. I have no time to lose. There is one waiting for this little creature who" —

He did not finish his sentence, but went out from among them. As he passed with the shorn and quivering dog in his arms, the students rose to their feet.

He stopped the cab a hundred feet away, went across a neighbor's lot, and got into the house by the back door, with the Yorkshire hidden under his coat. The doctor's buggy stood at the curbstone in front. The little girl was so weak that morning — what might not have happened?

The father felt, with a sudden sickness of heart, that time had hardly converged more closely with fate in the operating room than it was narrowing in his own home. The cook shrieked when she saw him come into the kitchen with the half-hidden burden in his arms; and Kathleen ran in, panting.

"Call the doctor," he commanded hoarsely, "and ask him what we shall do."

All the stories that he had ever read about joy that killed blazed through his brain. He dared neither advance nor

retreat, but stood in the middle of the kitchen, stupidly. Then he saw that the quick wit of Kathleen had got ahead of him; for she was on her knees arranging the crimson blankets in the empty basket. Between the three, they gently laid the emaciated and disfigured dog into his own bed. Nora cried into the milk she was warming for the little thing. And the doctor came in while Loveliness feebly drank.

"Wait a minute," he said, turning on his heel. He went back to the room where the child lay among the white pillows, with her hand upon the empty gray satin cushion. Absently she stroked one of the red puppies whose gold eyes gazed forever at the saucer of green milk. She lay with her lashes on her cheeks. It was the first day that she had not watched the street. Her mother, sitting back to the door, was fanning her.

"Adah!" said the doctor cheerily. "We've got something good to tell you. Your father has found—there, there, my child!—yes, your father has found him. He looks a little queer and homesick—guess he's missed you some—and you must n't mind how he looks, for—you see, Adah, we think he has lived with a—with a barber, and got shaved for nothing!" added the doctor stoutly.

The doctor had told his share of professional fibs in his day, like the most of his race; but I hope he was forgiven all the others for this one's merciful and beautiful sake.

"Come, professor!" he called courageously enough. But his own heart beat as hard as the father's and the mother's, when the professor slowly mounted the stairs with the basket bed and the exhausted dog within it.

"*Love-li-ness!*" cried the child. It was the first loud word that she had spoken for months.

Then they lifted the dog and put him in her arms; and they turned away

their faces, for the sight of that reunion was all the nerve could bear.

So it was as it has been, and ever will be, since the beginning to the end of time. Joy, the Angel of Delight and Danger, the most precious and the most perilous of messengers to the heart that loves, came to our two little friends, and might have destroyed, but saved instead.

The child was strong before the dog was; but both convalesced rapidly and sweetly enough. In a week Adah threw away her little crutch. Her lost voice returned, to stay. The pearl and the rose of her soft, invalid skin browned with the summer sun. Peals of laughter and ecstatic barks resounded through the happy house. Little feet and little paws trotted together across the dew-touched lawn. Wonderful neck ribbons,—a new color every day,—tied by eager, small fingers upon the silver-gray throat of the Yorkshire, flashed through the bending shrubbery in pursuit of a little glancing, white figure in lawn dresses, with shade hat hanging down her back. The satin cushion with the embroidered puppies was carried out among the blushing weigelia bushes; and the twain lived and loved and played, from day-start to twilight, in the live, midsummer air.

Sometimes she was overheard conversing with the terrier,—long, confidential talks, with which no third person intermeddled.

"Dearness! Daintiness! Loveliness! Did you have a little baxet with blankets while you were away? Preciousness! Did they cut you meat and warm you soup for you, and comfort you? Did they ever let you out to shi-shiver in 'e wet and cold? Tell me, Dearest-in-'e-World! Tell me, Love-li-ness! Tell me all about it. Tell me about 'e barber who shaved you hair so close,—was he *kind* to you?"

When Commencement was over, and the town quiet and a little dull, some-

thing of a festive nature was thought good for Adah; and the doctor, who came only as a matter of occasional ceremony now, to see his patient running away from him, proposed a party; for he was not an imaginative man, and could only suggest the conventional.

"Something to take her mind off the dog for a little," he said. "We must avoid anything resembling a fixed idea."

"Love is always a fixed idea," replied the professor of psychology, smiling. "But you may try, doctor."

"I will *arx* Loveliness," said the child quietly. She ran away with the Yorkshire, and they sat among the reddening weigelia bushes for some time, conversing in low tones. Then they trotted back, laughing and barking.

"Yes, Papa, we'll have a party. But it must be a *Loveliness* party, Mamma. And we've decided who to *arx*, and all about it. If you would like to know, I'll whisper you, for it's a secret to Loveliness and me, until we think it over."

Merrily she whispered in her mother's bending ear a list of chosen guests. It ran on this wise:—

The family.
The carrier.
Kathleen and Nora.
The newsboy.
The cabman.
The doctor.
Some of the neighbors' little dogs and girls.

Not boys, because they say "Sister boy!" and "Sickum!"

The president's white puppy.

The president.

Nobody else.

Not the barber.

"Here's 'e invitation," she added with dignity, "and we'll have a picture of him printed on his puppy cushion at 'e top, Papa."

She put into her father's hand a slip of paper, on which she had laboriously and irregularly printed in pencil the following legend:—

On Saterdag, After Nune.

If not Stormy.

At 2 o cluk.

LOVELINESS

At Home.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

"THOU SHALT NOT PREACH."

AFTER READING TOLSTOI ON "WHAT IS ART"?

I.

THERE is one respect in which pure art and pure science agree: both are disinterested, and seek the truth, each of its kind, for its own sake; neither has any axe to grind. Both would live in the whole,—one through reason and investigation, the other through imagination and contemplation. Science seeks to understand the universe, art to enjoy it. A man of pure science like Darwin is as

disinterested as a great artist like Shakespeare. He has no practical or secondary ends; the truth alone is his quest. He is tracing the footsteps of creative energy through organic nature. He is like a detective working up a case. His theory about it is only provisional, for the moment. Every fact is welcome to him, and the more it seems to tell against his theory of the case, the more eagerly he weighs it and studies it. Indeed, the man of science follows an ideal as

truly as does the poet, and will pass by fortune, honors, and all worldly success, to cleave to it. Tolstoi thinks that science for science' sake is as bad as art for art's sake; but is not knowledge a reward in itself, and is there any higher good than that mastery of the soul over the problems of the universe which science gives? By bending science to particular and secondary ends we lay the basis of our material civilization, but it is still true that the final end of science is, not our material benefit, but our mental enlightenment; nor is the highest end of art the good which the preacher and the moralist seek to give us. A poem of Milton or Tennyson carries its own proof, its own justification. When we demand a message of the poet, or of any artist, outside of himself, outside of the truth which he unconsciously conveys through his own personality and point of view, we seek to degrade his art, or to destroy that disinterestedness which is its crown. Art exists for ideal ends; it looks askance at devotees, at doctrinaires, — at all men engaged in the dissemination of particular ideas. I am not now thinking of art as mere craft, but as the province of man's freest, most spontaneous, most joyous, most complete soul activity, — the kind of activity that has no other end, seeks no other reward, than it finds in or of itself, the joy of being and beholding, the free play of creative energy. Art does not rebuke vice, it depicts it; it does not urge reform, it shows us the reformers. Its work is play, its lesson is an allegory. The preacher works by selection and exclusion, the artist by inclusion and contrast.

When the resources of literary art are enlisted in any propaganda, in the dissemination of particular ideas or doctrines, or when the end is moral or scientific or political or philosophical, and not æsthetic, the result is a mixed product, a cross between literature and something else, which may be very vigorous and serviceable, but which can-

not give the kind of satisfaction that is imparted by a pure artistic creation. A great poem or work of art does not speak to any special and passing condition, mental or spiritual; its ministrations are neither those of meat nor those of medicine; it does not subserve any private or secondary ends, even the saving of our souls. The books that seem written for us are quite certain to lose in interest to the next generation. A great poem heals, not as the doctor does, but as nature does, by bringing the conditions of health. It consoles, not as the priest does, but as love and life themselves do. It does not offer a special good, but a general benefaction.

I once heard Emerson quote with approval Shakespeare's saying, "Read what you most affect," but no doubt a broad culture demands wide reading, and that we be on our guard against our particular predilections, because such predilections may lead us into narrow channels. Do the devotees of Browning, those who cry Browning, Browning, and Browning only, do him the highest honor? Do the disciples of Whitman, who would make a cult of him, live in the spirit of the whole, as Whitman himself tried to live? — Whitman, who said that there may be any number of Supremes, and that the chief lesson to be learned under the master is how to destroy him. Our love for an author must not suggest the fondness of the epicure for a special dish, or partake of the lover's infatuation for his mistress. Infatuation is not permissible in literature. If art does not make us free of the whole, it fails of its purpose. Only the religious bigot builds upon specific texts, and only the one-sided, half-formed mind sees life through the eyes of a single author. In the æsthetic sphere one may serve many masters; he may give himself to none. One of the latest and most mature perceptions that come to us is the perception of relativity, in art as well as in all other matters.

With respect to this question, both

readers and writers may be divided into two classes, the interested and the disinterested, — those who are seeking special and personal ends, and those who are seeking general universal ends.

The poet is best pleased with the disinterested readers and admirers of his work; that is, with those who take to it on the broadest human grounds, and not upon grounds merely personal to themselves. Thus Longfellow will find a wider and more disinterested audience than Whittier, because his Muse is less in the service of special ideas; he looks at life less as a Quaker and Puritan, and more as a man.

The special ideas of an age, its moral enthusiasms and revolts, give place to other ideas and enthusiasms, which in their turn give place to others; but there are certain currents of thought and emotion that are perennial, certain experiences common to all men and peoples. Such a poem as Gray's *Elegy*, for instance, is filled with the breath of universal human life. On the other hand, such a work as Schiller's *Robbers* or Goethe's *Werner* seems to us like an empty shell picked up on the shore, the life entirely gone out of it. One can see why Poe is looked upon by foreign critics as outranking any of our more popular New England poets. It is because his work has more of the ubiquitous character of true art, is less pledged to moral and special ends, less the result of personal tastes and attractions, and more the pure flame of the unpledged æsthetic nature. The *Raven* and *The Bells* have that play, that scorn of personal ends, that potential spiritual energy, of great art. Whittier never rises into this region, never gets above ends more or less literal and practical. Outside of his experience and his strong moral and patriotic convictions, he is not much. Even in such a poem as *Snow-Bound*, with all its New England flavor and truth to nature, we miss the creative touch; it is only a transcript of experience.

Is it Coleridge who tells of an artist who always copied his wife's legs in his pictures, and thereby won great fame? The creative touch it is that marks the artist. He smites the rocks, and a fountain gushes forth. Tennyson has the artist nature in greater measure than Wordsworth, a more flexible receptive spirit, though he never attains to the homely pathos or the moral grandeur of the latter. Yet individual convictions and attractions played a less part in his poetry. Wordsworth gathered the harvest of his own feelings and experiences, Tennyson that of other men as well. One reaped only where he had sown, the other where all men had sown. One is colored by Westmoreland, the other by the whole of England. Wordsworth wrote more from character and natural bias than Tennyson. What nature does with a man, that is no credit to him, but what he does with nature. If his character inspired the poem, is it not less than if his imagination had inspired it? What a man does out of and independent of himself, or the degree in which he transcends his own experience and partialities and rises into universal relations, — is not that the measure of him as an artist? If I tell only what I know, what I have felt, what I have seen, no matter how well I do it, that is not to come into the sphere the artist dwells in. What Wordsworth writes is more personal to himself, more out of his own life, than what Tennyson writes. He is more limited by his temperament and natural bias than Tennyson is by his. His word is more inevitable, more the word of fate, but is it not therefore less the word of art? Be sincere, be sincere; be not too sincere, lest you substitute a moral rigidity for the flexibility demanded by art. The artist is never the slave of his sincerity.

Graphic power is only a minor part of artistic power. One can say what one has felt, and tell what one has experienced; but the artist can tell what he has not experienced, and say what

he has not felt. He can make the assumed, the imaginary, real to himself and to his reader. He can depict the passion of love, of anger, of remorse, though he may never have felt them. Many persons have written one good novel, but not a second, because in the first they exhausted their experience; to transcend that is denied them. True art will have many messages and many morals, as life and nature do, but we must draw them out for ourselves. They do not lead, they follow; they do not make the argument, they are made by it. Let us repeat and re-repeat. Art makes us free of the whole; not art for craft's sake, but art as implying the entire sphere of man's spontaneous æsthetic activity. Beauty is indeed its own excuse for being. Literature is an end in and of itself, as much as music is or religion is. Or are we religious only upon pay? What message has a bird, a flower, a summer day, frost, rain, wind, snow? There are sermons in stones — when we put them there. What message has Shakespeare, Milton, Dante, Virgil, or any true poet? The message we have the power to draw from him, and no two of us will draw the same. Art is a circle; it is complete within itself; it returns forever upon itself. There is no great poetry without great ideas, and yet the ideas must exist as impulse, will, emotion, and not lie upon the surface as formulas. The enemies of art are reflection, special ideas, conscious intellectual processes, because these things isolate us and shut us off from the life of the whole, — from that which we reach through our sentiments and emotions. The æsthetic mood, says Dr. Louis Waldstein, in his recent suggestive little book on *The Sub-Conscious Self*, "is, in its essence, receptive, contemplative, distinctly personal, and therefore free from purpose and conscious selection." "Whenever a work of art is the vehicle for an idea or purpose outside of its essential form, it falls

short of being a pure art creation, and fails in its appeal to the æsthetic mood, whilst, be it conceded, it may serve some other but secondary purpose, which belongs to the province of the archæologist, the art historian, and the collector," and, we may add, the moralist and preacher. Wordsworth's poet was content if he "might enjoy the things that others understood," and this is always characteristic of the poetic mood. Absorption, contemplation, enjoyment, and not criticism and reflection, are as the air it breathes. Byron was a great poet, but, said Goethe, "the moment he reflects, he is a child." It is better that the poet should not be a child when he reflects, but it is much more important that he be a child when he feels. His power as a poet is not in the reflex action of his mind, but in the direct, joyous, solvent power of his spirit.

We do not find our individual selves in great art, but the humanity of which we are partakers. Something is brought home to us; but not to our partialities, rather to our higher selves. We are never so little selfish and hampered by our individualism as when admiring a great work of the imagination. No doubt our modern world calls for doctors of the soul in a sense that the more healthful and joyous pagan world had no need of. Still, so far as the poet is a doctor or a priest, so far does he fail to live in the spirit of the whole.

It is, I think, in these or similar considerations that we are to look for the justification of the phrase, now almost everywhere disputed, "Art for art's sake." It is only saying that art is to have no partial or secondary ends, but is to breathe forth the spirit of the whole. It must be disinterested; it is to hold the mirror up to nature. It may hold the mirror up to the vices and follies of the age, but must not take sides. It represents; it does not judge. The matter is self-judged in the handling of the true artist. Didactic poetry or didactic fiction never can rank

high. Thou shalt not preach or teach; thou shalt portray and create, and have ends as universal as nature.

II.

Our moral teachers and preachers often fail to see that the first condition of a work of pure art is that it be disinterested, that it be a total and complete product in and of itself; and that it is its own excuse for being. Its business is to represent, to portray, or, as Aristotle has it, to imitate nature, and not to preach or to moralize. Our ethical and religious writers and speakers are apt to call this artistic disinterestedness indifferentism. If the novelist does not openly and avowedly take sides with his good characters against his bad, or if, as Taine declares his function to be, he contents himself with representing them to us as they are, whole, not blaming, not punishing, not mutilating, transferring them to us intact and separate, and leaving "us the right of judging if we desire it,"—if this is his attitude, says the Reverend Washington Gladden in his late brochure on *Art and Morality*, he is guilty of indifferentism. "His work begins to be the work of a malefactor, and he himself is preparing to be fit company for fiends." Mr. Gladden misapprehends Taine, whom he quotes, and he misapprehends the spirit and method of art. If the artist does really convey to us the impression that he is personally indifferent as to which triumphs in life, good or evil, and that he is as well pleased with the one as with the other, then he is culpable and merits this harsh language.

What art demands is that the artist's personal convictions and notions, his likes and dislikes, do not obtrude themselves at all; that good and evil stand judged in his work by the logic of events, as they do in nature, and not by any special pleading on his part. He does not hold a brief for either side; he exemplifies the working of the creative energy. He is neither a judge nor an advocate; he is

a witness on the stand; he tells how the thing fell out, and the more impartial he is as a witness, the better. We, the jury, shall watch carefully for any bias or leaning on his part. We shall try his testimony by the rules of evidence; in this case, by our acquaintance with other imaginative works and by our experience of life. The great artist works in and through and from moral ideas; his works are indirectly a criticism of life. He is moral without having a moral. The moment a moral or an immoral intention obtrudes itself, that moment he begins to fall from grace as an artist. He confesses his inability to let nature speak for herself. He is inadequate to the logic of events, and gives us a logic of his own. Shakespeare is our highest type of the disinterested artist. Does he do aught but hold the mirror up to nature? Is his work overlaid with an avowed moral intention? Does he go behind the returns, so to speak? Does he tamper with the logic of events, the fate of character? What is the moral of *Hamlet*? Has any one yet found out? Yet the plays all fall within the scope of moral ideas; they treat moral ideas with energy and depth, as Voltaire said of English poetry in general.

We must discriminate between a conscious moral purpose and an unconscious moral impulse. A work of art arises primarily out of the emotions, and not out of the intellect, and is sound and true to the extent to which it repeats the method of nature. Ruskin, whom Mr. Gladden quotes, was of course right when he said that the art of a nation is an exponent of its ethical state. But the condition of first importance with the artist is, not that he should have an ethical purpose, but that he should be ethically sound. He may work with ethical ideas, but not directly for them. The preacher speaks for them; the poet speaks out of them; he plays with them, he takes his will of them; they follow, but do not lead him. Again, Ruskin says, "He is the

greatest artist who has embodied in the sum of his works the greatest number of the greatest ideas;" but he is an artist only by virtue of having embodied these ideas in an imaginative form. If they run through his work as homilies or intellectual propositions, or lie upon it as moral reflections, they are not within the vital sphere of art.

Art is not thought, but will, impulse, intuition; not ideas, but ideality. None know this better than Ruskin. Mr. Gladstone quotes with approval some strictures of Professor Richardson on the work of Henry James; his novels will not stand the question "What for?" Henry James is an artist, and hence cannot be cornered with the question "What for?" What is creation for? What are you and I for? The catechism answers promptly enough, and the artist does not contradict it. But of necessity his answer is not so dogmatic; or rather, he does not give a direct answer at all, but lets the epitome of life which he brings answer for him. He is not to exhibit the forces of life harnessed to a purpose and tilling some man's private domain, but he is to show them in spontaneous play and fusion; obeying no law but their own, and working to universal ends. His work is finally for our edification. If it be also for our réproof, he must conceal his purpose so well that we do not suspect it. He must let the laws of life alone speak for him. Sainte-Beuve has a passage bearing upon this subject which is admirable. He had been censured as a critic for being too lax in his dealings with the morality of works of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Let me quote his reply: "If there are some readers (and I think I know some) who would prefer to see me censure it oftener and more roundly, I beg them to observe that I succeed much better by provoking them to condemn it themselves than by taking the lead and seeming to try to impose a judgment of my own every time. In the long run, if a critic does this (or an

artist either), he always wearies and offends his readers. They like to feel themselves more severe than the critic. I leave them that pleasure. For me, it is enough if I represent and depict things faithfully, so that every one may profit from the intellectual substance and the good language, and be in a position to judge for himself the other, wholly moral parts. There, however, I am careful not to be crucial." French art is less moral than English art, not because it preaches less, but because it is more given to levity and trifling, because it exaggerates the part one element plays in life, and because it draws less inspiration from fundamental ethical ideas. It may at times be guilty of indifference, but against very little English or American art can this charge be made.

The great distinction of art is that it aims to see life steadily and to see it whole. This is its high and unique service: it would enable us to live in the whole and in the spirit of the whole; not in the part called morality, or philosophy, or religion, or beauty, but in the unity resulting from the fusion and transformation of these varied elements. It affords the one point of view whence the world appears harmonious and complete. The moralist, the preacher, seizes upon a certain part of the world, and makes much of that; the philosopher seizes upon another part, the aesthete upon another; only the great artist comprehends and includes all these, and sees life and nature as a vital, consistent whole.

Hence it is that a work of pure art is a complete product in a sense that no other production of a man's mind is; or, as Ruskin says, "it is the work of the whole spirit of man," and faithfully reflects that spirit. The intellect may write the sermon, or the essay, or the criticism, but the character, the entire life and personality, are implicated in a creative work.

Disinterestedness means no more in art, in letters, than it means in life. In

our kind deeds, our acts of charity, in love, in virtue, we act from disinterested motives. We have no ulterior purpose. These things are their own reward. A noble life is disinterested; it bestows benefits without thought of self. But it is not indifferent. Indifference is personal,—it is a state in which one personal motive cancels another; whereas disinterestedness is impersonal,—it is the complete effacement of self. It is a high, heroic moral state, while indifference is a lax or negative state. We are disinterested when we rescue a child from drowning or stop a runaway horse, but we are not indifferent. A novelist is disinterested when he has no motives but those inherent in his story, no purpose but to hold the mirror up to nature. He is interested and departs from his high calling when he seeks to enforce a particular moral, or to indoctrinate his reader with a particular set of ideas. And yet if he betrays indifference as to the issues of right and wrong, that is a vice; it is contrary to the self-effacement which art demands. To obtrude your indifference is of the same order of faults as to obtrude your preferences. The innate necessities of the situation may alone speak.

To suppress or ignore the world of vice and sin is not to be moral; to portray it is not to be immoral. But to gloat over it, to dwell fondly upon it, to return to it, to exaggerate it, to roll it under the tongue as a sweet morsel,—that is to be immoral; and to treat it as time and nature do or as the great artists do, as affording contrasts and difficulties, and disturbing but not destroying the balance of life, is within the scope of the moral. Art must make us free of the whole; every work must in a measure reflect the whole of life; if it dwells too much on that part called sin and evil, it is false to its ideal; it must keep the balance; it must be true to the integrity of nature. All things are permissible in their place and proportion.

That a thing is real and true is no reason why it should go into the artist's picture; but that it belongs there, that it is organic there, a part of a vital whole, and that that whole is a fair representation of human life,—in this is the justification. Not every scene in nature composes well into a picture, and not every phase of human life is equally significant in a creative work. That nature does this or that is no reason why the artist should do it, unless he can show an equal insouciance and an equal prodigality and power. He must take what he can make his own and imbue with the spirit of life. I lately read a novel by one of our most promising young novelists, in which there was a streak of vulgar realism, forced in, evidently, under the pressure of a theory,—the theory that art is never to shrink from the true. It offended because it was entirely gratuitous; there was no necessity for it. If it was true, it was not apt; if it was real, it was not fit; it jarred; it was dragged in by main force; it was a false note. Is not anything disagreeable in a novel of the imagination a false note? Disagreeable, I mean, not by reason of the subject matter, but by reason of the treatment. Dante makes hell fascinating by his treatment.

There are three ways of treating the underside of nature: there is the child-like simplicity of the Biblical writers, who think no evil; there is the artistic frankness of the great dramatic poets, who know the value of foils and contrasts, and who cannot ignore any element of life; and there is the license and levity of the lascivious poets, who live in the erotic alone. Both Ibsen and Tolstoi have been condemned as immoral only because their artistic scheme embraces all the elements that are potent in life. Of levity, of exaggeration, they are not guilty. If Zola is to be condemned, it is probably because he makes too prominent certain things, and thus destroys the proportion. In nature no-

thing is detached. Her great currents flow on and purify themselves. The ugly, the unclean, are quickly lost sight of; the sky and the sun cover all, bathe all. But art is detachment: our attention is fixed upon a few points, and a drop or two too much of certain things spoils it

all. In nature a drop or two too much does not matter; we quickly escape, we find compensation. A bad odor in the open air is of little consequence; but in Zola's books the bad odors are as in a closed room, and we soon pray to be delivered from them.

John Burroughs.

PROSPECTS OF UNIVERSAL PEACE.

I.

It is not easy for some of us to take the Peace Congress quite seriously. The abolition of war, with the consequent introduction of universal peace, is such a vast undertaking that it seems entirely impracticable, and hardly deserving of formal discussion. There has been nothing really similar to this gathering in the history of human society; international agreements have generally been framed with conscious reference to the prospective outbreak of war as a contingency that was by no means remote. Even the project of Henri IV. of France for promoting universal peace in Christendom had its main object in the militant desire to present a united front against the Moslem. There has been but little seeking for peace, absolutely and for its own sake, in the history of national relations. Hence it is that the aim set forward in the Tsar's manifesto has very little relation to the ordinary business of the diplomatist, and takes us into spheres that are quite unfamiliar; it seems to be a mere dream, like some of Jules Verne's stories. Expeditions to the most distant and inhospitable parts of the earth may present great difficulties; still, we feel confident that none of them are entirely insuperable, and that sooner or later every portion of the globe may be traversed by men who persist in attempting it. But

voyages to the moon or the planets are quite another thing: a scheme for a journey to Mars is not an extension of terrestrial travel; it takes us beyond our experience. In similar fashion, a proposal not only to enter into alliances with reference to possible dangers, but to abolish war altogether, seems at first sight to be rather fantastic, it has so little to do with ordinary life. But, paradoxical as it may appear, this very apathy and incredulousness in the public mind are in themselves a complete justification for the action of the Tsar. Even if it accomplishes nothing else, the Congress at the Hague will have done a great work if it familiarizes men's minds with the idea of universal peace as a thing to be consciously aimed at. So soon as this object is deliberately accepted, and the ambitions which interfere with it are honestly laid aside, the expedients for securing universal peace will certainly be found.

At present the prospect is not very hopeful. Practical schemes for procuring peace between civilized peoples who feel aggrieved with one another have not yet been devised; what has been merely draughted on paper commands but little confidence, till it is tested, on a larger or smaller scale, in actual experience. Arbitration and boards of conciliation are not wholly new suggestions; they have been tried over and over again in disputes between capital and labor, in Eng-

land; repeated efforts in this humble field of social warfare do not give increased confidence in these methods of promoting peace. They have not proved so efficacious in allaying domestic difficulties as to give good grounds for hope that they will prove a panacea for healing international troubles. Even those who rely most strongly on the effectiveness of arbitration recognize that there may be difficulty in applying their favorite remedy. The zeal of the American people for settling the Venezuela dispute by enforced arbitration showed their passionate attachment to this principle; but yet the government of the United States seemed unwilling to resort to it as a means of settling their differences with Spain. In the very country where the merits of this method of extinguishing war are most loudly preached there is no corresponding readiness to put it in practice; while the ordinary citizen in England and other European countries has no confidence in it as a possible means of obtaining a fair settlement of international disputes.

The project of disarmament by common consent seems to be even more impracticable. If the strong man thinks that there is a sufficient ground for fighting, he will believe that he ought to put forth his full strength in the struggle. He would rather take a pledge never to come to blows at all than agree to settle a real dispute with one hand tied behind his back, as if he were giving an exhibition of sparring. Conventional rules for playing the game of war, under which the strongest party did not have free play to use its power, would hardly serve to restrain a free people whose passions were really roused in what they believed to be a good cause.

Under these circumstances the prospects of universal peace do not seem to be very bright; but those who are least sanguine about the effect of deliberation

on this subject may possibly see more ground for hope when they look at the matter from another side. While conscientious efforts for the abolition of military operations seem so futile, tendencies are at work which are steadily counteracting the causes that ordinarily make for war. In so far as changes in political aims and ambitions are doing away with the occasions of international conflict, there is less reason to feel despondent over the difficulty of creating machinery for constraining people to be at peace.

II.

Two subjects of great human interest have been the chief occasions of international hostilities in the past, — commerce and religion. That they may serve as contributing causes of quarrels in the future is exceedingly probable; but still, there is reason to believe that the malignant influence of these factors in human life is on the wane. An attentive consideration of the line which has been taken by England in recent years brings out the striking fact that the European nation whose commercial and missionary activity is most vigorous is now refusing to pursue by military methods the objects she has so much at heart.

Some of the most bitter struggles that occurred in past ages were brought about by the conflict of commercial interests, and especially by the efforts of some prosperous community to maintain an exclusive trade. The long hostilities between the Greek and Phœnician colonies, like the subsequent contests in the same waters between the Venetians and Genoese, were ultimately due to mercantile rivalry. The struggles between the English and the Dutch, and the clashing of the French and the English, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries arose out of quarrels about the opportunities of commercial development and colonial expansion which had been opened up by the age of discovery.

All of these countries were prepared to fight for the possession of exclusive advantages in some portion of the trade of the world. In the present day, however, and so far as England is concerned, that policy has been wholly abandoned, and can never be revived; she no longer aims at having a monopoly of any trade, but only at taking her place in markets that shall be open to all the world. She certainly will not go to war, as the Phœnicians and the Venetians and the Dutch did, for the sake of maintaining a monopoly, since she has given up all attempts to retain exclusive privileges. Those who have noticed the manner in which she accepted rebuffs in China, and the tone of the grumbling in the English papers whenever she seemed to be outwitted by Russian diplomacy, will feel that the people of England are averse to fighting for the sake either of opening new markets or of maintaining access to territories where their manufactures are already in demand. The English are not careless of trade; commercial prosperity is their most vital interest as a nation, but they appear to have learned that warfare is a costly method of promoting mercantile interests. According to English public opinion, it is not worth while to have recourse to arms in order to foster trade.

The religious policy of the English nation is even more obviously pacific. In bygone days, distinctive faiths and divergent interpretations of Christian duty have kindled the fiercest feuds. We have abundant illustrations of disastrous outbursts of religious zeal in the stories of the Crusades and of the wars of religion in France, as well as of the struggle which devastated Germany for thirty years. There are still many quarters in which religious passion may originate, or at least promote, an appeal to arms. It might do so in any part of the Moslem world; even in the United States, there seems to be some tendency, on the part of those who dislike it on other grounds, to excuse the war in the Philippines as

a sort of Protestant crusade. But present English public opinion is clearly against ever engaging in war in order to advance the interests of religion. That Christian power which is in most frequent contact with Mohammedan and heathen peoples is scrupulously on its guard against showing any hostility to their religions. To bring the influence of the civil magistrate to bear, within a Christian country, on behalf of religious instruction seems to many Englishmen to be a right and reasonable thing; but the attitude of the government to non-Christian peoples is another matter. To employ national arms or national prestige as a means of converting heathen tribes to an acceptance of Christian truths would be to fall back on methods that have been completely discredited.

This abandonment of militant Christianity is not a sign of a decrease in real religious earnestness. There never was an era in the history of England when approval of missionary effort was so general and hearty as it is at the present time. The feeling has shown itself in a remarkable manner at Oxford and Cambridge, where some of the ablest and most popular men have shared in the enthusiasm, and have gone out to work in the interior of China and in India. It finds expression, too, in the utterances of experienced administrators and statesmen, who recognize that railroads and steam engines are making havoc of the ancient social organization among the Hindus, and who know that the capitalistic system of industry may introduce a grinding tyranny which barbarous and half-civilized peoples are powerless to resist. They see that the work of opening up undeveloped countries is being pushed relentlessly on, and that the strides of economic progress cannot be arbitrarily checked; and they seem to feel that the pressure of Western civilization in barbarous and backward countries will be a positive curse, unless its growth is consciously leavened

by Christian influence. No previous century of English history has been so notable as the present for organized missionary effort, and the records of such an undertaking as the Universities' Mission to Central Africa show that personal devotion and heroism are not dead, even in this decadent age. But the Englishmen who feel this missionary enthusiasm most strongly would be loath to appeal for military aid in the prosecution of their work, or to exact compensation for the lives of bishops and priests who were ready to sacrifice themselves. It may safely be predicted that England will never go to war on behalf of religion, — not because her people have become indifferent to it, but because they no longer believe that military undertakings are a legitimate method of advancing the knowledge of the Christian faith. The attitude of England in this matter became clearer when she held aloof from active intervention on behalf of the Armenians.

III.

The recent policy of England, in deliberately refusing to take up quarrels on commercial or religious grounds, gives at least some reason for hoping that the causes which have most commonly led to the outbreak of war in the past are less likely to occasion it in the future. But even if other nations were more willing than they appear to adopt England's cosmopolitan system of commercial intercourse, we cannot dare to be very optimistic in regard to the prospects of peace. Although there is less need for anxiety about the old causes of war, there are new dangers of which it is well to take account, if only that we may consider in what way it is best to guard against them.

A serious danger arises from *national vanity*, as a popular failing in countries that are democratically governed in form or in fact. Half a century ago, people who were otherwise intelligent used to

speak as if war were always the sport of capricious princes and potentates, who recklessly gratified their personal ambition at the cost of the lives of their peoples and the ruin of the lands over which they ruled; political philosophers used to explain that, as the spread of democratic principles put political power into the hands of the masses, who really bore the burden of fighting, war would necessarily die out. But national vanity under democratic forms may be quite as great a danger as the personal ambition of a crowned head; for it may be very easily wounded. In ordinary social life, people who are not sure of their ground are always unduly sensitive and ready to take offense, and there is an analogous condition in public affairs. The French republic has shown itself extraordinarily nervous about its reception at courts and among diplomatists; the interchange of civilities with Russia, some years ago, was the occasion of special rejoicing in France, as it seemed to give a fuller recognition of the status of the country in the circle of the great powers. But this feeling in France has since given place to disappointment and bitterness; for no government can be more respected abroad than it is at home. If civil authority is not honored by the citizens of a state, it cannot enjoy a high prestige among its neighbors. So long as the French royalists carp at their rulers and mob them, and so long as the affairs of the country remain in the hands of politicians with tarnished reputations, France will count for little in the councils of European powers. She is likely to have to submit to be passed over and ignored; and there must be among her people, who are conscious of her resources and remember her traditions, a constant sense of irritation that is always ready to take offense at fancied slights. As a republic France is as great a danger to the peace of Europe as she was in the days of Louis XIV., though from very different reasons. She is no longer ca-

pable of a persistent policy of aggression, but she is less sure of her ground, and therefore she is just as touchy and as easily offended. Nor is public humiliation a wholesome medicine for national vanity; it may only goad a people to more eager self-exertion; the draped statue of Strassburg betokens a feeling that menaces the peace of Europe. The only possible cure lies, not in the triumphs of war, but in another direction altogether, — in peaceful intercourse. The better the people of different countries understand one another, the more capable they become of entering into one another's aims and habits of thought, the less likely will they be to give or to take offense. It is in national as in private life, — where all is understood, all may be forgiven.

It is to be noticed, moreover, that popular governments are in greater danger than absolute rulers of drifting into war carelessly. The popular will can never be so fully informed as a ruler may be of the precise resources of the realm, and of the efficiency of the administration. There is a very real danger that a democracy, from its deficient knowledge of actual political and military conditions, may fail, under some strong wave of aggrieved sentiment, to make any adequate calculation of the probable risks and cost of entering on a war. The Greeks, arrogant of the traditions which belong to the soil on which they dwell, rushed into a contest for which they were totally unprepared. Italy, anxious to rival her more wealthy compeers by developing a colonial empire, succeeded only in exposing her inherent weakness. Popular and democratic governments have no immunity from the folly of engaging in war in a reckless and light-hearted spirit.

Another, though a cognate danger, which we may note in modern times, arises from the great influence exercised by *irresponsible meddlers*. Once more there is an analogy between quarrels in private and in public life; those who in-

terfere in any delicate and difficult business, while they have no real power of giving effect to their views, are only too likely to do positive harm. The newspaper press exercises in many ways a great influence for good, and is especially useful in criticising bad administration; but its power is wholly irresponsible, and therefore dangerous, and it is likely to do serious mischief when it attempts to control the direction of affairs and to force the hands of responsible authorities. A London evening paper has boasted that it compelled the government of the day to send Gordon to the Soudan; but it failed to insure his being properly supported there; and the expenditure of blood and treasure in a series of campaigns may be in large part debited to the editor who instigated the initial step. The shame and disaster of that incident have at last been wiped out, at a terrible cost, and England can once more hold up her head in Africa. But it has been a bad business; outside agitation is a cumbrous method of conducting the affairs of state. It is the duty of citizens to exercise their responsibilities as electors with care, and to gauge the capabilities of the men to whom the policy of a country is committed; but it is not wise for any individual or any section of the community to try to jerk the reins of government at a critical moment.

The risks which are due to national vanity and irresponsible meddling are very serious, but, like other dangers, they become less formidable when we face them consciously. There is no nostrum that will effect a sudden and complete cure; but the more general diffusion of political intelligence and a stronger sense of civic duty, as it is diffused in any community, will serve as a safeguard. Some of the peoples who have attained to a great degree of freedom seem hardly to be fitted to enjoy it; they boast of their liberty, but they never appear in earnest about democratic institutions; they are

not at pains that the business of state shall be well done as a regular thing. Free peoples must learn to take the duties of self-government as seriously as absolute monarchs and their ministers regard the work of ruling. Such increased political wisdom and earnestness will have excellent results on the internal administration of any country, and they also serve as an excellent prophylactic to guard the body politic against possible attacks of war fever.

John Fiske has well said (*American Political Ideas*, page 109) that "the permanent peace of the world can be secured only through the gradual concentration of the preponderant military strength into the hands of the most pacific communities." Three powers stand out preëminently in the world as being strong at the present time, and as having great possibilities of development before them: England, with her dominion on the shores of every sea; Russia, with

her vast empire in the Old World; and America, with her magnificent union of states in the New. Each of these powers is aiming at peace, though by different methods: Russia proposes a self-denying ordinance of disarmament, America proclaims the sufficiency of arbitration; but neither of these countries has as yet abandoned the effort to secure exclusive advantages for industrial and commercial development, and the possible clash of national interests still looms in the future for each; the thunderclouds have not dispersed. But there is a better method of pursuing the same end; if we can prevent strife from arising, we need not concern ourselves about methods for keeping it within bounds or allaying it. England alone has entered upon a line of policy by which the old occasions of hostility are laid aside; with all her national pride, she shows a genuine unwillingness to take offense. Perhaps this is the more excellent way.

William Cunningham.

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD.¹

IX.

IN WHICH TWO DRINK OF ONE CUP.

WAITING for us in the doorway we found Master Jeremy Sparrow, relieved of his battered armor, his face wreathed with hospitable smiles, and a posy in his hand.

"When the Spaniard turned out to be only the King's minion, I slipped away to see that all was in order," he said genially. "Here are roses, madam, that you are not to treat as you did those others."

She took them from him with a smile, and we went into the house to find three fair large rooms, something bare of fur-

nishing, but clean and sweet, with here and there a bow pot of newly gathered flowers, a dish of wardens on the table, and a cool air laden with the fragrance of the pine blowing through the open window.

"This is your demesne," quoth the minister. "I have worthy Master Bucke's own chamber upstairs. Ah, good man, I wish he may quickly recover his strength and come back to his own, and so relieve me of the burden of all this luxury. I, whom nature meant for an eremite, have no business in kings' chambers such as these."

His devout faith in his own distaste for soft living and his longings after a hermit's cell was an edifying spectacle.

¹ Copyright, 1899, by MARY JOHNSTON.

So was the evident pride which he took in his domain, the complacency with which he pointed out the shady, well-stocked garden, and the delight with which he produced and set upon the table a huge pasty and a flagon of wine.

"It is a fast day with me," he said. "I may neither eat nor drink until the sun goes down. The flesh is a strong giant, very full of pride and lust of living, and the spirit must needs keep watch and ward, seizing every opportunity to mortify and deject its adversary. Good-wife Allen is still gaping with the crowd at the fort, and your man and maid have not yet come, but I shall be overhead if you need aught. Mistress Percy must want rest after her ride."

He was gone, leaving us two alone together. She stood opposite me, beside the window, from which she had not moved since entering the room. The color was still in her cheeks, the light in her eyes, and she still held the roses with which Sparrow had heaped her arms. I was moving to the table.

"Wait!" she said, and I turned toward her again.

"Have you no questions to ask?" she demanded.

I shook my head. "None, madam."

"I was the King's ward!" she cried.

I bowed, but spoke no word, though she waited for me.

Then she spoke herself, proudly, and yet with a pleading sweetness: "If you will listen, I will tell you how it was that I — that I came to wrong you so."

"I am listening, madam," I replied.

She stood against the light, the roses pressed to her bosom, her dark eyes upon me, her head held high. "My mother died when I was born; my father, years ago. I was the King's ward; yea, and his kinswoman beside. While the Queen lived she kept me with her, — she loved me, I think; and the King too was kind, — would have me sing to him, and would talk to me about witchcraft and the Scriptures, and how rebellion to a king is re-

bellion to God. When I was sixteen, and he tendered me marriage with a Scotch lord, I, who loved the gentleman not, never having seen him, prayed the King to take the value of my marriage and leave me my freedom. He was so good to me then that the Scotch lord was wed elsewhere, and I danced at the wedding with a mind at ease. Time passed, and the King was still my very good lord. Then, one black day, my Lord Carnal came to court, and the King looked at him oftener than at his Grace of Buckingham. A few months, and my lord's wish was the King's will. To do this new favorite pleasure he forgot his ancient kindness of heart; yea, and he made the law of no account. I was his kinswoman, and under my full age; he would give my hand to whom he chose. He chose to give it to my Lord Carnal."

She broke off, and turned her face from me toward the slant sunshine without the window. Thus far she had spoken quietly, with a certain proud patience of voice and bearing; but as she stood there in a silence which I did not break, the memory of her wrongs brought the crimson to her cheeks and the anger to her eyes. Suddenly she burst forth passionately: "The King is the King! What is a subject's will to clash with his? What weighs a woman's heart against his whim? Little cared he that my hand held back, grew cold at the touch of that other hand in which he would have put it. What matter if my will was against that marriage? It was but the will of a girl, and must be broken. All my world was with the King; I, who stood alone, was but a woman, young and untaught. Oh, they pressed me sore, they angered me to the very heart! There was not one to fight my battle, to help me in that strait, to show me a better path than that I took. With all my heart, with all my soul, with all my might, I *hate* that man which that ship brought here to-day! You know what I did to escape them all, to escape that man. I fled from England in the

dress of my waiting maid and under her name. I came to Virginia in that guise. I let myself be put up, appraised, cried for sale, in that meadow yonder, as if I had been indeed the piece of merchandise I professed myself. The one man who approached me with respect I gulled and cheated. I let him, a stranger, give me his name. I shelter myself now behind his name. I have foisted on him my quarrel. I have — Oh, despise me, if you will! You cannot despise me more than I despise myself!"

I stood with my hand upon the table and my eyes studying the shadow of the vines upon the floor. All that she said was perfectly true, and yet — I had a vision of a scarlet and black figure and a dark and beautiful face. I too hated my Lord Carnal.

"I do not despise you, madam," I said at last. "What was done two weeks ago in the meadow yonder is past recall. Let it rest. What is mine is yours; it's little beside my sword and my name. The one is naturally at my wife's service; for the other, I have had some pride in keeping it untarnished. It is now in your keeping as well as my own. I do not fear to leave it there, madam."

I had spoken with my eyes upon the garden outside the window, but now I looked at her, to see that she was trembling in every limb, — trembling so that I thought she would fall. I hastened to her. "The roses," she said, — "the roses are too heavy. Oh, I am tired — and the room goes round."

I caught her as she fell, and laid her gently upon the floor. There was water on the table, and I dashed some in her face and moistened her lips; then turned to the door to get woman's help, and ran against Diccon.

"I got that bag of bones here at last, sir," he began. "If ever I" — His eyes traveled past me, and he broke off.

"Don't stand there staring," I ordered. "Go bring the first woman you meet."

"Is she dead?" he asked under his breath. "Have you killed her?"

"Killed her, fool!" I cried. "Have you never seen a woman swoon?"

"She looks like death," he muttered. "I thought" —

"You thought!" I exclaimed. "You have too many thoughts. Begone, and call for help!"

"Here is Angela," he said sullenly and without offering to move, as, light of foot, soft of voice, ox-eyed and docile, the black woman entered the room. When I saw her upon her knees beside the motionless figure, the head pillowed on her arm, her hand busy with the fastenings about throat and bosom, her dark face as womanly tender as any English mother's bending over her nursing; and when I saw my wife, with a little moan, creep further into the encircling arms, I was satisfied.

"Come away!" I said, and, followed by Diccon, went out and shut the door.

My Lord Carnal was never one to let the grass grow beneath his feet. An hour later came his cartel, borne by no less a personage than the Secretary of the colony.

I took it from the point of that worthy's rapier. It ran thus: "Sir, — At what hour to-morrow and at what place do you prefer to die? And with what weapon shall I kill you?"

"Captain Percy will give me credit for the profound reluctance with which I act in this affair against a gentleman and an officer so high in the esteem of the colony," said Master Pory, with his hand upon his heart. "When I tell him that I once fought at Paris in a duel of six on the same side with my late Lord Carnal, and that when I was last at court my Lord Warwick did me the honor to present me to the present lord, he will see that I could not well refuse when the latter requested my aid."

"Master Pory's disinterestedness is perfectly well known," I said, without a smile. "If he ever chooses the stronger

side, sure he has strong reasons for so doing. He will oblige me by telling his principal that I ever thought sunrise a pleasant hour for dying, and that there could be no fitter place than the field behind the church, convenient as it is to the graveyard. As for weapons, I have heard that he is a good swordsman, but I have some little reputation that way myself. If he prefers pistols or daggers, so be it."

"I think we may assume the sword," said Master Pory.

I bowed.

"You'll bring a friend?" he asked.

"I do not despair of finding one," I answered, "though my second, Master Secretary, will put himself in some jeopardy."

"It is *combat à l'outrance*, I believe?"

"I understand it so."

"Then we'd better have Bohun. The survivor may need his services."

"As you please," I replied, "though my man Diccon dresses my scratches well enough."

He bit his lip, but could not hide the twinkle in his eye.

"You are cocksure," he said. "Curiously enough, so is my lord. There are no further formalities to adjust, I believe? To-morrow at sunrise, behind the church, and with rapiers?"

"Precisely."

He slapped his blade back into its sheath. "Then that's over and done with, for the nonce at least! Sufficient unto the day, etcetera. 'S life! I'm hot and dry! You've sacked cities, Ralph Percy; now sack me the minister's closet and bring out his sherries. I'll be at charges for the next communion."

We sat us down upon the doorstep with a tankard of sack between us, and Master Pory drank, and drank, and drank again.

"How's the crop?" he asked. "Martin reports it poorer in quality than ever, but Sir George will have it that it is very Varinas."

"It's every whit as good as the Spanish," I answered. "You may tell my Lord Warwick so, when next you write."

He laughed. If he was a timeserver and leagued with my Lord Warwick's faction in the Company, he was a jovial sinner. Traveler and student, much of a philosopher, more of a wit, and boon companion to any beggar with a pottle of ale, — while the drink lasted, — we might look askance at his dealings, but we liked his company passing well. If he took half a poor rustic's crop for his fee, he was ready enough to toss him sixpence for drink money; and if he made the tenants of the lands allotted to his office leave their tobacco uncared for whilst they rowed him on his innumerable roving expeditions up creeks and rivers, he at least lightened their labors with most side-splitting tales and with bottle songs learnt in a thousand taverns.

"After to-morrow there'll be more interesting news to write," he announced. "You're a bold man, Captain Percy."

He looked at me out of the corners of his little twinkling eyes. I sat and smoked in silence.

"The King begins to dote upon him," he said; "leans on his arm, plays with his hand, touches his cheek. Buckingham stands by, biting his lip, his brow like a thundercloud. You'll find in to-morrow's antagonist, Ralph Percy, as potent a conjurer as your cousin Hotspur found in Glendower. He'll conjure you up the Tower, and a hanging, drawing, and quartering. Who touches the King's favorite had safer touch the King. It's *dese majesté* you contemplate."

He lit his pipe and blew out a great cloud of smoke, then burst into a roar of laughter. "My Lord High Admiral may see you through. Zooks! there'll be a raree-show worth the penny, behind the church to-morrow, — a Percy striving with all his might and main to serve a Villiers! Eureka! There is something new under the sun, despite the Preacher!" He blew out another cloud of

smoke. By this the tankard was empty, and his cheeks were red, his eyes moist, and his laughter very ready.

"Where's the Lady Jocelyn Leigh?" he asked. "May I not have the honor to kiss her hand before I go?"

I stared at him. "I do not understand you," I said coldly. "There's none within but Mistress Percy. She is weary, and rests after her journey. We came from Weyanoke this morning."

He shook with laughter. "Ay, ay, brave it out!" he cried. "It's what every man Jack of us said you would do! But all's known, man! The Governor read the King's letters in full Council an hour ago. She's the Lady Jocelyn Leigh; she's a ward of the King's; she and her lands are to wed my Lord Carnal!"

"She was all that," I replied. "Now she's my wife."

"You'll find that the Court of High Commission will not agree with you."

My rapier lay across my knees, and I ran my hand down its worn scabbard. "Here's one that agrees with me," I said. "And up there is Another," and I lifted my hat.

He stared. "God and my good sword!" he cried. "A very knightly dependence, but not to be mentioned nowadays in the same breath with gold and the King's favor. Better bend to the storm, man; sing low while it roars past. You can swear that you didn't know her to be of finer weave than dowlas. Oh, they'll call it in some sort a marriage, for the lady's own sake; but they'll find flaws enough to crack a thousand such mad matches. The divorcee is the thing! There's precedent, you know. A fair lady was parted from a brave man not a thousand years ago, because a favorite wanted her. True, Frances Howard wanted the favorite, whilst this beauty *is* yours" —

"You will please not couple the name of my wife with the name of that adulteress!" I interrupted fiercely.

He started; then cried out somewhat hurriedly: "No offense, no offense! I meant no comparisons; comparisons are odorous, saith Dogberry. All at court know the Lady Jocelyn Leigh for a very Britomart, a maid as cold as Dian!"

I rose, and began to pace up and down the bit of green before the door. "Master Percy," I said at last, coming to a stop before him, "if, without breach of faith, you can tell me what was said or done at the Council to-day anent this matter, you will lay me under an obligation that I shall not forget."

He studied the lace on his sleeve in silence for a while; then glanced up at me out of those small, sly, merry eyes. "Why," he answered, "the King demands that the lady be sent home forthwith, on the ship that gave us such a turn to-day, in fact, with a couple of women to attend her, and under the protection of the only other passenger of quality, to wit, my Lord Carnal. His Majesty cannot conceive it possible that she hath so far forgotten her birth, rank, and duty as to have maintained in Virginia this mad masquerade, throwing herself into the arms of any petty planter or broken adventurer who hath chanced to have an hundred and twenty pounds of filthy tobacco with which to buy him a wife. If she hath been so mad, she is to be sent home none the less, where she will be tenderly dealt with as one surely in this sole matter under the spell of witchcraft. The ship is to bring home also — and in irons — the man who married her. If he swears to have been ignorant of her quality, and places no straws in the way of the King's Commissioners, then shall he be sent honorably back to Virginia with enough in his hand to get him another wife. *Per contra*, if he erred with open eyes, and if he remain contumacious, he will have to deal with the King and with the Court of High Commission, to say nothing of the King's favorite. That's the sum and substance, Ralph Percy."

"Why was my Lord Carnal sent?" I asked.

"Probably because my Lord Carnal would come. He hath a will, hath my lord, and the King is more indulgent than Eli to those upon whom he dotes. Doubtless my Lord High Admiral sped him on his way, gave him the King's best ship, wished him a favorable wind — to hell."

"I was not ignorant that she was other than she seemed, and I remain contumacious."

"Then," he said shamelessly, "you'll forgive me if in public, at least, I forswear your company? You're plague-spotted, Captain Percy, and your friends may wish you well, but they must stay at home and burn juniper before their own doors."

"I'll forgive you," I said, "when you've told me what the Governor will do."

"Why, there's the rub," he answered. "Yearley is the most obstinate man of my acquaintance. He who at his first coming, beside a great deal of worth in his person, brought only his sword hath grown to be as very a Sir Oracle among us as ever I saw. It's 'Sir George says this,' and 'Sir George says that,' and so there's an end on't. It's all because of that leave to cut your own throats in your own way that he brought you last year. Sir George and Sir Edwyn! Zooks! you had better dub them St. George and St. Edwyn at once, and be done with it. Well, on this occasion Sir George stands up and says roundly, with a good round oath to boot: 'The King's commands have always come to us through the Company. The Company obeys the King; we obey the Company. His Majesty's demand (with reverence I speak it) is out of all order. Let the Company, through the Treasurer, command us to send Captain Percy home in irons to answer for this passing strange offense, or to return, willy nilly, the lady who is now surely his wife, and we will

have no choice but to obey. Until the Company commands us we will do nothing; nay, we can do nothing.' And every one of my fellow Councilors (for myself, I was busy with my pens) saith, 'My opinion, Sir George.' The upshot of it all is that the Due Return is to sail in two days with our humble representations to his Majesty that though we bow to his lightest word as the leaf bows to the zephyr, yet we are, in this sole matter, handfast, compelled by his Majesty's own gracious charter to refer our slightest official doing to that noble Company which owes its very being to its rigid adherence to the terms of said charter. Wherefore, if his Majesty will be graciously pleased to command us as usual through the said Company — and so on. Of course, not a soul in the Council, or in Jamestown, or in Virginia dreams of a duel behind the church at sunrise to-morrow." He knocked the ashes from his pipe, and by degrees got his fat body up from the doorstep. "So there's a reprieve for you, Ralph Percy, unless you kill or are killed to-morrow morning. In the latter case, the problem's solved; in the former, the best service you can do yourself, and maybe the Company, is to walk out of the world of your own accord, and that as quickly as possible. Better a cross-roads and a stake through a dead heart than a hangman's hands upon a live one."

"One moment," I said. "Doth my Lord Carnal know of this decision of the Governor's?"

"Ay, and a fine passion it put him into. Stormed and swore and threatened, and put the Governor's back up finely. It seems that he thought to 'bout ship to-morrow, lady and all. He refuseth to go without the lady, and so remaineth in Virginia until he can have his will. Lord! but Buckingham would be a happy man if he were kept here forever and a day! My lord knows what he risks, and he's in as black a humor as ever you saw. But I have striven to drop

oil on the troubled waters. 'My lord,' I told him, 'you have but to possess your soul with patience for a few short weeks, just until the ship the Governor sends can return. Then all must needs be as your lordship wishes. In the meantime, you may find existence in these wilds and away from that good company which is the soul of life enduring, and perhaps pleasant. You may have daily sight of the lady who is to become your wife, and that should count for much with so ardent and determined a lover as your lordship hath shown yourself to be. You may have the pleasure of contemplating your rival's grave, if you kill him. If he kills you, you will care the less about the date of the Santa Teresa's sailing. The land, too, hath inducements to offer to a philosophical and contemplative mind such as one whom his Majesty delighteth to honor must needs possess. Beside these crystal rivers and among these odoriferous woods, my lord, one escapes much expense, envy, contempt, vanity, and vexation of mind.' "

The hoary sinner laughed and laughed. He might have been own brother to that mirthful and malicious savage, the laughing king of Accomac. When he had gone away, still in huge enjoyment of his own mirth, I, who had seen small cause for mirth, went slowly indoors. Not a yard from the door, in the shadow of the vines that draped the window, stood the woman who was bringing this fate upon me.

"I thought that you were in your own room," I said harshly, after a moment of dead silence.

"I came to the window," she replied. "I listened. I heard all." She spoke haltingly, through dry lips. Her face was as white as her ruff, but a strange light burned in her eyes, and there was no trembling. "This morning you said that all that you had — your name and your sword — were at my service. You may take them both again, sir. I refuse the aid you offer. Swear what you will, tell them what you

please, make your peace whilst you may. I will not have your blood upon my soul."

There was yet wine upon the table. I filled a cup and brought it to her. "Drink!" I commanded.

"I have much of forbearance, much of courtesy, to thank you for," she said. "I will remember it when — Do not think that I shall blame you" —

I held the cup to her lips. "Drink!" I repeated. She touched the red wine with her lips. I took it from her and put it to my own. "We drink of the same cup," I said, with my eyes upon hers, and drained it to the bottom. "I am weary of swords and courts and kings. Let us go into the garden and watch the minister's bees."

X.

IN WHICH MASTER PORY GAINS TIME TO SOME PURPOSE.

Rolfe, coming down by boat from Varina, had reached the town in the dusk of that day which had seen the arrival of the Santa Teresa, and I had gone to him before I slept that night. Early morning found us together again in the field behind the church.

We had not long to wait in the chill air and dew-drenched grass. When the red rim of the sun showed like a fire between the trunks of the pines came my Lord Carnal, and with him Master Pory and Dr. Lawrence Bohun.

My lord and I bowed to each other profoundly. Rolfe with my sword and Master Pory with my lord's stepped aside to measure the blades. Dr. Bohun, muttering something about the feverishness of the early air, wrapped his cloak about him, and huddled in among the roots of a gigantic cedar. I stood with my back to the church, and my face to the red water between us and the ilimitable forest; my lord opposite me,

six feet away. He was dressed again splendidly in black and scarlet, colors he much affected, and, with the dark beauty of his face and the arrogant grace with which he stood there waiting for his sword, made a picture worth looking upon.

Rolfe and the Secretary came back to us. "If you kill him, Ralph," said the former in a low voice, as he took my doublet from me, "you are to put yourself in my hands and do as you are bid."

"Which means I am to take the horse I see fastened yonder and fly north to the Dutch. Thanks, friend, but I'll see the play out here."

"You were ever obstinate, self-willed, reckless—and the man most to my heart," he continued. "Have your way, in God's name, but I wish not to see what will come of it! All's ready, Master Secretary."

Very slowly that worthy stooped down and examined the ground, narrowly and quite at his leisure. "I like it not, Master Rolfe," he declared at length. "Here's a molehill, and there's a fairy ring."

"I see neither," said Rolfe. "It looks as smooth as a table. But we can easily shift under the cedars where there is no grass."

"Here's a projecting root," announced the Secretary, when the new ground had been reached.

Rolfe shrugged his shoulders, but we moved again.

"The light comes jaggedly through the branches," objected my lord's second. "Better try the open again."

Rolfe uttered an exclamation of impatience, and my lord stamped his foot on the ground. "What is this foolery, sir?" the latter cried fiercely. "The ground's well enough, and there's sufficient light to die by."

"Let the light pass, then," said his second resignedly. "Gentlemen, are you read—Ods blood! my lord, I had not noticed the roses upon your lord-

ship's shoes! They are so large and have such a fall that they sweep the ground on either side your foot; you might stumble in all that dangling ribbon and lace. Allow me to remove them."

He unsheathed his knife, and, sinking upon his knees, began leisurely to sever the threads that held the roses to the leather. As he worked, he looked neither at the roses nor at my lord's angry face, but beneath his own bent arm toward the church and the town beyond.

How long he would have sawed away at those few brittle threads there is no telling; for my lord, amongst whose virtues patience was not one, broke from him, and with an oath stooped and tore away the offending roses with his own hand, then straightened himself and gripped his sword more closely. "I've learned one thing in this d——d land," he snarled, "and that is where not to choose a second. You, sir," to Rolfe, "give the word."

Master Pory rose from his knees, unruffled and unabashed, and still with a curiously absent expression upon his fat face and with his ears cocked in the direction of the church. "One moment, gentlemen," he said. "I have just thought me"—

"On guard!" cried Rolfe, and cut him short.

The King's favorite was no mean antagonist. Once or twice the thought crossed my mind that here, where I least desired it, I had met my match. The apprehension passed. He fought as he lived, with a fierce intensity, a headlong passion, a brute force, bearing down and overwhelming most obstacles. But that I could tire him out I soon knew.

The incessant flash and clash of steel, the quick changes in position, the need to bring all powers of body and mind to aid of eye and wrist, the will to win, the shame of loss, the rage and lust of blood,—there was no sight or sound outside that trampled circle that could force itself upon our brain or make us

glance aside. If there was a sudden commotion amongst the three witnesses, if an expression of immense relief and childlike satisfaction reigned in Master Pory's face, we knew it not. We were both bleeding, — I from a pin prick on the shoulder, he from a touch beneath the arm. He made a desperate thrust, which I parried, and the blades clashed. A third came down upon them with such force that the sparks flew.

"In the King's name!" commanded the Governor.

We fell apart, panting, white with rage, staring at the unexpected disturbers of our peace. They were the Governor, the commander, the Cape Merchant, the marshal, and the watch.

"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace!" exclaimed Master Pory, and retired to the cedar and Dr. Bohun.

"This ends here, gentlemen," said the Governor firmly. "You are both bleeding. It is enough."

"Out of my way, sir!" cried my lord, foaming at the mouth. He made a mad thrust over the Governor's extended arm at me, who was ready enough to meet him. "Have at thee, thou bridegroom!" he said between his teeth.

The Governor caught him by the wrist. "Put up your sword, my lord, or, as I stand here, you shall give it into the marshal's hands!"

"Hell and furies!" ejaculated my lord. "Do you know who I am, sir?"

"Ay," replied the Governor sturdily, "I do know. It is because of that knowledge, my Lord Carnal, that I interfere in this affair. Were you other than you are, you and this gentleman might fight until doomsday, and meet with no hindrance from me. Being what you are, I will prevent any renewal of this duel, by fair means if I may, by foul if I must."

He left my lord, and came over to me. "Since when have you been upon my Lord Warwick's side, Ralph Percy?" he demanded, lowering his voice.

"I am not so," I said.

"Then appearances are mightily deceitful," he retorted.

"I know what you mean, Sir George," I answered. "I know that if the King's darling should meet death or maiming in this fashion, upon Virginian soil, the Company, already so out of favor, might find some difficulty in explaining things to his Majesty's satisfaction. But I think my Lord Southampton and Sir Edwyn Sandys and Sir George Yeardley equal to the task, especially if they are able to deliver to his Majesty the man whom his Majesty will doubtless consider the true and only rebel and murderer. Let us fight it out, sir. You can all retire to a distance and remain in profound ignorance of any such affair. If I fall, you have nothing to fear. If he falls, — why, I shall not run away, and the *Due Return* sails to-morrow."

He eyed me closely from under frowning brows. "And when your wife's a widow, what then?" he asked abruptly.*

I have not known many better men than this simple, straightforward, soldierly Governor. The manliness of his character begot trust, invited confidence. Men told him of their hidden troubles almost against their will, and afterward felt neither shame nor fear, knowing the simplicity of his thoughts and the reticence of his speech. I looked him in the eyes, and let him read what I would have shown to no other, and felt no shame. "The Lord may raise her up a helper," I said. "At least she won't have to marry *him*."

He turned on his heel and moved back to his former station between us two. "My Lord Carnal," he said, "and you, Captain Percy, heed what I say; for what I say I will do. You may take your choice: either you will sheathe your swords here in my presence, giving me your word of honor that you will not draw them upon each other before his Majesty shall have made known his will in this matter to the Company, and the

Company shall have transmitted it to me, in token of which truce between you you shall touch each other's hands; or you will pass the time between this and the return of the ship with the King's and the Company's will in strict confinement,—you, Captain Percy, in gaol, under charge of the marshal, and you, my Lord Carnal, in my own poor house, where I will use my best endeavors to make the days pass as pleasantly as possible for your lordship. I have spoken, gentlemen."

There was no protest. For my own part, I knew Yeardley too well to attempt any; moreover, had I been in his place, his course should have been mine. For my Lord Carnal,—what black thoughts visited that fierce and sullen brain I know not, but there was acquiescence in his face, haughty, dark, and vengeful though it was. Slowly and as with one motion we sheathed our swords, and more slowly still repeated the few words after the Governor. His Honor's countenance shone with relief. "Take each other by the hand, gentlemen, and then let's all to breakfast at my own house, where there shall be no feud save with good capon pasty and jolly good ale." In dead silence my lord and I touched each other's finger tips.

The world was now a flood of sunshine, the mist on the river vanishing, the birds singing, the trees waving in the pleasant morning air. From the town came the roll of the drum summoning all to the week-day service. The bells too began to ring, sounding sweetly through the clear air. The Governor took off his hat. "Let's all to church, gentlemen," he said gravely. "Our cheeks are flushed as with a fever and our pulses run high this morning. There be some among us, perhaps, that have in their hearts discontent, anger, and hatred. I know no better place to take such passions, provided we bring them not forth again."

We went in and sat down. Jeremy

Sparrow was in the pulpit. Singly or in groups the town folk entered. Down the aisle strode bearded men, old soldiers, adventurers, sailors, scarred body and soul; young men followed, younger sons and younger brothers, prodigals whose portion had been spent, whose souls now ate of the husks; to the servants' benches came dull laborers, dimly comprehending, groping in the twilight; women entered softly and slowly, some with children clinging to their skirts. One came alone and knelt alone, her face shadowed by her mantle. Amongst the servants stood a slave or two, blindly staring, and behind them all one of that felon crew sent us by the King.

Through the open windows streamed the summer sunshine, soft and fragrant, impartial and unquestioning, caressing alike the uplifted face of the minister, the head of the convict, and all between. The minister's voice was grave and tender when he read and prayed, but in the hymn it rose above the people's like the voice of some mighty archangel. That triumphant singing shook the air, and still rang in the heart while we said the Creed.

When the service was over, the congregation waited for the Governor to pass out first. At the door he pressed me to go with him and his party to his own house, and I gave him thanks, but made excuse to stay away. When he and the nobleman who was his guest had left the churchyard, and the townspeople too were gone, I and my wife and the minister walked home together through the dewy meadow, with the splendor of the morning about us, and the birds caroling from every tree and thicket.

XI.

IN WHICH I MEET AN ITALIAN DOCTOR.

The summer, that was already far advanced, slipped away, and autumn came,

with the purple of the grape and the yellowing corn, the nuts within the forest, and the return of the countless wild fowl to the marshes and reedy river banks, and still I stayed in Jamestown, and my wife with me, and still the Santa Teresa rode at anchor in the river below the fort. If the man whom she brought knew that by tarrying in Virginia he risked his ruin with the King, yet, with a courage worthy of a better cause, he tarried.

Now and then ships came in, but they were small, belated craft. The most had left England before the sailing of the Santa Teresa; the rest, private ventures, trading for clapboard or sassafras, knew nothing of court affairs. Only the Sea Flower, sailing from London a fortnight after the Santa Teresa, and much delayed by adverse winds, brought a letter from the deputy treasurer to Yeardley and the Council. From Rolfe I learned its contents. It spoke of the stir that was made by the departure from the realm of the King's favorite. "None know where he hath gone. The King looks *dour*; 'tis hinted that the privy council are as much at sea as the rest of the world; my Lord of Buckingham saith nothing, but his following — which of late hath somewhat decayed — is so encreased that his antechambers cannot hold the throngs that come to wait upon him. Some will have it that my Lord Carnal hath fled the kingdom to escape the Tower; others, that the King hath sent him on a mission to the King of Spain about this detested Spanish match; others, that the gadfly hath stung him and he is gone to America, — to search for Raleigh's gold mine, maybe. This last most improbable; but if 't is so, and he should touch at Virginia, receive him with all honour. If indeed he is not out of favour, the Company may find in him a powerful friend; of powerful enemies, God knows, there is no lack!"

Thus the worthy Master Ferrar. And at the bottom of the letter, among other news of city and court, mention was made

of the disappearance of a cousin and ward of the King's, the Lady Jocelyn Leigh. Strict search had been made, but the unfortunate lady had not been found. " 'Tis whispered that she hath killed herself; also, that his Majesty had meant to give her in marriage to my Lord Carnal. But that all true love and virtue and constancy have gone from the age, one might conceive that the said lord had but fled the court for a while, to indulge his grief in some solitude of hill and stream and shady vale, — the lost lady being right worthy of such dole."

In sooth she was, but my lord was not given to such fashion of mourning.

The summer passed, and I did nothing. What was there I could do? I had written by the Due Return to Sir Edwyn, and to my cousin, the Earl of Northumberland. The King hated Sir Edwyn as he hated tobacco and witchcraft. "Choose the devil, but not Sir Edwyn Sandys!" had been his passionate words to the Company the year before. A certain fifth of November had despoiled my Lord of Northumberland of wealth, fame, and influence. Small hope there was in those two. That the Governor and Council, remembering old dangers shared, wished me well I did not doubt, but that was all. Yeardley had done all he could do, more than most men would have dared to do, in procuring this delay. There was no further help in him; nor would I have asked it. Already out of favor with the Warwick faction, he had risked enough for me and mine. I could not flee to the Indians, exposing Mistress Percy to a death by fierce tortures; moreover, Opechancanough had of late strangely taken to returning to the settlements those runaway servants and fugitives from justice which before we had demanded from him in vain. If even it had been possible to run the gauntlet of the Indian villages, war parties, and hunting bands, what would have been before us but endless forest and a winter which for us would have had no

spring? I could not see her die of hunger and cold, or by the teeth of the wolves. I could not do what I should have liked to do, — take, single-handed, that King's ship with its sturdy crew and sail with her south and ever southwards, before us nothing more formidable than Spanish ships, and beyond them blue waters, spice winds, new lands, strange islands of the blest.

There seemed naught that I could do, naught that she could do. Our Fate had us by the hands, and held us fast. We stood still, and the days came and went like dreams.

While the Assembly was in session I had my part to act as Burgess from my hundred. Each day I sat with my fellows in the church, facing the Governor in his great velvet chair, the Council on either hand, and listened to the droning of old Twine, the clerk, like the droning of the bees without the window; to the chant of the sergeant-at-arms; to long and windy discourses from men who planted better than they spoke; to remarks by the Secretary, witty, crammed with Latin and traveled talk; to the Governor's slow, weighty words. At Weyanoke we had had trouble with the Indians. I was one who loved them not and had fought them well, for which reason the hundred chose me its representative. In the Assembly it was my part to urge a greater severity toward those our natural enemies, a greater watchfulness on our part, the need for palisades and sentinels, the danger that lay in their acquisition of firearms, which, in defiance of the law, men gave them in exchange for worthless Indian commodities. This Indian business was the chief matter before the Assembly. I spoke when I thought speech was needed, and spoke strongly; for my heart foreboded that which was to come upon us too soon and too surely. The Governor listened gravely, nodding his head; Master Pory, too, the Cape Merchant, and West were of my mind; but the re-

mainder were besotted by their own conceit, esteeming the very name of Englishman sentinel and palisade enough, or trusting in the smooth words and vows of brotherhood poured forth so plentifully by that red Apollyon, Opechanca-nough.

When the day's work was done, and we streamed out of the church, — the Governor and Council first, the rest of us in order, — it was to find as often as not a red and black figure waiting for us among the graves. Sometimes it joined itself to the Governor, sometimes to Master Pory; sometimes the whole party, save one, went off with it to the guest house, there to eat, drink, and make merry.

If Virginia and all that it contained, save only that jewel of which it had robbed the court, were out of favor with the King's minion, he showed it not. Perhaps he had accepted the inevitable with a good grace; perhaps it was but his mode of biding his time; but he had shifted into that soldierly frankness of speech and manner, that genial, hail-fellow-well-met air, behind which most safely hides a villain's mind. Two days after that morning behind the church, he had removed himself, his French valets, and his Italian physician from the Governor's house to the newly finished guest house. Here he lived, cock of the walk, taking his ease in his inn, elbowing out all guests save those of his own inviting. If, what with his open face and his open hand, his dinners and bear-baitings and hunting parties, his tales of the court and the wars, his half hints as to the good he might do Virginia with the King, extending even to the lightening of the impost upon our tobacco and the prohibition of the Spanish import, his known riches and power, and the unknown height to which they might attain if his star at court were indeed in the ascendant, — if with these things he slowly, but surely, won to his following all save a very few of those I had

thought my fast friends, it was not a thing marvelous or without precedent. Upon his side was good that might be seen and handled; on mine was only a dubious right and a not at all dubious danger. I do not think it plagued me much. The going of those who had it in their heart to wish to go left me content, and for those who fawned upon him from the first, or for the rabble multitude who flung up their caps and ran at his heels, I cared not a doit. There were still Rolfe and West and the Governor, Jeremy Sparrow and Diceon.

My lord and I met, perforce, in the street, at the Governor's house, in church, on the river, in the saddle. If we met in the presence of others, we spoke the necessary formal words of greeting or leave-taking, and he kept his countenance; if none were by, off went the mask. The man himself and I looked each other in the eyes and passed on. Once we encountered on a late evening among the graves, and I was not alone. Mistress Percy had been restless, and had gone, despite the minister's protests, to sit upon the river bank. When I returned from the Assembly and found her gone, I went to fetch her. A storm was rolling slowly up. Returning the long way through the churchyard, we came upon him sitting beside a sunken grave, his knees drawn up to meet his chin, his eyes gloomily regardful of the dark broad river, the unseen ocean, and the ship that could not return for weeks to come. We passed him in silence, — I with a slight bow, she with a slighter curtsy. An hour later, going down the street in the dusk of the storm, I ran against Dr. Lawrence Bohun. "Don't stop me!" he panted. "The Italian doctor is away in the woods gathering simples, and they found my Lord Carnal in a fit among the graves, half an hour ago." My lord was bled, and the next morning went hunting.

The lady whom I had married abode with me in the minister's house, held her

head high, and looked the world in the face. She seldom went from home, but when she did take the air it was with pomp and circumstance. When that slender figure and exquisite face, set off by as rich apparel as could be bought from a store of finery brought in by the Southampton, — with a turbaned negress in attendance to wave a fan, and a serving man who had been to the wars, and had escaped the wheel by the skin of his teeth, — appeared in the street, small wonder if a greater commotion arose than had been since the days of the Princess Pocahontas and her train of dusky beauties. To this fairer, more imperial dame gold lace doffed its hat and made its courtliest bow, and young planters bent to their saddlebows, while the common folk nudged and stared and had their say. The beauty, the grace, the pride that deigned small response to well-meant words, — all that would have been intolerable in plain Mistress Percy, once a waiting maid, then a piece of merchandise to be sold for one hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco, then the wife of a poor gentleman, was pardoned readily enough to the Lady Jocelyn Leigh, the ward of the King, the bride to be (so soon as the King's Court of High Commission should have snapped in twain an inconvenient and ill-welded fetter) of the King's minion.

So she passed like a splendid vision through the street perhaps once a week. On Sundays she went with me to church, and the people looked at her instead of at the minister, who rebuked them not, because his eyes were upon the same errand.

The early autumn passed and the leaves began to turn, and still all things were as they had been, save that the Assembly sat no longer. My fellow Burgesses went back to their hundreds, but my house at Weyanoke knew me no more. In a tone that was apologetic, but firm, the Governor had told me that he wished my company at Jamestown. I

was pleased enough to stay, I assured him, — as indeed I was. At Weyanoke the thunderbolt would fall without warning; at Jamestown, at least I could see, coming up the river, the sails of the *Due Return* or what other ship the Company might send.

The color of the leaves deepened, and there came a season of a beauty singular and sad, like a smile left upon the face of the dead summer. Over all things, near and far, the forest where it met the sky, the nearer woods, the great river, and the streams that empty into it, there hung a blue haze, soft and dreamlike. The forest became a painted forest, with an ever thinning canopy and an ever thickening carpet of crimson and gold; everywhere there was a low rustling underfoot and a slow rain of color. It was neither cold nor hot, but very quiet, and the birds went by like shadows, — a listless and forgetful weather, in which we began to look, every hour of every day, for the sail which we knew we should not see for weeks to come.

Good Master Bucke tarried with Master Thorpe at Henricus, recruiting his strength, and Jeremy Sparrow preached in his pulpit, slept in his chamber, and worked in his garden. This garden ran down to the green bank of the river; and here, sitting idly by the stream, her chin in her hand and her dark eyes watching the strong, free sea birds as they came and went, I found my wife one evening, as I came from the fort, where had been some martial exercise. Thirty feet away Master Jeremy Sparrow worked among the dying flowers, and hummed: —

"There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies grow."

He and I had agreed that when I must needs be absent he should be within call of her; for I believed my Lord Carnal very capable of intruding himself into her presence. That house and garden, her movements and mine, were spied upon by his foreign hirelings, I knew perfectly well.

As I sat down upon the bank at her feet, she turned to me with a sudden passion. "I am weary of it all!" she cried. "I am tired of being pent up in this house and garden, and of the watch you keep upon me. And if I go abroad, it is worse! I *hate* all those shameless faces that stare at me as if I were in the pillory. I *am* pilloried before you all, and I find the experience sufficiently bitter. And when I think that that man whom I hate, hate, hate, breathes the air that I breathe, it stifles me! If I could fly away like those birds, if I could only be gone from this place for even a day."

"I would beg leave to take you home, to Weyanoke," I said after a pause, "but I cannot go and leave the field to him."

"And I cannot go," she answered. "I must watch for that ship and that King's command that my Lord Carnal thinks potent enough to make me his wife. Kings' commands are strong, but a woman's will is stronger. At the last I shall know what to do. But now why may I not take Angela and cross that strip of sand and go into the woods on the other side? They are so fair and strange, — all red and yellow, — and they look very still and peaceful. I could walk in them, or lie down under the trees and forget awhile, and they are not at all far away." She looked at me eagerly.

"You could not go alone," I told her. "There would be danger in that. But to-morrow, if you choose, I and Master Sparrow and Diccon will take you there. A day in the woods is pleasant enough, and will do none of us harm. Then you may wander as you please, fill your arms with colored leaves, and forget the world. We will watch that no harm comes nigh you, but otherwise you shall not be disturbed."

She broke into delighted laughter. Of all women the most steadfast of soul, her outward moods were as variable as a child's. "Agreed!" she cried.

"You and the minister and Diccon Demon shall lay your muskets across your knees, and Angela shall witch you into stone with her old, mad, heathen charms. And then—and then—I will gather more gold than had King Midas; I will dance with the hamadryads; I will find out Oberon and make Titania jealous!"

"I do not doubt that you could do so," I said, as she sprang to her feet, childishly eager and radiantly beautiful.

I rose to go in with her, for it was supper time, but in a moment changed my mind, and resumed my seat on the bank of turf. "Do you go in," I said. "There's a snake near by, in those bushes below the bank. I'll kill the creature, and then I'll come to supper."

When she was gone, I walked to where, ten feet away, the bank dipped to a clump of reeds and willows planted in the mud on the brink of the river. Dropping on my knees I leaned over, and, grasping a man by the collar, lifted him from the slime where he belonged to the bank beside me.

It was my Lord Carnal's Italian doctor that I had so fished up. I had seen him before, and had found in his very small, mean figure clad all in black, and his narrow face with malignant eyes and thin white lips drawn tightly over gleaming teeth, something infinitely repulsive, sickening to the sight as are certain reptiles to the touch.

"There are no simples or herbs of grace to be found amongst reeds and half-drowned willows," I said. "What did so learned a doctor look for in so unlikely a place?"

He shrugged his shoulders and made play with his clawlike hands, as if he understood me not. It was a lie, for I knew that he and the English tongue were sufficiently acquainted. I told him as much, and he shot at me a most venomous glance, but continued to shrug, gesticulate, and jabber in Italian. At last I saw nothing better to do than to

take him, still by the collar, to the edge of the garden next the churchyard, and with the toe of my boot to send him tumbling among the graves. I watched him pick himself up, set his attire to rights, and go away in the gathering dusk, winding in and out among the graves; and then I went in to supper, and told Mistress Percy that the snake was dead.

XII.

IN WHICH I RECEIVE A WARNING AND REPOSE A TRUST.

Shortly before daybreak I was wakened by a voice beneath my window. "Captain Percy," it cried, "the Governor wishes you at his house!" and was gone.

I dressed and left the house, disturbing no one. Hurrying through the chill dawn, I reached the square not much behind the rapid footsteps of the watch who had wakened me. About the Governor's door were horses, saddled and bridled, with grooms at their heads, men and beasts gray and indistinct, wrapped in the fog. I went up the steps and into the hall, and knocked at the door of the Governor's great room. It opened, and I entered to find Sir George, with Master Pory, Rolfe, West, and others of the Council gathered about the great centre table and talking eagerly. The Governor was but half dressed; West and Rolfe were in jack boots and coats of mail. A man, breathless with hard riding, spattered with swamp mud and torn by briars, stood, cap in hand, staring from one to the other.

"In good time, Captain Percy!" cried the Governor. "Yesterday you called the profound peace with the Indians, of which some of us boasted, the lull before the storm. Faith, it looks to-day as though you were in the right, after all!"

"What's the matter, sir?" I asked, advancing to the table.

"Matter enough!" he answered. "This man has come, post haste, from the plantations above Paspashegh. Three days ago, Morgan, the trader, was decoyed into the woods by that Paspashegh fool and bully, Nemattanow, whom they call Jack of the Feather, and there murdered. Yesterday, out of sheer bravado, the Indian turned up at Morgan's house, and Morgan's men shot him down. They buried the dog, and thought no more of it. Three hours ago, Chanco the Christian went to the commander and warned him that the Paspasheghs were in a ferment, and that the warriors were painting themselves black. The commander sent off at once to me, and I see naught better to do than to dispatch you with a dozen men to bring them to their senses. But there's to be no harrying nor battle. A show of force is all that's needed, — I'll stake my head upon it. Let them see that we are not to be taken unawares, but give them fair words. That they may be the sooner placated I send with you Master Rolfe, — they'll listen to him. See that the black paint is covered with red, give them some beads and a knife or two, then come home. If you like not the look of things, find out where Opechananough is, and I'll send him an embassy. He loves us well, and will put down any disaffection."

"There's no doubt that he loves us," I said dryly. "He loves us as a cat loves the mouse that it plays with. If we are to start at once, sir, I'll go get my horse."

"Then meet us at the neck of land," said Rolfe.

I nodded, and left the room. As I descended the steps into the growing light outside, I found Master Pory at my side.

"I kept late hours last night," he remarked, with a portentous yawn. "Now that this business is settled, I'll go back to bed."

I walked on in silence.

"I am in your black books," he continued, with his sly, merry, sidelong glance. "You think that I was over-careful of the ground, that morning behind the church, and so unfortunately delayed matters until the Governor happened by and brought things to another guess conclusion."

"I think that you warned the Governor," I said bluntly.

He shook with laughter. "Warned him? Of course I warned him. Youth would never have seen that molehill and fairy ring and projecting root, but wisdom cometh with gray hairs, my son. D'ye not think I'll have the King's thanks?"

"Doubtless," I answered. "An the price contents you, I do not know why I should quarrel with it."

By this we were halfway down the street, and we now came upon the guest house. A window above us was unshuttered, and in the room within a light still burned. Suddenly it was extinguished. A man's face looked down upon us for a moment, then drew back; a skeleton hand was put out softly and slowly, and the shutter drawn to. Hand and face belonged to the man I had sent tumbling among the graves the evening before.

"The Italian doctor," said Master Pory.

There was something peculiar in his tone. I glanced at him, but his broad red face and twinkling eyes told me nothing. "The Italian doctor," he repeated. "If I had a friend in Captain Percy's predicament, I should bid him beware of the Italian doctor."

"Your friend would be obliged for the warning," I replied.

We walked a little further. "And I think," he said, "that I should inform this purely hypothetical friend of mine that the Italian and his patron had their heads mighty close together, last night."

"Last night?"

"Ay, last night. I went to drink with my lord, and so broke up their tête-à-tête. My lord was boisterous in his cups and not oversecret. He dropped some hints" — He broke off to indulge in one of his endless silent laughs. "I don't know why I tell you this, Captain Percy. I am on the other side, you know, — quite on the other side. But now I bethink me, I am only telling you what I should tell you were I upon your side. There's no harm in that, I hope, no disloyalty to my Lord Carnal's interests which happen to be my interests?"

I made no answer. I gave him credit both for his ignorance of the very horn-book of honor and for his large share of the milk of human kindness.

"My lord grows restive," he said, when we had gone a little further. "The Francis and John, coming in yesterday, brought court news. Out of sight, out of mind. Buckingham is making hay while the sun shines. Useth angel water for his complexion, sleepeth in a medicated mask such as the Valois used, and is grown handsomer than ever; changeth the fashion of his clothes thrice a week, which mightily pleaseth his Majesty. Whoops on the Spanish match, too, and, wonderful past all whooping, from the prince's detestation hath become his bosom friend. Small wonder if my Lord Carnal thinks it's time he was back at Whitehall."

"Let him go, then," I said. "There's his ship that brought him here."

"Ay, there's his ship," rejoined Master Pory. "A few weeks more, and the Due Return will be here with the King's — and the Company's — commands. D'y'e think, Captain Percy, that there's the slightest doubt as to the tenor of the King's — and the Company's — commands?"

"No."

"Then my lord has but to possess his soul with patience and wait for the Due Return. No doubt he'll do so."

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"No doubt he'll do so," I echoed.

By this we had reached the Secretary's own door. "Fortune favor you with the Paspaheghs!" he said, with another mighty yawn. "As for me, I'll to bed. Do you ever dream, Captain Percy? I don't; mine is too good a conscience. But if I did, I should dream of an Italian doctor."

The door shut upon his red face and bright eyes. I walked rapidly on down the street to the minister's house. The light was very pale as yet, and house and garden lay beneath a veil of mist. No one was stirring. I went on through the gray wet paths to the stable, and roused Diccon.

"Saddle Black Lamoral quickly," I ordered. "There's trouble with the Paspaheghs, and I am off with Master Rolfe to settle it."

"Am I to go with you?" he asked.

I shook my head. "We have a dozen men. There's no need of more."

I left him busy with the horse, and went to the house. In the hall I found the negress strewing the floor with fresh rushes, and asked her if her mistress yet slept. In her soft half English, half Spanish, she answered in the affirmative. I went to my own room and armed myself; then ran upstairs to the comfortable chamber where abode Master Jeremy Sparrow, surrounded by luxuries which his soul contemned. He was not there. At the foot of the stair I was met by Goodwife Allen. "The minister was called an hour ago, sir," she announced. "There's a man dying of the fever at Archer's Hope, and they sent a boat for him. He won't be back until afternoon."

I hurried past her back to the stable. Black Lamoral was saddled, and Diccon held the stirrup for me to mount.

"Good luck with the vermin, sir!" he said. "I wish I were going, too."

His tone was sullen, yet wistful. I knew that he loved danger as I loved it, and a sudden remembrance of the dangers we had faced together brought us

nearer to each other than we had been for many a day.

"I don't take you," I explained, "because I have need of you here. Master Sparrow has gone to watch beside a dying man, and will not be back for hours. As for myself, there's no telling how long I may be kept. Until I come you are to guard house and garden well. You know what I mean. Your mistress is to be molested by no one."

"Very well, sir."

"One thing more. There was some talk yesterday of my taking her across the neck to the forest. When she awakes, tell her from me that I am sorry for her to lose her pleasure, but that now she could not go even were I here to take her."

"There's no danger from the Paspaheghs there," he muttered.

"The Paspaheghs happen not to be my only foes," I said curtly. "Do as I bid you without remark. Tell her that I have good reasons for desiring her to remain within doors until my return. On no account whatever is she to venture without the garden."

I gathered up the reins, and he stood back from the horse's head. When I had gone a few paces I drew rein, and, turning in my saddle, spoke to him across the dew-drenched grass. "This is a trust, Diccon," I said.

The red came into his tanned face. He raised his hand and made our old military salute. "I understand it so, my captain," he answered, and I rode away satisfied.

XIII.

IN WHICH THE SANTA TERESA DROPS DOWNSTREAM.

An hour's ride brought us to the block house standing within the forest, midway between the white plantations at Paspahagh and the village of the tribe. We found it well garrisoned, spies out,

and the men inclined to make light of the black paint and the seething village.

Amongst them was Chanco the Christian. I called him to me, and we listened to his report with growing perturbation. "Thirty warriors!" I said, when he had finished. "And they are painted yellow as well as black, and have dashed their cheeks with puccoon: it's à l'outrance, then! And the war dance is toward! If we are to pacify this hornets' nest, it's high time we set about it. Gentlemen of the block house, we are but twelve, and they may beat us back, in which case those that are left of us will fight it out with you here. Watch for us, therefore, and have a sally party ready. Forward, men!"

"One moment, Captain Percy," said Rolfe. "Chanco, where's the Emperor?"

"Five suns ago he was with the priests at Uttamussac," answered the Indian. "Yesterday, at the full sun power, he was in the lodge of the werowance of the Chickahominies. He feasts there still. The Chickahominies and the Powhatans have buried the hatchet."

"I regret to hear it," I remarked.

"Whilst they took each other's scalps, mine own felt the safer."

"I advise going direct to Opechanca-nough," said Rolfe.

"Since he's only a league away, so do I," I answered.

We left the block house and the clearing around it, and plunged into the depths of the forest. In these virgin woods the trees are set well apart, though linked one to the other by the omnipresent grape, and there is little undergrowth, so that we were able to make good speed. Rolfe and I rode well in front of our troop. By now the sun was shining through the lower branches of the trees, and the mist was fast vanishing. The forest — around us, above us, and under the hoofs of the horses where the fallen leaves lay thick — was as yellow as gold and as red as blood.

"Rolf," I asked, breaking a long silence, "do you credit what the Indians say of Opechancanough?"

"That he was brother to Powhatan only by adoption?"

"That, fleeing for his life, he came to Virginia, years and years ago, from some mysterious land far to the south and west?"

"I do not know," he replied thoughtfully. "He is like, and yet not like, the people whom he rules. In his eye there is the authority of mind; his features are of a nobler cast" —

"And his heart is of a darker," I said. "It is a strange and subtle savage."

"Strange enough and subtle enough, I admit," he answered, "though I believe not with you that his friendliness toward us is but a mask."

"Believe it or not, it is so," I said. "That dark, cold, still face is a mask, and that simple-seeming amazement at horses and armor, guns and blue beads, is a mask."

"Amonate" — Rolfe always spoke of his dead princess by this her second name — "Amonate told me that the tribes held him to be wiser than all the priests and conjurers rolled together, and that his secret counsel led her father in most things. She told me another thing, which I have not repeated, because, whether by birth or by adoption, he was of her kindred. She said that many years ago, years before her birth, the Powhatans dug up the hatchet against the Chickahominies within their borders, and the Monacans without. Many they scalped, and many they brought home captive to their villages. Opechancanough was with the Powhatans then; he was young and a war chief. When the captives were to be disposed of, he persuaded her father and the tribe to forego the time-honored stake and pine splinters, and to slay the prisoners in some strange new fashion, and then to eat them. They tried the plan throughout that war; but afterward the tribe re-

belled, and they all went back to their old ways. It hath a horrible sound, hath it not, Ralph?"

"It is strange," I said, "but there are a many strange things in this world. Here's the village."

Until our interview with Chanco the Christian, the village of the Paspaheghs, and not the village of the Chickahominies, had been our destination, and since leaving the block house we had ridden rapidly; but now, within the usual girdle of mulberries, we were met by the werowance and his chief men with the customary savage ceremonies. We had long since come to the conclusion that the birds of the air and the fish of the streams were Mercuries to the Indians.

The werowance received us in due form, with presents of fish and venison, cakes of chinquapin meal and gourds of pohickory, an uncouth dance by twelve of his young men and a deal of hellish noise; then, at our command, led us into the village, and to the lodge which marked its centre. Around it were gathered Opechancanough's own warriors, men from Orapax and Uttamussac and Werowocomoco, chosen for their strength and cunning; while upon the grass beneath a blood-red gum tree sat his wives, painted and tattooed, with great strings of pearl and copper about their necks. Beyond them were the women and children of the Chickahominies, and around us all the red forest.

The mat that hung before the door of the lodge was lifted, and an Indian, emerging, came forward with a gesture of welcome. It was Nantauquas, the Lady Rebekah's brother, and the one Indian — saving always his dead sister — that was ever to my liking; a savage, indeed, but a savage as brave and chivalrous, as courteous and truthful, as a Christian knight.

Rolfe sprang from his horse, and advancing to meet the young chief embraced him. Nantauquas had been much with his sister during those her happy

days at Varina, before she went with Rolfe that ill-fated voyage to England, and Rolfe loved him for her sake and for his own. "I thought you at Orapax, Nantauquas!" he exclaimed.

"I was there, my brother," said the Indian, and his voice was sweet, deep, and grave, like that of his sister. "But Opechancanough would go to Uttamus-sac, to the temple and the dead kings. I lead his war parties now, and I came with him. Opechancanough is within the lodge. He asks that my brother and Captain Percy come to him there."

He lifted the mat for us, and followed us into the lodge. There was the usual winding entrance, with half a dozen mats to be lifted one after the other, but at last we came to the central chamber and to the man we sought.

He sat beside a small fire burning redly in the twilight of the room. The light shone now upon the feathers in his scalp lock, now upon the triple row of pearls around his neck, now upon knife and tomahawk in his silk grass belt, now on the otterskin mantle hanging from his shoulder and drawn across his knees. How old he was no man knew. Men said he was older than Powhatan, and Powhatan was very old when he died. But he looked a man in the prime of life; his frame was vigorous, his skin unwrinkled, his eyes bright and full. When he rose to welcome us, and Nantauquas stood beside him, there seemed not a score of years between them.

The matter upon which we had come was not one that brooked delay. We waited with what patience we might until his long speech of welcome was finished, when, in as few words as possible, Rolfe laid before him our complaint against the Paspaheghs. The Indian listened; then said, in that voice that always made me think of some cold, still, bottomless pool lying black beneath overhanging rocks: "My brothers may go in peace. The Paspaheghs have washed off the black paint. If my brothers go

to the village, they will find the peace pipe ready for their smoking."

Rolfe and I stared at each other. "I have sent messengers," continued the Emperor. "I have told the Paspaheghs of my love for the white man, and of the good will the white man bears the Indian. I have told them that Nemattanow was a murderer, and that his death was just. They are satisfied. Their village is as still as this beast at my feet." He pointed downward to a tame panther crouched against his moccasins. I thought it an ominous comparison.

Involuntarily we looked at Nantauquas. "It is true," he said. "I am but come from the village of the Paspaheghs. I took them the word of Opechancanough."

"Then, since the matter is settled, we may go home," I remarked, rising as I spoke. "We could, of course, have put down the Paspaheghs with one hand, giving them besides a lesson which they would not soon forget, but in the kindness of our hearts toward them and to save ourselves trouble we came to Opechancanough. For his aid in this trifling business the Governor gives him thanks."

A smile just lit the features of the Indian. It was gone in a moment. "Does not Opechancanough love the white men?" he said. "Some day he will do more than this for them."

We left the lodge and the dark Emperor within it, got to horse, and quitted the village, with its painted people, yellowing mulberries, and blood-red gum trees. Nantauquas went with us, keeping pace with Rolfe's horse, and giving us now and then, in his deep musical voice, this or that bit of woodland news. At the block house we found confirmation of the Emperor's statement. An embassy from the Paspaheghs had come with presents, and the peace pipe had been smoked. The spies, too, brought news that all warlike preparations had ceased in the village. It had sunk once

more into a quietude befitting the sleepy, dreamy, hazy weather.

Rolfe and I held a short consultation. All appeared safe, but there was the possibility of a ruse. At the last it seemed best that he, who by virtue of his peculiar relations with the Indians was ever our negotiator, should remain with half our troop at the block house, while I reported to the Governor. So I left him, and Nantauquas with him, and rode back to Jamestown, reaching the town some hours sooner than I was expected.

It was after noon when I passed through the gates of the palisade, and an hour later when I finished my report to the Governor. When he at last dismissed me, I rode quickly down the street toward the minister's house. As I passed the guest house, I glanced up at the window from which, at daybreak, the Italian had looked down upon me. No one looked out now; the window was closely shuttered, and at the door beneath my lord's French rascals were conspicuously absent. A few yards further on I met my lord face to face, as he emerged from a lane that led down to the river. At sight of me he started violently, and his hand went to his mouth. I slightly bent my head, and rode on past him. At the gate of the churchyard, a stone's throw from home, I met Master Jeremy Sparrow.

"Well met!" he exclaimed. "Are the Indians quiet?"

"For the nonce. How is your sick man?"

"Very well," he answered gravely. "I closed his eyes two hours ago."

"He's dead, then," I said. "Well, he's out of his troubles, and hath that advantage over the living. Have you another call, that you travel from home so fast?"

"Why, to tell the truth," he replied, "I could not but feel uneasy when I

learned just now of this commotion amongst the heathen. You must know best, but I should not have thought it a day for madam to walk in the woods; so I e'en thought I would cross the neck and bring her home."

"For madam to walk in the woods?" I said slowly. "So she walks there? With whom?"

"With Diccon and Angela," he answered. "They went before the sun was an hour high, so Goodwife Allen says. I thought that you"—

"No," I told him. "On the contrary, I left command that she should not venture outside the garden. There are more than Indians abroad."

I was white with anger; but besides anger there was fear in my heart.

"I will go at once and bring her home," I said. As I spoke, I happened to glance toward the fort and the shipping in the river beyond. Something seemed wrong with the prospect. I looked again, and saw what hated and familiar object was missing.

"Where is the Santa Teresa?" I demanded, the fear at my heart tugging harder.

"She dropped three miles downstream this morning. I passed her as I came up from Archer's Hope, awhile ago. She's anchored in midstream off the big spring. Why did she go?"

We looked each other in the eyes, and each read the thought that neither cared to put into words.

"You can take the brown mare," I said, speaking lightly because my heart was as heavy as lead, "and we'll ride to the forest. It is all right, I dare say. Doubtless we'll find her garlanding herself with the grape, or playing with the squirrels, or asleep on the red leaves, with her head in Angela's lap."

"Doubtless," he said. "Don't lose time. I'll saddle the mare and overtake you in two minutes."

Mary Johnston.

(To be continued.)

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A REVOLUTIONIST.

WESTERN EUROPE.

I.

A STORM raged in the North Sea, as we approached the coasts of England. But I met the storm with delight. I enjoyed the struggle of our steamer against the furiously rolling waves, and sat for hours on the stem, the foam of the waves dashing into my face. After the two years that I had spent in a gloomy casemate, every fibre of my inner self seemed alive and eager to enjoy the full intensity of life.

My intention was not to stay abroad more than a few weeks or months; just enough time to allow the hue and cry caused by my escape to subside, and also to restore my health a little. I landed under the name of Levashóff, under which I had left Russia; and avoiding London, where the spies of the Russian embassy would soon have been at my heels, I went first to Edinburgh.

It has so happened, however, that I have never returned to Russia. I was soon taken up by the wave of the anarchist movement, which was just developing then in Western Europe; and I felt that I should be more useful in helping that movement to find its proper expression than I could possibly be in Russia. In my mother country I was too well known to carry on an open propaganda, especially among the workers and the peasants; and later on, when the Russian movement became a conspiracy and an armed struggle against the representative of autocracy, all thought of a popular movement was necessarily abandoned; while my own inclinations drew me more and more intensely toward casting in my lot with the laboring and toiling masses. To carry to them such conceptions as would turn their efforts

to the best advantage of the common people; to deepen and to widen the ideals and principles which would underlie the coming social revolution; to bring them to the workers, not as an order coming from their leaders, but as a result of their own reason; and so to awaken their own initiative, now that they were called upon to appear in the historical arena as the builders of a new, equitable mode of organization of society, — this seemed to me as necessary for the development of mankind as anything I could accomplish in Russia at that time. Accordingly, I joined the few men who were working in that direction in Western Europe, relieving those of them who had been broken down by years of hard struggle.

When I landed at Hull and went to Edinburgh, I informed only my friends in Russia and a few in the Jura Federation of my safe arrival in England. A socialist must always rely upon his own work for his living, and consequently, as soon as I was settled in a small room beyond the meadows, I tried to find employment.

Among the passengers on board our steamer there was a Norwegian professor, with whom I talked, trying to remember the little that I formerly had known of the Swedish language. He spoke German. "But as you speak some Norwegian," he said to me, "and are trying to learn it, let us both speak it."

"You mean Swedish?" I ventured to ask. "I speak Swedish, don't I?"

"Well, I should say it is rather Norwegian; surely not Swedish," was his reply.

Thus happened to me what happened

to one of Jules Verne's heroes, who had learned by mistake Portuguese instead of Spanish. At any rate, I talked a good deal with the professor, — let it be in Norwegian, — and he gave me a Christiania paper, which contained the reports of the Norwegian North Atlantic deep-sea expedition, just returned home. As soon as I was at Edinburgh I wrote a note in English about these explorations, and sent it to *Nature*, which my brother and I used regularly to read at St. Petersburg from its first appearance. The sub-editor acknowledged the note with thanks, remarking with an extreme leniency, which I have often met with since in England, that my English was "all right," and only required to be made "a little more idiomatic." I may say that I had learned English in Russia, and, with my brother, had translated Page's *Philosophy of Geology* and Herbert Spencer's *Principles of Biology*. But I had learned it from books, and pronounced it very badly, so that I had the greatest difficulty in making myself understood by my Scotch landlady; her daughter and I used to write on scraps of paper what we had to say to each other; and as I had no idea of idiomatic English, I must have made the most amusing mistakes. I remember, at any rate, protesting once to her, in writing, that it was not a "cup of tea" that I expected at tea time, but many cups. I am afraid my landlady took me for a glutton, but I must say, by way of apology, that neither in the geological books I had read in English nor in Spencer's *Biology* was there any allusion to such an important matter as tea-drinking.

I got from Russia the *Journal of the Russian Geographical Society*, and soon began to supply the *Times* with occasional paragraphs about Russian geographical explorations. Prjevalsky was at that time in Central Asia, and his progress was followed in England with interest.

However, the money I had brought

with me was rapidly disappearing, and all my letters to Russia being intercepted, I could not succeed in making my address known to my relatives. So I moved in a few weeks to London, thinking I could find more regular work there. The old refugee, P. L. Lavróff, continued to edit at London his newspaper *Forward*; but as I hoped soon to return to Russia, and the editorial office of the Russian paper must have been closely watched by spies, I did not go there.

I went, very naturally, to the office of *Nature*, where I was most cordially received by the sub-editor, Mr. J. Scott Keltie. The editor wanted to increase the column of Notes, and found that I wrote them exactly as they were required. A table was consequently assigned me in the office, and scientific reviews in all possible languages were piled upon it. "Come every Monday, Mr. Levashóff," I was told, "look over these reviews, and if there is any article that strikes you as worthy of notice, write a note, or mark the article: we will send it to a specialist." Mr. Keltie did not know, of course, that I used to rewrite each note three or four times before I dared to submit my English to him; but taking the scientific reviews home, I soon managed very nicely, with my *Nature* notes and my *Times* paragraphs, to get a living. I found that the weekly payment, on Thursday, of the paragraph contributors to the *Times* was an excellent thing. To be sure, there were weeks when there was no interesting news from Prjevalsky, and news from other parts of Russia was not found interesting; in such cases my fare was bread and tea only.

One day, however, Mr. Keltie took from the shelves several Russian books, asking me to review them for *Nature*. I looked at the books, and, to my embarrassment, saw that they were my own works on the Glacial Period and the Orography of Asia. My brother had not failed to send them to our favorite

Nature. I was in great perplexity, and, putting the books into my bag, took them home, to reflect upon the matter. "What shall I do with them?" I asked myself. "I cannot praise them, because they are mine; and I cannot be too sharp on the author, as I hold the views expressed in them." I decided to take them back next day, and explain to Mr. Keltie that, although I had introduced myself under the name of Levashóff, I was the author of these books, and could not review them.

Mr. Keltie knew from the papers about Kropotkin's escape, and was very much pleased to discover the refugee safe in England. As to my scruples, he remarked wisely that I need neither scold nor praise the author, but could simply tell the readers what the books were about. From that day a friendship, which still continues, grew up between us.

In November or December, 1876, seeing in the letter box of P. L. Lavróff's paper an invitation for "K." to call at the editorial office to receive a letter from Russia, and thinking that the invitation was for me, I called at the office, and soon established friendship with the editor and the younger people who printed the paper.

However, I did not stay long in England. I had been in lively correspondence with my friend James Guillaume, of the Jura Federation, and as soon as I found some permanent geographical work, which I could do in Switzerland as well as in London, I removed to Switzerland. The letters that I got at last from home told me that I might as well stay abroad, as there was nothing in particular to be done in Russia. A wave of enthusiasm was rolling over the country, at that time, in favor of the Slavonians who had revolted against the age-long Turkish oppression, and my best friends, Serghéi (Stepniák), Kelnitz, and several others, had gone to the Balkan

peninsula to join the insurgents. "We read," my friends wrote, "the correspondence of the Daily News about the horrors in Bulgaria; we weep at the reading, and go next to enlist either as volunteers in the Balkan insurgents' bands or as nurses."

I went to Switzerland, and, following the advice of my Swiss friends, settled in La Chaux-de-Fonds.

II.

The Jura Federation of the International Workingmen's Association has played an important part in the modern development of socialism.

It always happens that after a political party has set before itself a purpose, and has proclaimed that nothing short of the complete attainment of that aim will satisfy it, it divides into two factions. One of them remains what it was, while the other, although it professes not to have changed a word of its previous intentions, accepts some sort of compromise, and gradually, from compromise to compromise, is driven farther from its primitive programme, and becomes a party of modest makeshift reform.

Such a division had occurred within the International Workingmen's Association. Nothing less than an expropriation of the present owners of land and capital, and a transmission of all that is necessary for the production of wealth to the producers themselves, was the avowed aim of the association at the outset. The workers of all nations were called upon to form their own organizations for a direct struggle against capitalism; to work out the means of socializing the production of wealth and its consumption; and, when they should be ready to do so, to take possession of the necessaries for production, and to control production with no regard to the present political organization, which must undergo a complete reconstruction. The association had thus to be the means for preparing an immense revolution in

men's minds, and later on in the very forms of life, — a revolution which would open to mankind a new era of progress based upon the solidarity of all. That was the ideal which aroused from their slumber millions of European workers, and attracted to the association its best intellectual forces.

However, two factions soon developed. When the war of 1870 had ended in a complete defeat of France, and the uprising of the Paris Commune had involved the extermination of at least thirty thousand of the most active workers of Paris, while the Draconian laws which were passed against the association excluded the French workers from participation in it; and when, on the other hand, parliamentary rule had been introduced in "united Germany," — the goal of the radicals since 1848, — an effort was made to modify the aims and the methods of the whole socialist movement. The "conquest of power *within the existing states*" became the watchword of that section, which took the name of "Social Democracy." The first electoral successes of this party at the elections to the German Reichstag aroused great hopes. The number of the Social Democratic deputies having grown from two to seven, and next to nine, it was confidently calculated by otherwise intelligent men that before the end of the century the Social Democrats would have a majority in the German parliament, and would then introduce the socialist "popular state" by means of suitable legislation. The socialist ideal of this party gradually lost the character of something that had to be worked out by the labor organizations themselves, and became state management of the industries, — state socialism; that is, state capitalism. In fact, to-day, in Switzerland, the efforts of the Social Democrats are directed in politics toward centralization as against federalism, and in the economic field to promoting the state management of railways and the state monopoly of banking

and of the sale of spirits. The state management of the land and of the leading industries, and even of the consumption of riches, would be the next step.

Gradually, all the life and activity of the German Social Democratic party was absorbed by electoral considerations. Trade unions were treated with contempt and strikes were met with disapproval, because both diverted the attention of the workers from electoral struggles. Every popular outbreak, every revolutionary agitation in any country of Europe, was received by the Social Democratic leaders with even more animosity than by the capitalist press.

In the Latin countries, however, this new idea found but few adherents. The sections and federations of the International remained true to the principles which had prevailed at the foundation of the association. Federalist by their history, hostile to the idea of a centralized state, and possessed of revolutionary traditions, the Latin workers could not follow the evolution of the Germans.

The division between the two branches of the socialist movement became apparent immediately after the Franco-German war. The association, as I have already mentioned, had created a governing body in the shape of a general council which resided at London; and the leading spirits of that council being two Germans, Engels and Marx, the council became the stronghold of the new Social Democratic direction; while the inspirers and intellectual leaders of the Latin federations were Bakúnin and his friends.

The conflict between the Marxists and the Bakúnists was not in the least a personal affair. It was the necessary conflict between the principles of federalism and those of centralization, the free commune and the state's paternal rule, the free action of the masses of the people and the betterment of existing capitalist conditions through legislation, — a conflict between the Latin spirit and the

German *Geist*, which, after the defeat of France on the battlefield, claimed supremacy in science, politics, philosophy, and socialism too, representing its own conception of socialism as "scientific," while all other interpretations it described as "utopian."

At the Hague Congress of the International Association, which was held in 1872, the London general council, by means of a fictitious majority, excluded Bakúnin, his friend Guillaume, and even the Jura Federation from the International. But as it was certain that most of what remained then of the International—that is, the Spanish, the Italian, and the Belgian federations—would side with the Jurassians, the congress tried to dissolve the association. A new general council, composed of a few Social Democrats, was nominated in New York, where there were no workmen's organizations belonging to the association to control it, and where it has never been heard of since. In the meantime, the Spanish, the Italian, the Belgian, and the Jura federations of the International continued to exist, and to meet as usual, for the next five or six years, in annual international congresses.

The Jura Federation, at the time when I came to Switzerland, was the centre and the leading voice of the organizations. Bakúnin had just died, on July 1, 1876, but the federation retained the position it had taken under his impulse.

The conditions in France, Spain, and Italy were such that only the maintenance of the revolutionary spirit that had developed amongst the Internationalist workers previous to the Franco-German war prevented the governments from taking decisive steps toward crushing the whole labor movement, and inaugurating the reign of White Terror. It is well known that the reestablishment of a Bourbon monarchy in France was very near becoming an accomplished fact. Marshal MacMahon was main-

tained as president of the republic only in order to prepare for a monarchist restoration; the very day of the solemn entry of Henry V. into Paris was settled, and even the harnesses of the horses, adorned with the pretender's crown and initials, were ready. And it is also known that it was only the fact that Gambetta and Clémenceau—the opportunist and the radical—had covered wide portions of France with committees, armed and ready to rise as soon as the *coup d'état* should be made, which prevented the proposed restoration. But the real strength of those committees was in the workers who had formerly belonged to the International and had retained the old spirit. Speaking from considerable personal knowledge, I may venture to say that the radical middle-class leaders would have hesitated in case of emergency, while the workers would have seized the first opportunity for an uprising which, beginning with the defense of the republic, might have gone farther on in the socialist direction.

The same was true in Spain. As soon as the clerical and aristocratic surroundings of the king drove him to put on the screws of reaction, the republicans menaced him with a movement in which, they knew, the real fighting element would be the workers. In Catalonia alone there were over one hundred thousand men in strongly organized trade unions, and more than eighty thousand of them belonged to the International, regularly holding congresses, and punctually paying their contributions to the association with a truly Spanish sense of duty. I can speak of these organizations from personal knowledge, gained on the spot, and I know that they were ready to proclaim the United States of Spain, abandon ruling the colonies, and in some of the most advanced regions make serious attempts in the direction of collectivism. It was this permanent menace which prevented the Spanish monarchy from suppressing all the workers' and peasants'

organizations, and from inaugurating a frank clerical reaction.

Similar conditions prevailed also in Italy. The trade unions in north Italy had not reached the strength they have now; but parts of Italy were honeycombed with International sections and republican groups. The monarchy was kept under a continual menace of being upset, the moment that the middle-class republicans should appeal to the revolutionary elements among the workers.

In short, looking back upon these years, from which we are separated now by a quarter of a century, I am firmly persuaded that if Europe did not pass through a period of stern reaction after 1871, this was mainly due to the spirit which was aroused in Western Europe before the Franco-German war, and has been maintained since by the anarchist Internationalists, the Blanquists, the Mazzinians, and the Spanish "cantonalist" republicans.

Of course, the Marxists, absorbed by their local electoral struggles, knew little of these conditions. Anxious not to draw the thunderbolts of Bismarck upon their heads, and fearing above all that a revolutionary spirit might make its appearance in Germany, and lead to repressions which they were not strong enough to face, they not only repudiated, for tactical purposes, all sympathy with the western revolutionists, but gradually became inspired with hatred toward the revolutionary spirit, and denounced it with virulence wheresoever it made its appearance, even when they saw its first signs in Russia.

No revolutionary papers could be printed in France at that time, under Marshal MacMahon. Even the singing of the Marseillaise was considered a crime; and I was once very much amazed at the terror which seized several of my co-passengers in a train when they heard a few recruits singing the revolutionary song (in May, 1878). "Is it permitted again to sing the Marseil-

laise?" they asked one another with anxiety. The Spanish papers were very well edited, and some of the manifestoes of their congresses were admirable expositions of anarchist socialism; but who knows anything of Spanish ideas outside of Spain? The Italian papers were all short-lived, appearing, disappearing, and reappearing elsewhere under different names; and admirable as some of them were, they did not spread beyond Italy. Consequently, the Jura Federation, with its papers printed in French, became the centre for the maintenance and expression in the Latin countries of the spirit which — I repeat it — saved Europe from a very dark period of reaction. And it was also the ground upon which the theoretical conceptions of anarchism were worked out by Bakunin and his followers in a language that was understood all over continental Europe.

III.

Quite a number of remarkable men, of different nationalities, nearly all of whom had been personal friends of Bakunin, belonged at that time to the Jura Federation. The editor of our chief paper, the organ of the federation, was James Guillaume, a teacher by profession, from one of the aristocratic families of Neuchâtel. Small, thin, with the stiff appearance and resoluteness of Robespierre, and with a truly golden heart which opened only in the intimacy of friendship, he was a born leader by his phenomenal powers of work and his stern activity. For eight years he fought against all sorts of obstacles to maintain the paper in existence, taking the most active part in every detail of the federation, till he had to leave Switzerland, where he could find no work whatever, and settled in France, where his name will be quoted some day with the utmost respect in the history of education.

Adhémar Schwitzguébel, also a Swiss, was the type of the jovial, lively, clear-sighted French-speaking watchmakers

of the Bernese Jura hills. A watch engraver by trade, he never attempted to abandon his position of manual worker, and, always merry and active, he supported his large family through the severest periods of slack trade and curtailed earnings. His gift of taking a difficult economic or political question, and, after much thought about it, considering it from the workingman's point of view, without divesting it of its deepest meaning, was wonderful. He was known far and wide in the "mountains," and with the workers of all countries he was a general favorite.

His direct counterpart was another Swiss, a watchmaker, Spichiger. He was a philosopher, slow in both movement and thought, English in his physical aspect; always trying to get at the full meaning of every fact, and impressing all of us by the justness of the conclusions he reached while scooping out watch lids.

Round these three gathered a number of solid, stanch, middle-aged or elderly workmen, passionate lovers of liberty, happy to take part in such a promising movement, and a hundred or so bright young men, also mostly watchmakers, — all very independent and affectionate, very lively, and ready to go to any length in self-sacrifice.

Several refugees of the Paris Commune had joined the federation. Elisée Reclus, the great geographer, was of their number, — a type of the true Puritan in his manner of life, and of the French encyclopædist philosopher of the last century in his mind; the man who inspires others, but never has governed any one, and never will do so; the anarchist whose anarchism is the epitome of his broad, intimate knowledge of the forms of life of mankind under all climates and in all stages of civilization; whose books rank among the very best of the century; whose style, of a striking beauty, moves the mind and the conscience; and who, as he enters the office

of an anarchist paper, says to the editor, — maybe a boy in comparison to himself, — "Tell me what I have to do," and will sit down, like a newspaper subordinate, to fill up a gap of so many lines in the current number of the paper. In the Paris Commune he simply took a rifle and stood in the ranks; and if he invites a contributor to work with him upon a volume of his world-famed Geography, and the contributor timidly asks, "What have I to do?" he replies: "Here are the books, here is a table. Do as you like."

By his side was Lefrançois, an elderly man, formerly a teacher, who had been thrice in his life a refugee: after June, 1848, after Napoleon's *coup d'état*, and after 1870. An ex-member of the Commune, and consequently one of those who were said to have left Paris carrying away millions in their pockets, he worked as a freight handler at the railway at Lausanne, and was nearly killed in that work, which required younger shoulders than his. His book on the Paris Commune is the one in which the real historical meaning of that movement was put in its proper light. "A communalist, not an anarchist, please," he would say. "I cannot work with such fools as you are;" and he worked with none but us, "because you, fools, are still the men whom I love best. With you one can work, remaining one's self."

Another ex-member of the Paris Commune who was with us was Pindy, a carpenter from the north of France, an adopted child of Paris. He became widely known at Paris, during a strike, for his vigor and bright intelligence, and was elected a member of the Commune, which nominated him commander of the Elysée palace. When the Versailles troops entered Paris, shooting their prisoners by the hundred, three men, at least, were shot in different parts of the town, having been mistaken for Pindy. After the fight, however, he was concealed by a brave girl, a seamstress, who

saved him by her calmness when the house was searched by the troops, and afterward became his wife. Only a year later they succeeded in leaving Paris unnoticed, and came to Switzerland. Here Pindy learned assaying, at which he became skillful; spending his days by the side of his red-hot stove, and at night devoting himself passionately to propaganda work, in which he admirably combined the passion of a revolutionist with the good sense and organizing powers characteristic of the Parisian worker.

Paul Brousse was then a young doctor, full of mental activity, uproarious, sharp, lively, ready to develop any idea with a geometrical logic to its utmost consequences; powerful in his criticisms of the state and state organization; finding enough time to edit two papers, in French and in German, to write scores of voluminous letters, to be the soul of an evening workmen's party; constantly active in organizing men, with the subtle mind of a true "southerner."

Among the Italians who collaborated with us in Switzerland, two men whose names stood always associated, and will be remembered in Italy by more than one generation, two close personal friends of Bakúnin, were Cafiero and Malatesta. Cafiero was an idealist of the highest and the purest type, who gave all his considerable fortune to the cause, and never has asked himself since what he shall live upon to-morrow; a thinker plunged in philosophical speculation; a man who never would harm any one, and yet took the rifle and marched in the mountains of Benevento, when he and his friends thought that an uprising of a socialist character might be attempted, were it only to show the people that their uprisings ought to have a deeper meaning than that of a mere revolt against tax collectors. Malatesta was a student of medicine, who had left the medical profession and also his fortune for the sake of the revolution; full of fire and intelligence, a pure idealist, who

has never thought in all his life—and he is now approaching the age of fifty—whether he will have a piece of bread for his supper and a bed for the night. Not having even so much as a room that he may call his own, he may go on selling sherbet in the streets of London to get his living, but in the evening he will write brilliant articles for the Italian papers. Imprisoned in France, released, re-condemned in Italy, expelled, locked up in an island, escaped, and again in Italy in disguise; always in the hottest of the struggle, whether it be in Italy or elsewhere, and so for thirty years in succession. And when you meet him again, released from a prison or escaped from an island, he is just as you saw him last; always renewing the struggle, with the same love of men, the same absence of hatred toward his adversaries and jailers, the same hearty smile for a friend, the same caress for a child.

The Russians were few among us, most of them following the German Social Democrats. We had, however, Doukóvsky, a friend of Hérzen, who had left Russia in 1863,—a brilliant, elegant, highly intelligent nobleman, a favorite with the workers,—who better than any of the rest of us had what the French call *l'oreille du peuple* (the ear of the workers), because he knew how to fire them by showing them the great part they had to play in rebuilding society, to lift them to high historical vistas, to throw a flash of light on the most intricate economic problem, and to electrify them with his earnestness and sincerity. Sokolóff, formerly an officer of the Russian general staff, an admirer of Paul Louis Courier for his boldness and of Proudhon for his philosophical ideas, who had made many a socialist in Russia by his review articles, was also with us temporarily.

I mention only those who became widely known as writers, or as delegates to congresses, or in some other way. And yet, I ask myself if I ought not ra-

ther to speak of those who never committed their names to print, but were as important in the life of the federation as any one of the writers; who fought in the ranks, and were always ready to join in any enterprise, never asking whether the work would be grand or small, distinguished or modest, — whether it would have great consequences, or simply result in infinite worry for themselves and their families.

I ought also to mention the Germans Werner and Rinke, the Spaniard Albaracin, and many others; but I am afraid that these faint sketches of mine may not convey to the reader the same feelings of respect and love with which every one of this little family inspired those who knew him or her personally.

IV.

Of all the towns of Switzerland that I knew, La Chaux-de-Fonds was perhaps the least attractive. It lies on a high plateau entirely devoid of any vegetation, open to bitterly cold winds in the winter, when the snow lies as deep as at Moscow, and melts and falls again as often as at St. Petersburg. But it was important to spread our ideas in that centre, and to give more life to the local propaganda. Pindy, Spichiger, Albarracin, the Blanquist Ferré, were there, and from time to time I could pay visits to Guillaume at Neuchâtel, and to Schwitzguébel in the valley of St. Imier.

A life full of work that I liked began now for me. We held many meetings, ourselves distributing our announcements in the cafés and the workshops. Once a week we held our section meetings, at which the most animated discussions took place, and we went also to preach socialism at the gatherings convoked by the political parties. I traveled a good deal, visiting other sections and helping them.

During that winter we won the sympathy of many, but our regular work

was very much hampered by a crisis in the watch trade. Half the workers were out of work or only partially employed, so that the municipality had to open dining rooms to provide cheap meals at cost price. The coöperative workshop established by the anarchists at La Chaux-de-Fonds, in which the earnings were divided equally among all the members, had great difficulty in getting work, in spite of its high reputation, and Spichiger had to resort several times to wool-combing for an upholsterer, in order to get his living.

We all took part, that year, in a manifestation with the red flag at Bern. The wave of reaction spread to Switzerland, and the carrying of the workers' banner was prohibited by the Bern police, in defiance of the constitution. It was necessary, therefore, to show that at least here and there the workers would not have their rights trampled underfoot, and would offer resistance. We all went to Bern on the anniversary of the Paris Commune, to carry the red flag in the streets, notwithstanding the prohibition. Of course there was a collision with the police, in which two comrades received sword cuts and two police officers were rather seriously wounded. But the red flag was carried safe to the hall, where a most animated meeting was held. I hardly need say that the so-called leaders were in the ranks, and fought like all the rest. The trial involved nearly thirty Swiss citizens, all demanding to be prosecuted, and those who had wounded the two police officers coming forward spontaneously to say that they had done it. A great deal of sympathy was won to the cause during the trial; it was understood that all liberties have to be defended jealously, in order not to be lost. The sentences were consequently very light, not exceeding three months' imprisonment.

However, the Bern government prohibited the carrying of the red flag anywhere in the canton; and the Jura Fed-

eration thereupon decided to carry it, in defiance of the prohibition, in St. Imier, where we held our congress that year. This time most of us were armed, and ready to defend our banner to the last extremity. A body of police had been placed in a square to stop our column; a detachment of the militia was kept in readiness in an adjoining field, under the pretext of target practice, — we distinctly heard their shots as we marched through the town. But when our column appeared in the square, and it was judged from its aspect that aggression would result in serious bloodshed, the mayor let us continue our march, undisturbed, to the hall where the meeting was to be held. None of us desired a fight; but the strain of that march, in fighting order, was such that I do not know what feeling prevailed in most of us, during the first moments after we reached the hall, — relief at having been spared an undesired fight, or regret that the fight did not take place. Man is a very complex being.

Our main activity, however, was in working out the practical and theoretical aspects of anarchist socialism, and in this direction the federation has undoubtedly accomplished something that will last.

We saw that a new form of society is germinating in the civilized nations, and must take the place of the old one: a society of equals, who will not be compelled to sell their hands and brains to those who choose to employ them, in a haphazard way, but who will be able to apply their knowledge and capacities to production, in an organism so constructed as to combine all the efforts for procuring the greatest sum possible of well-being for all, while full, free scope will be left for every individual initiative. This society will be composed of a multitude of associations, federated for all the purposes which require federation: trade federations for production of all sorts, — agricultural, industrial, intellec-

tual, artistic; communes for consumption, making provision for dwellings, gas works, supplies of food, sanitary arrangements, etc.; federations of the communes, and federations of communes with trade organizations; and finally, wider groups covering all the country, or several countries, composed of men who collaborate for the satisfaction of such economic, intellectual, artistic, and moral needs as are not limited to a given territory. All these will combine directly, by means of free agreements between them, just as the railway companies or the postal departments of different countries coöperate now, without having a central railway or postal government; or as the meteorologists, the Alpine clubs, the lifeboat stations in Great Britain, the cyclists, the teachers, and so on, combine for all sorts of work in common, for intellectual pursuits, or simply for pleasure. There will be full freedom for the development of new forms of production, invention, and organization; individual initiative will be encouraged, and the tendency toward uniformity and centralization will be discouraged. This ideal society will have no crystallization, but will continually modify its aspect, because it will be a living, evolving organism; no need of government will be felt, because free agreement and federation take its place in all those functions which governments consider as theirs at the present time, and because, the causes of conflict being reduced in number, those conflicts which may still arise can be submitted to arbitration.

None of us minimized the importance of the change which we looked for. We understood, on the contrary, that such a change cannot be produced by the conjectures of one man of genius, that it will not be one man's discovery, but that it must result from the constructive work of the masses, just as the forms of judicial procedure which were elaborated in the early mediæval ages,

the village community, the guild, or the mediæval city, were worked out by the people.

Other men had undertaken to picture ideal commonwealths, sometimes basing them upon the principle of authority, and sometimes upon the principle of freedom. Robert Owen and Fourier had given the world their ideals of a free, organically developing society, in opposition to the pyramidal ideals which had been copied from the Roman Empire or from the Roman Church. Proudhon had continued their work, and Bakúnin, applying his wide and clear understanding of the philosophy of history to the criticism of present institutions, "edified while he was demolishing." But all that was preparatory work only.

The International Workingmen's Association inaugurated a new method of solving the problems of practical sociology by appealing to the workers themselves. The educated men who had joined the association undertook only to enlighten the workers as to what was going on in different countries of the world, to analyze the obtained results, and, later on, to aid them in formulating their conclusions. We did not pretend to evolve an ideal commonwealth out of our theoretical views as to what a society *ought to be*, but we invited the workers to investigate the causes of the present evils, and in their discussions and congresses to consider the practical aspects of a better social organization than the one we live in. A question raised at an international congress was recommended as a subject of study to all labor unions. In the course of the year it was discussed all over Europe, in the small meetings of the sections, with a full knowledge of the local needs of each trade and each locality; then the work of the sections was brought before the next congress of each federation, and finally it was submitted in a more elaborate form to the next international congress. The structure of the

society which we longed for was thus worked out from beneath, and the Jura Federation took a large part in the elaboration of the anarchist ideal.

As to myself being placed in such favorable conditions, I gradually came to realize that anarchism represents more than a mere mode of action and a mere conception of a free society; that it is part of a philosophy, natural and social, which must be developed in a quite different way from the metaphysical or dialectic methods which have been employed in sciences dealing with man. I saw that it must be treated by the same methods as natural sciences; not, however, on the slippery ground of mere analogies which has been accepted by Herbert Spencer, but on the solid basis of induction applied to human institutions. And I did my best to accomplish what I could in that direction.

V.

Two congresses were held in the autumn of 1877 in Belgium: one of the International Workingmen's Association at Verviers, and the other an international socialist congress at Ghent. The latter was especially important, as it was known that an attempt would be made by the German Social Democrats to bring all the labor movement of Europe under one organization, subject to a central committee, which would be the old general council of the International under a new name. It was therefore necessary to preserve the autonomy of the labor organizations in the Latin countries, and we did our best to be well represented at this congress. I went under the name of Levashóff; two Germans walked nearly all the distance from Basel to Belgium; and although we were only nine anarchists at Ghent, we succeeded in checking the centralization scheme.

Twenty-two years have passed since; a number of international socialist congresses have been held, and at every one of them the same struggle has been re-

newed, — the Social Democrats trying to enlist all the labor movement of Europe under their banner and to bring it under their control, and the anarchists opposing and preventing it. What an amount of wasted force, of bitter words exchanged and efforts divided, simply because those who have adopted the formula of “conquest of power within the existing states” do not understand that activity in this direction cannot embody all the socialist movement! From the outset socialism took three independent lines of development, which found their expression in Saint-Simon, Fourier, and Robert Owen. Saint-Simonism has developed into Social Democracy, and Fourierism into anarchism; while Owenism is developing, in England and America, into trade-unionism, coöperation, and the so-called municipal socialism, and remains hostile to Social Democratic state socialism, while it has many points of contact with anarchism. But because of failure to recognize that the three march toward a common goal in three different ways, and that the two latter bring their own precious contribution to human progress, a quarter of a century has been given to endeavors to realize the unrealizable Utopia of a unique labor movement of the Social Democratic pattern.

The Ghent congress ended for me in an unexpected way. The Belgian police learned who Levashóff was, and received the order to arrest me for a breach of police regulations which I had committed in giving at the hotel an assumed name. My Belgian friends warned me. They maintained that the clerical ministry which was in power was capable of giving me up to Russia, and insisted upon my leaving the congress at once. They would not let me return to the hotel, and led me straight from a meeting to a group of Ghent comrades, who, after much whispering and subdued whistling to other groups of comrades, scattered in a dark square, finally took me under escort to a

Social Democrat worker, who received me in the most touching way as a brother. Next morning I left once more for England.

I did not stay long in London. In the admirable collections of the British Museum I studied the beginnings of the French Revolution, — how revolutions come to break out, — but I wanted more activity, and soon went to Paris. A revival of the labor movement was beginning there, after the rigid suppression of the Commune. With the Italian Costa and the few anarchist friends we had among the Paris workers, and with Jules Guesde and his colleagues who were not strict Social Democrats at that time, we started the first socialist groups.

Our beginnings were ridiculously small. Half a dozen of us used to meet in cafés, and when we had an audience of a hundred persons at a meeting we felt happy. No one would have guessed then that two years later the movement would be in full swing. But France has its own ways of development. When a reaction has gained sway, all visible traces of a movement disappear. Those who fight against the current are few. But in some mysterious way, by a sort of invisible infiltration of ideas, the reaction is undermined; a new current sets in, and then it appears, all of a sudden, that the idea which was thought to be dead was there alive, spreading and growing all the time; and as soon as public agitation becomes possible, thousands of adherents, whose existence nobody suspected, come to the front. “There are at Paris,” old Blanqui used to say, “fifty thousand men who never come to a meeting or to a demonstration; but the moment they feel that the people can appear in the streets to manifest their opinion, they are there to storm the position.” So it was then. There were not twenty of us to carry on the movement, not two hundred openly to support it. At the first commemoration of the Commune, in March, 1878, we surely were not two hundred. But

two years later the amnesty for the Commune was voted, and the working population of Paris was in the streets to greet the returning Communards; it flocked by the thousand to cheer them at the meetings, and the socialist movement took a sudden expansion, carrying with it the radicals.

The time had not yet come for that revival, however, and one night in April, 1878, Costa and a French comrade were arrested. A police court condemned them to imprisonment for eighteen months as Internationalists. I escaped arrest only by mistake. The police wanted Levashóff, and went to arrest a Russian student whose name sounded very much like that. I had given my real name, and continued to stay at Paris under that name for another month. Then I was called to Switzerland.

VI.

During this stay at Paris I made my first acquaintance with Turguéneff. He had expressed to our common friend Lavróff the desire to see me, and, as a true Russian, to celebrate my escape by a small friendly dinner. It was with a feeling near to worship that I crossed the threshold of his room. If by his Sportsman's Notebook he rendered to Russia the immense service of throwing odium upon serfdom (I did not know at that time that he took a leading part in Herzen's powerful Bell), he has rendered no less service through his later novels. He has shown what the Russian woman is, what treasures of mind and heart she possesses, what she may be as an inspirer of men; and he has taught us how men who have a real claim to superiority look upon women, how they love. Upon me, and upon thousands of my contemporaries, this phase of his made an indelible impression, far more powerful than the best articles upon women's rights.

His appearance is well known. Tall, strongly built, the head covered with soft and thick gray hair, he was certainly

beautiful; his eyes gleamed with intelligence, not devoid of a touch of humor, and his whole manner testified to that simplicity and absence of affectation which are characteristic of all the best Russian writers. His fine head revealed a formidable development of brain power, and when he died, and Paul Bert, with Paul Reclus (the surgeon), weighed his brain, it so much surpassed the heaviest brain then known,—that of Cuvier,—reaching something over two thousand grammes, that they would not trust to their scales, but got new ones, to repeat the weighing.

His talk was especially remarkable. He spoke, as he wrote, in images. When he wanted to develop an idea, he did not resort to arguments, although he was a master in philosophical discussions; he illustrated his idea by a scene presented in a form as beautiful as if it had been taken out of one of his novels.

Of all novel-writers of our century, Turguéneff has certainly attained the greatest perfection as an artist, and his prose sounds to the Russian ear like music,—music as deep as that of Beethoven. His principal novels—the series of Dmitri Rúdin, A Noblemen's Retreat, On the Eve, Fathers and Sons, Smoke, and Virgin Soil—represent the leading "history-making" types of the educated classes of Russia, which evolved in rapid succession after 1848; all sketched with a fullness of philosophical conception and humanitarian understanding and an artistic beauty which have no parallel in any other literature. Yet Fathers and Sons—a novel which he rightly considered his profoundest work—was received by the young people of Russia with a loud protest. Our youth declared that the nihilist Bazároff was by no means a true representation of his class; many described him even as a caricature upon nihilism. This misunderstanding deeply affected Turguéneff, and, although a reconciliation between him and the young generation took place later on,

at St. Petersburg, after he had written *Virgin Soil*, the wound inflicted upon him by these attacks was never healed.

He knew from Lavroff that I was a devoted admirer of his writings; and one day, as we were returning in a carriage from a visit to Antokólsky's studio, he asked me what I thought of Bazároff. I frankly replied, "Bazároff is an admirable painting of the nihilist, but one feels that you did not love him as much as you did your other heroes." "No, I loved him, intensely loved him," Turguéneff replied, with an unexpected vigor. "Wait; when we get home I will show you my diary, in which I noted how I wept when I had ended the novel with Bazároff's death."

Turguéneff certainly loved the intellectual aspect of Bazároff. He so identified himself with the nihilist philosophy of his hero that he even kept a diary in his name, appreciating the current events from Bazároff's point of view. But I think that he admired him more than he loved him. In a brilliant lecture on *Hamlet* and *Don Quixote*, he divided the history makers of mankind into two classes, represented by one or the other of these characters. "Analysis first of all, and egotism, and therefore no faith; an egotist cannot even believe in himself:" so he characterized *Hamlet*. "Therefore he is a skeptic, and never will achieve anything; while *Don Quixote*, who fights against windmills, and takes a barber's plate for the magic helmet of Mambrein (who of us has never made the same mistake?), is a leader of the masses, because the masses always follow those who, taking no heed of the sarcasms of the majority, or even of persecutions, march straight forward, keeping their eyes fixed upon a goal which they alone may see. They search, they fall, but they rise again, and find it,—and by right, too. Yet, although *Hamlet* is a skeptic, and disbelieves in Good, he does not disbelieve in Evil. He hates

it; Evil and Deceit are his enemies; and his skepticism is not indifferentism, but only negation and doubt, which finally consume his will."

These thoughts of Turguéneff give, I think, the true key for understanding his relations to his heroes. He himself and several of his best friends belonged more or less to the *Hamlets*. He loved *Hamlet*, and admired *Don Quixote*. So he admired also Bazároff. He represented his superiority well, but he could not surround him with that tender, poetical love to a sick friend which he bestowed on his heroes when they approached the *Hamlet* type. It would have been out of place.

"Did you know Myshkin?" he once asked me, in 1878. At the trial of our circles Myshkin revealed himself as the most powerful personality. "I should like to know all about him," he continued. "That is a man; not the slightest trace of *Hamletism*." And in so saying he was obviously meditating on this new type in the Russian movement, which did not exist in the phase that Turguéneff described in *Virgin Soil*, but was to appear two years later.

I saw him for the last time in the autumn of 1881. He was very ill, and worried by the thought that it was his duty to write to Alexander III.,—who had just come to the throne, and hesitated as to the policy he should follow,—asking him to give Russia a constitution, and proving to him by solid arguments the necessity of that step. With evident grief he said to me: "I must do it, but I feel I shall not be able to do it." In fact, he was already suffering awful pains occasioned by a cancer in the spinal cord, and had the greatest difficulty even in sitting up and talking for a few moments. He did not write then, and a few weeks later it would have been useless. Alexander III. had announced in a manifesto his intention to remain the absolute ruler of Russia.

P. Kropotkin.

THE BREAK-UP OF CHINA, AND OUR INTEREST IN IT.

THE literal "cycle of Cathay," or period of sixty years, — not the vague literary expression of Lord Tennyson, — which has just ended, was probably the most momentous for China, if not for the world at large; for it was in 1839 that the difficulties of intercourse between the East and the West came to the first crisis. The year 1899 seems to mark another crisis, which, as regards the integrity of the Chinese problem, may prove final. Yet the situation in Far Eastern Asia was grasped by only a few Western observers before 1895, when the struggle for suzerainty over Corea revealed the helplessness of China, and lifted Japan to a seat in the council of Powers. Though worsted in two foreign wars and nearly wrecked by an internal convulsion, the government of the "Son of Heaven" had learned nothing new and forgotten nothing old. The abortive issue of the French attack in 1884 seemed even to give it greater arrogance, and to increase the deference with which it was treated by Europe.

For ten years after the late Jules Ferry had declared Peking to be "*une quantité négligeable*" events conspired to prove his estimate incorrect. The Burlingame burlesque was forgotten, and the Dragon was again believed to be awakening. He looked very formidable — at a distance. Taking into consideration the blindness of the British, who had been the pioneers of trade, and whose commercial supremacy was still unthreatened, to the political and social conditions of the country, we need not wonder at the ignorance displayed by other peoples. English military experts referred to China as a desirable ally in the struggle, then thought imminent, of Slav and Saxon over India. A succession of muzzled or incompetent envoys represented Queen Victoria at Peking,

and set to the consuls throughout the Chinese Empire an example of subservience to native authorities intensely mortifying to the foreign commercial communities which had grown to prosperity under a more vigorous régime. The lives and property of the Queen's subjects became so cheap that they were the favorite toys of petty mandarins.

During all this period the attitude of the American government and people was different, but hardly more enlightened. The relations of the United States to China were peculiar; the few American resident merchants, who had built up fortunes by exporting Oriental produce, disappeared, and no large importers had arisen. The delusions of a prohibitive tariff and a purely home market paralyzed American enterprise abroad, and the effect of our navigation laws was to deprive us of that share in the carrying trade of Asia which we had enjoyed before our civil war. On the other hand, an enormous influx of Chinese peasants upon the Pacific coast had glutted the labor market, and produced as bitter a racial hostility to them as could be reciprocated by the untraveled multitudes of the Flowery Land. Familiarity with the Chinese individual in our own country had bred contempt for his nation at home, and the interests, missionary rather than commercial, of American citizens in China were more courageously though not more skillfully upheld than those of European subjects.

How long the nations of the West might have indulged in pleasant dreams of a self-instructed Chinese monarchy holding out both hands for the world's commerce and civilization, varied by that strange recurrent nightmare known as "the Yellow Peril," it is difficult to say. But the internal ferment and consequent expansion of Japan hastened

the awakening. At first the attention of Europe was concentrated on the naval struggle in the Yellow Sea, from which it was thought possible to learn valuable lessons in armament and tactics. Even after the destruction of Chinese sea power and the occupation of Corea by Japanese troops, the danger threatening the Celestial Empire itself was not realized in Europe. China, it was widely and confidently asserted, could absorb Japanese armies as she would a duststorm. They must simply melt away, leaving their island homes depopulated. The conservative prophets were so rapidly discomfited that bewilderment seized the press and politicians of Great Britain. The Yellow Peril bogey was transferred to Japan, and when Germany, Russia, and France decided to interfere, the authorities of Downing Street seemed willing to be ignored. Had a strong personality ruled the counsels of the Queen something might have been done to save British prestige; but Lord Rosebery was a man of many moods and many minds, hampered by an unpopular domestic policy which he had inherited together with that Elijah's mantle of leadership which was soon to trip him up.

The events which followed the Treaty of Shimonoseki are within the memory of every adult reader of the newspapers. Book after book has been published, professing to give a solution of the Far Eastern question, and often embodying merely the prejudices of a compiler or the perfunctory notes of a flying journalist. The utterances of the Honorable G. N. Curzon and Mr. Archibald R. Colquhoun were the most important, until the publication recently of Lord Charles Beresford's report to the British Associated Chambers of Commerce. (The Break-up of China. Harpers.) Lord Charles appeals not only to the commercial classes of his own country, but to the public of the United States as well; he is, like his predecessors, a believer in

a fair field and no favor for all nations in China, but in addition to this he advocates an Anglo-American *entente*, which, with the probable adhesion of Japan and possibly of Germany, he regards as necessary to maintain the "open door." The alternative policy he judges "certain to encompass the doom of China, and equally certain to produce international strife. Mastery in Asia under a system of 'spheres of influence' will not be determined by effusion of ink."

The merit of this report lies in the fact that it gives the results of careful investigations on the spot by a man of world-wide fame in his profession, having extensive knowledge of human nature and a judgment as open and impartial as robust patriotism and special associations ever leave to us at maturity. Beresford received the confidence of all Anglo-Saxon communities in China, as well as assurances of sympathy from German traders and of hearty support by the people and press of Japan. He had access to the highest officials of the Chinese government, and almost every facility for verifying the military and naval collapse of the empire. He was also interviewed by the fugitive leader of the ill-fated Reform Party in China, which was overthrown by the *coup d'état* of September, 1898. He saw the Russians at work in Manchuria and the Germans in Shantung, and he listened to the grievances of Englishmen against their consular service, to which some reformers in this country are wont to point as a model. He has studied the treaties, and observed the administration and effects of the tariff which depends upon them, as conscientiously as the forts and arsenals which might have more personal interest for a rear admiral who has seen active service. Above all, he has learned how to assimilate and condense the vast amount of information which he received, how to discard the extreme view, and how to sift the unfounded as-

section. Whether or not one may agree with the practical utility of the open door policy, The Break-up of China is the most available and authoritative statement of essential truths for a student of politics or a seller of produce in the Orient.

Lord Charles has assuredly made out a good case against the inaction or opportunism of the British government amid recent developments, and he shows how seriously British and American trade is menaced by the closing of an immense general market. The advent of the United States to a seat on the court-martial of Powers which is trying the case of China is likely to be of great moment. Hitherto the majority has been distinctly inclined to give a sentence of summary decapitation and dissection. America, secure in a splendid isolation and confident in the permanent sufficiency of her domestic market, regarded the Oriental problem as academic, and its solution as immaterial to her welfare, until the guns of Admiral Dewey stirred the masses of his fellow countrymen to a keener sense of their needs and responsibilities. But other than sentimental reasons must be advanced for our undertaking with Great Britain or a syndicate of Powers to buttress the tottering colossus of China.

Almost all statistics of the foreign trade of China are based upon the returns of the Imperial Maritime Customs, which do not include the figures of import or export by overland routes. But the commerce of Western Europe and America is almost wholly sea-borne, and Lord Charles Beresford shows how great our export trade to China is, and how much it increased during the decade which ended with 1897. In free competition with British plain gray and white cotton goods, the American variety has risen from fourteen and a half per cent of the total import eleven years ago to twenty-nine and a half per cent during the year before last. The figures given

by Consul-General Jernigan in his report of October 25, 1895, indicated that the value of the direct sea-borne trade relations between China and the United States for 1894 was greater than that between China and the European continent (Russia excepted); that it was more than double that between Russia and China, and amounted to nearly five eighths of the direct trade of Great Britain with China. Mr. A. R. Colquhoun stated that "the volume of the United States trade with China represented more than one seventh of the entire foreign trade of the empire in 1896. While the import trade from China has increased slowly, the export trade to China has increased one hundred and twenty-six per cent in ten years, and is more than fifty per cent larger than the German exports." (China in Transformation, page 156.) A depression in 1898, due in part to our war with Spain, is more than offset by the estimates for 1899. And all this notwithstanding the purchasing power of Chinese silver has fallen thirty per cent since 1893.

Our present rivalry with Russia is in kerosene oil. But the Russian oil is so much inferior that dishonest methods are employed to introduce it. Tins and cases which have contained American oil and still bear its trademarks are used to pack Russian oil, to the injury of the American exporter and the native consumer. Another branch of American trade, and one capable in an open market of indefinite development, is the importation of flour for the northern provinces; but if these regions of China, where wheat instead of rice is the staple food of the people, should be acknowledged as the Russian "sphere of influence," the exclusion of American flour and oil by administrative enactment is sure to follow. It is, moreover, noteworthy in the statistics of the northern ports that American imports have more generally increased in that section than in the Yangtse Valley or the southern

provinces, where they are not at present threatened with political discrimination.

Russia has always been served by the best men she has in the career of diplomacy. With her especially it may be said that "a diplomat is an honest man sent abroad to lie for his country." There may be significance in the fact that her present ambassador at Washington has played a great part in the overshadowing influence of the Tsar at Peking. Of course, the cabinet and the press are given to understand, with extreme unctuousness, that Russian influence in Asia is friendly to American interests; but it is well to remember, as a guarantee of Russian good faith, the recent crime against the liberties of Finland.

Lord Charles Beresford's chapters on Railways and Waterways are highly interesting, because it is by facility of travel and transportation that the dough of Cathay must be leavened. But the distinguished defender of the open door is not always consistent in his exposition. He is inclined to surrender in practice a crucial part of his policy for the sake of getting it adopted in theory. "If the open door policy is maintained throughout China," he writes, "the more countries who employ their capital and energy in making railways, the better it will be for British trade; but in order to secure the open door policy, it may be that we shall have to concede to other countries preferential rights or spheres of interest, as far as railway enterprise is concerned. This we have already done with regard to Germany in Shantung and Russia in Manchuria, and the question arises, What is our position in the Yangtse Valley, where other Powers possess railway concessions?" Very pertinent; but if there are to be spheres of railway influence, why should there not be spheres of mining, bridging, conservancy, or other engineering influence? Where are they to cease, and how are they to be regulated? It would be a

jungle of jurisdictions, a gnarled knot of privileges which only the sword could cut. We have already, as pointed out by Lord Charles, an example of conflicting courts in the residential concessions at the port of Hankow, where the invalidity of certain titles to real estate is the distress of the occupants, and would be the despair of an American conveyancer.

The trouble is that there has been no definite agreement among the Powers since the collapse of China was made clear to the meanest intellect. Each government has been bullying Peking in its turn, demanding this or that contract or concession with or without the color of a pretext. Where only a harbor or a fringe of seacoast is involved, the disadvantages of the scramble policy may not be immediately patent; but when it is extended to the complicated charters of public carriers, the development of mineral resources, or any enterprise requiring the employment of intricate machinery and skilled labor, the absurdity is manifest. It might reach such proportions that the consent of five Powers would be necessary to construct a breakwater in the Gulf of Pechili, or that one Power could veto the opening of a switch at a railway junction in the Yangtse Valley.

No such compromise is possible. Either, as Lord Charles Beresford believes and in the main strongly presents to us, "the world must adhere firmly to the open door and equal opportunity policy," with its logical sequence of a revival of the imperial authority in China by injecting stimulants and vigorously chafing the extremities, or there must be accurately surveyed and delimited geographical regions, where Briton, Cossack, Frank, Teuton, Japanese, or Yankee may grow whatever crop of institutions he may prefer and the soil can bear.

Is it for the benefit of the United States to deal with China as a vast unit under her native flag, or as fragments under many flags? That is what we

have to decide; and Lord Charles confesses that, when he passed through America, the public mind was partly distracted from his message by the acute stage of the Philippine problem. It is to be hoped that our government is silently exercising the utmost vigilance in behalf of our commercial privileges on the continent of Asia. Failure to do so might not be politically disastrous to the present administration, but posterity will not forgive nor history condone faults of omission or indifference after such warnings as have already been given. Surely, no American administration would seriously contemplate the establishment of a dependency or protectorate on the mainland of China, while our interests there may be safeguarded by international control and reciprocity; but it is difficult to see how these securities can be obtained without more definite engagements on the part of our State Department than our uninformed pub-

lic opinion now demands. Nevertheless, the signs of a healthy and growing interest are numerous. The American Asiatic Association of those directly interested in the Far East was formed last year, with headquarters at New York, corresponding to the British China Association, and may in time possess equal weight. A very valuable document, *Commercial China* in 1899, has been issued by the Bureau of Statistics of the Treasury Department at Washington, and gives in a concise and intelligible form the main facts and prospects of the situation. A wide dissemination of this pamphlet is earnestly to be desired; and every factor is to be encouraged that brings home to American manufacturers and merchants the opportunity that awaits them, — an opportunity that, by a wise foreign policy and far-sighted commercial methods, can add immensely to our trade and to our international influence.

HAVE WE FAILED WITH THE INDIAN?

WHEN the public mind is directed to a discussion of the wisest and safest attitude toward other alien races whose future has been put in our keeping, our policy with the Indians becomes an object lesson worthy of careful and candid study. It is for this purpose that attention is here invited to what that policy has come to be, and what it has thus far accomplished. The treatment of the Indian has been the subject of much study and experiment that has proved fruitless. Only by the process of elimination after experiment have the multitude of ephemeral and ineffective methods given way to one which has at last come to hold undivided public support for a time long enough to test its efficacy.

The present Indian policy of the gov-

ernment is of comparatively recent date. It is hardly yet twenty-five years since the first step was taken. The beginning was small and tentative, but the policy has steadily grown in the public confidence and in the enlargement of effort, until, judged by results, it now stands justified. Before its adoption the attitude of the government toward the different tribes was in general that of kind, patient care. There were exceptional cases in this treatment, — instances of hardship, injustice, and wrong, — not to be defended; traceable, however, almost always to unfit stewards and unfaithful public servants, and not to the deliberate act of the government itself. The prevailing idea was that of guardianship of an uncivilized race among us,

incapable of self-support or self-restraint, over which public safety as well as the dictates of humanity required the exercise of a constant, restraining care, until it should fade out of existence in the irresistible march of civilization. It very soon became apparent that under this treatment the race did not diminish, but, by reason of protection from the slaughter of one another in wars among themselves and from diseases inseparable from savage life, it increased in number. This increase in population calling for more room, we were confronted with another problem not before taken into account. Emigration was yearly swelling in numbers, and marching like an army with banners upon the public domain and over into Indian reservations. These conditions, impossible to change, forced upon the country a change in its Indian policy. This army of newcomers was invading and appropriating to the uses of civilization the reservations which the increasing number of the Indian race was making more and more necessary for its own support. There would soon be little unoccupied room for either race, and it was plain that the two could not live together, and that the one must speedily crowd out the other. What was to become of the untutored, defenseless Indian, when he found himself thus pushed out of the life and home of the reservation, and cut off from the hunting and fishing which furnished the only and scanty supply of his daily wants? It was plain that if he were left alone he must of necessity become a tramp and beggar with all the evil passions of a savage, a homeless and lawless poacher upon civilization, and a terror to the peaceful citizen.

It was this condition which forced on the nation its present Indian policy. It was born of sheer necessity. Inasmuch as the Indian refused to fade out, but multiplied under the sheltering care of reservation life, and the reservation itself was slipping away from him, there

was but one alternative: either he must be endured as a lawless savage, a constant menace to civilized life, or he must be fitted to become a part of that life and be absorbed into it. To permit him to be a roving savage was unendurable, and therefore the task of fitting him for civilized life was undertaken.

This, then, is the present Indian policy of the nation, — to fit the Indian for civilization and to absorb him into it. It is a national work. It is less than twenty-five years since the government turned from the policy of keeping him on reservations, as quiet as possible, out of the way of civilization, waiting, with no excess of patience, for the race to fade out of existence and to cease from troubling. It was in 1877 that the nation made the first appropriation from its own treasury to fit for its own citizenship this portion of the human race living under its own flag and constitution, but without legal status or constitutional immunities. They were sometimes called in political phraseology savages, and sometimes wards or dependents, but generally savages, because no other word came so near expressing their status and character. The first appropriation was a mere pittance of \$20,000; it was given only after a hard struggle. But the first step met with encouragement, and the next year the sum was increased to \$30,000, and then to \$60,000, and in two years more it became \$125,000. The policy has at last so grown in public confidence that, while there is still much discussion of the best methods of expenditure, not a word is heard among the lawgivers for its abandonment. It has in the meantime so broadened in its scope that the appropriations for this work have increased from year to year, till this year (1899) it has risen to \$2,638,390.

This vast outlay would of itself justify an inquiry into results. But an inquiry is demanded for another reason, because the assumed "failure" of our Indian policy is quoted in discussions of the

attitude of the nation toward other alien peoples and our treatment of them. An eminent preacher, on last Thanksgiving Day, declared to a large congregation, "I should rather be a Malay subject to Spain than an American Indian subject to the Indian Bureau." A leading religious weekly of the widest circulation, discussing the same subject, stated that "our treatment of the Indian has been a miserable failure." There appeared also in one of the oldest of our magazines an article, by one whose sincerity and ability no one has ever questioned, demanding a radical departure, an abandonment of our present Indian policy. Men of less note, thus encouraged, are turning great microscopic power upon the government's treatment of the Indian for the last twenty-five years, in search of support for these arguments. It does not seem out of place, then, again to call public attention to what has been done for the Indian, and to see whether our present policy is a failure.

The contrast between the small beginning and the last appropriation itself indicates a public confidence based on merit. Much more would the aggregate of the outlay, if we should count it up, make imperative the inquiry, What else than success could possibly have induced adherence to so costly an outlay? The aggregate of all sums appropriated for this purpose since the first \$20,000 in 1877 amounts to \$29,352,344. Previous Indian policies had been shifting and ephemeral enough to promise a dozen changes during the period that the present policy has continued. Before this hardly one had outlived the administration that originated it, and sometimes two or three would come and go in a single presidential term. But when, in 1877, the government made its first appropriation, of \$20,000, to educate the Indian up to a self-supporting citizenship, the money was expended in conjunction with benevolent contribu-

tions, and with the interest on funds belonging to the Indians, in support of 48 small boarding schools and 102 day schools with 3598 pupils. These schools were opened at the different reservations most promising for such an experiment. The result of each year's work since this small beginning explains the constantly increasing public confidence and additional expenditure as well as the enlargement of the work. There are now 148 well-equipped boarding schools and 295 day schools, engaged in the education of 24,004 children, with an average attendance of 19,671. How near this comes to including the whole number of children of school age, in a total population of a quarter of a million of Indians, every inquirer can form a pretty close estimate for himself.

No one will deny that, at this rate of progress, the facilities for the education of Indian children will soon reach, if they have not already reached, those enjoyed by their white neighbors in the remote regions of the West. The results thus far are of a most encouraging character. A personal examination, by competent and reliable officials, of all these schools, and as far as possible of the life of every person who has gone out from them, shows that seventy-six per cent of them are proving themselves, in the language of the present wise and broad-minded commissioner who has this work in charge, "good average men and women, capable of dealing with the ordinary problems of life, and of taking their place in the great body politic of our country." This is an army of missionaries going forth among their own people, speaking the language, clothed with the equipment, and inspired with the hopes and ambitions of civilized life. Its value cannot be overestimated. It is to this ultimate end that these schools are conducted. Industrial education which will fit the pupil for independent manhood is the necessity which justifies

the undertaking. Whatever else may await these youth, they must be able to meet the demands of the life which will surround them, or they will fail. If they are to be farmers, as most of them must be, it is of vastly more importance to them, in the outset, to be taught the requirements of a successful farmer,—irrigation, grain-raising, grazing, herding,—than to be taught any amount of book-learning or culture. This dominating purpose of the Indian school is the test of its usefulness. The result of its work thus far has not failed to stand the test.

But the work does not stop with the rising generation of the race; it embraces also the adult Indian. The home, no less in savage than in civilized life, is the centre of the influences that shape and determine character. Neglect of it is neglect of the future. Soon after the beginning of appropriations for Indian schools, Congress, in what is called the Severalty Act, provided for every Indian capable of appreciating its value, and who chose to take it, a homestead of one hundred and sixty acres to heads of families, and a smaller number to other members, inalienable and untaxable for twenty-five years, to be selected by him on the reservation of his tribe. If he prefer to abandon his tribe and go elsewhere, he may take his allotment anywhere on the public domain, free of charge. No English baron has a safer title to his manor than has each Indian to his homestead. He cannot part with it for twenty-five years without the consent of Congress, nor can the United States, without his consent, be released from a covenant to defend his possession for the same period. This allotment carries with it also all the rights, privileges, and immunities of an American citizen; opens to these Indians, as to all other citizens, the doors of all the courts; and extends to them the protection of all the laws, national and state, which affect any other citizen. Any Indian, if

he prefers not to be a farmer, incumbered with one of these homesteads, may become a citizen of the United States, and reside and prosecute any calling in any part of the United States, as securely under this law as any one else, by taking up his residence separate and apart from his tribe, and adopting the habits of civilized life. Thus every door of opportunity is thrown wide open to every adult Indian, as well as to those of the next generation.

This recognition of the home and family as a force in Indian civilization became a part of the present policy of dealing with the race only twelve years ago. These are some of its results: 55,467 individual Indians, including a few under former treaty stipulations, have taken their allotments, making an aggregate of 6,708,628 acres. Of these, 30,000 now hold complete patents to their homes, and the rest are awaiting the perfection and delivery of their title deeds. More than 15,000 are heads of families now holding permanent homes,—permanent for twenty-five years, at least. Around these are gathered the lesser allotments of the other members of each family. Every adult male landholder stands at the polls and in the courts in the full rights of American citizenship.

Not alone in these statistics are manifest the evidences of permanent advance of the race toward the goal of orderly, self-supporting citizenship. Bloody Indian wars have ceased. The slaughter of warring clans and the scalping of women and children fleeing from burning wigwams are no longer recorded. Geronimo himself has become a teacher of peace. The recent unfortunate difficulty with the Chippewas in Minnesota, caused more by lack of white than of red civilization, is no exception. We are at peace with the Indian all along the border, and the line between the Indian and the white settlements is fast fading out. The pioneer goes forth to trade and barter with the red man as

safely as he does with his white neighbor, and returns at night to his defenseless home with less apprehension of peril to those within than when scouts and sentinels mounted guard over it. This change has come quite as much from causes at work among the Indians themselves as from the influence of those who have the shaping of our policy. During these twelve years, families and adult Indians without families, in all more than 30,000, have found homes of their own on Indian lands, and are maintaining themselves by farming, stock-raising, and other pursuits to which peace is essential, and have themselves become peacemakers. Results from this brief experiment cannot be put into figures, but statistics recently published by authority as substantially correct are a sufficient and unanswerable argument in its support. From them it appears that these newborn Indian farmers have already fenced for their own farms 1,066,368 acres, from which they have realized, beyond what they themselves consumed, of vegetables, grain, hay, stock, and other farm products, the sum of \$1,220,517. It is needless to say that this is a peace establishment more effective to prevent outbreaks among these Indians than all the bayonets relied on in the past for that purpose. In the Carlisle industrial school, the earliest and most persistent in developing the industrial faculties of Indian pupils, the scholars have a savings bank of their own, conducted by themselves, in which they deposit their earnings during the summer months. These deposits have aggregated as much as \$15,000. From them they often, of their own motion, disburse, in various benevolent enterprises connected with the work, percentages of each deposit.

There is another side of this question yet to be considered. What has the church been able to do under this policy? Bishop Hare, who has devoted his life to the uplifting of the Indian in the diocese of the two Dakotas, tells of a

dozen Indian clergymen, and more than fifty deacons and catechists, engaged in missionary work among the Sioux alone, and 1600 Indian communicants in the Episcopal church. The Indian women in his diocese contributed in one year \$2000 for missionary purposes. There are 33,000 Sioux, and 8000 are members of various churches. The Presbyterians, working among the Indians in other parts of the country, report nearly 5000 church members and 4000 enrolled in their Sunday schools, who gave in one year for missions \$2600, besides \$3400 toward their own support. Equally encouraging are reports from other denominations in all parts of the field where the national policy of making self-supporting citizens has taken root. The aggregate of church communicants is 28,351.

Other features of the work are not less successful. Not the least is the manhood it has inspired and the hope it has awakened in the Indian. It is dawning upon him that he was made for something, and he is beginning to care for the morrow. Pride in his children, in his home and its surroundings, is prompting effort and stimulating desire to excel. He no longer doubts and distrusts, and is daily growing more and more sure that the hand held out to him is for guidance and help, and not for betrayal or spoliation.

Such is the purpose of the present Indian policy of the nation, and these are some of its results. It is not all it should be, and there is yet need of the ever mending hand of the legislator as well as the watchful eye of the administrator. But the work has passed beyond the stage of experiment, and has won a permanent place in the conduct of public affairs. Those whose hands and hearts are in the work no longer criticise, but labor to improve. When such results have been accomplished in the green tree, what may we not hope for in the dry?

But let it ever be kept in mind that, after all, the civilization of the Indian cannot be enacted. The function of the law in this work is little more than the clearing of the way, the removal of disabilities, the creation of opportunities, and the shelter and protection of agencies elsewhere vitalized. The one vitalizing force, without which all else will prove vain, is the Indian's own willingness to adopt civilized life. Until this is quickened into activity, everything else will wilt and perish like a plant without root. Every effort must recognize this cardinal principle. Much can be done to kindle in him a desire for a better life and to nurse its beginnings, building it up to an aggressive force; but until this exist, any attempt, through legislation or in any

other way, to impose civilization upon the race will prove a failure. When that desire and hope for a better life shall begin to prevail over savage instincts, if the law shall then have made the way clear and the path plain, and, co-operating with outside efforts to strengthen and mature the new impulses, shall have made sure the rewards of civilization and the immunities of citizenship, it will have fulfilled its purpose. This is the endeavor of the Indian policy of to-day. Opening up so wide a field, and imposing an obligation for increased effort on every friend of the race, whatever may be his theory, it may calmly await the first stone from any of those who can claim Scriptural authority for casting it.

H. L. Dawes.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

SHAKESPEARE, with his wealth of words of unfixed connotation, *Hamlet as a Fool.* seems to have tried to distinguish the terms "fool," "jester," and "clown." In his nomenclature of characters, a clown is a muddle-pated, mistaught, clumsy fellow, too often lewd; a jester is a witty man, whose trade is "to set the table on a roar," or who talks for the sake of hearing himself say clever things. "A fool," says Webster, "is a man who counterfeits folly:" and that is the basis of Shakespeare's conceptions. His fools are at bottom exceedingly wise men; they are judicious critics, but pessimistic, able to edge their observations with potent euphemisms, sharp paradoxes, or biting sarcasms. A good critic is invariably a fool, in this sense; and a fool is ever a good critic.

The great dramatist, in making his best plays, seems to have followed a recipe like this:—

Take a man with an introspective

brain, who is naturally kind of heart and whose instincts are mainly for good; give him such an education that he shall be fitted to observe men and things, and to compare his observations with the workings of his own soul; then imprison him in circumstances which make it impossible for him to act as his heart bids him; and for result you will have a hero, a villain, or a fool. The man becomes a hero when a way is opened at last for him to perform a noble deed, as witness Henry V. He becomes a villain when the only road from his prison leads through crime and bloodshed, as witness Macbeth. But if the dam walling in the troubled waters of his soul is never burst, he becomes a fool, whom the spectator must love as much as he admires, detests, or pities the other two; and such a character must remain a fool till the last act, when death comes and brings him peace.

Such fools are not found in Shake-

speare's earlier plays. The first I know of is the fool in *Twelfth Night*, a lovable fellow, nearly a buffoon, whom Malvolio detests and all the others love. Of the fool in *Lear* Coleridge says, "He is no comic buffoon to make the groundlings laugh." No; he is rather a wise man to teach the groundlings wisdom, whose "rudeness is a sauce to his good wit." Wise with a wisdom which is expressionless, he must yet speak out of the fullness of his heart though he be whipped for it. For what can he *do*? Can he stem the torrent of disaster which the old man by his unwisdom has brought upon his own head? Can he bring back his beloved mistress, for whom "since her going into France he hath much pined away"? Can he make the devilish Goneril and Regan as tender-hearted as they should be? Can he stop the poor old King from going mad? No, he can do none of these things; but he may endeavor, with his quips and quibbles, his euphemisms and paradoxes, to make the crownless Lear laugh at his own sorrows, and he can be faithful unto death, and fade from the wonderful page helping to bear the sleeping King to Dover.

Shakespeare's fools do not all wear motley. He loved them too much not to place one on a high pedestal, and the one he has drawn most carefully is a Prince, always in black. For the hero of Shakespeare's masterpiece is undoubtedly a fool, — the apotheosis of the Fool as the dramatist saw him. The contention that Hamlet was a weak man, who succumbed to a burden too great for him, and was essentially mad, is contradicted by the fact that he simulated madness, and also by his decisive action in the matter of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. A weak man never seizes the bull by the horns, as Hamlet did in that case, and in the matter of his *call* it was the circumstances which fooled him. He could have struck the nail on the head if he had been sure there was a

nail to strike, but he was ever skeptical about his right to slay his uncle, and there was not always in him a firm belief that the Ghost was as real as it seemed.

No; Hamlet was a fool in the same sense of the word that Lear's friend and adviser of the motley was a fool. He recognized that the world was all awry; that wickedness, drunkenness, lewdness, and injustice were enthroned; and that he could do nothing to remedy it nor to relieve the bitterness within him but by sarcastic speeches and euphemisms veiled in clownishness. "There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark but he's an arrant knave," taken with its context, is the quintessence of Shakespearean fooling.

It would seem that there works against this contention the fact that Hamlet is rarely to be laughed at, but with Shakespeare the fool's part was not necessarily ludicrous. "*The clown*," says Hamlet, instructing his Players, "*the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickle o' the sear*;" and we have seen that a fool and a clown are as different as a philosopher and a buffoon, and that the saws of a true fool will as easily make you weep as laugh.

In Act V. Scene i. the contradistinction between fooling and clowning is plainly seen. Hamlet answers the gravedigger according to his clownishness with the quibble, "I think the grave be thine indeed, for thou liest in it." And later, when the clowns drop out of the conversation, Hamlet continues his fooling in its true spirit, so that the staid Horatio says, "'T were to consider too curiously to consider so;" but the Prince will not leave it, and he plays his part consistently to the bitter end. Osric cannot of course understand it; the "water-fly," the dude, the empty-headed phrase plagiarist, is so befooled, so smothered in his own blanket, that he undoubtedly believes "my lord" is mad.

Right to the end Hamlet's introspec-

tion, his "considering too curiously," continues, and then his long-pent-up desire to do something finds an outlet. He has a *presentiment* that he is going to his death, but on no account will he appear cowardly. Circumstances, ever before against him, in the last scene show kind and cruel, and his fate having caused him to lead a fool's life he dies a hero's death. The "union" falls into the wrong cup, the swords are exchanged, the guilt of the King becomes palpable, and then Hamlet, in the very pangs of death, finds means to revenge himself and his father. And lest he should leave behind him the name of madman, he begs Horatio to stay on the earth a little longer, that the world may know that he was not mad, but only the Fool of Fate.

"ALL the world," declares the old saying, "loves a lover," but it loves different lovers at different ages. In our romantic years we spent sorrowful last days with Bruce, wept over The Scottish Chiefs, and devoured the pages of Eugene Aram, Paul Clifford, and My Novel. It was in the reading of these thrilling pages that our ideals of lovers remodeled themselves. We forgot our earlier hero, the prince of the fairy tales, and became temporarily convinced that Kenelm Chillingly and the dashing Clifford were ideal lovers. Years, however, bring a wisdom which sobers. Other days came, when we recognized ourselves as no longer romantic, and not unwilling to admit the virtues of the excellent young men of Persuasion and Emma. It became possible to smile over Mr. Rochester, and to own to a chill in our ardor for the chivalric Kenelm.

The time also came when, reflecting upon the ways of lovers as revealed in our reading, we asked ourselves if, after all, even so divine a thing as love-making may not be influenced by environment, time, social conditions, and, more material than all, by climate itself.

Take the lovers of the days of Dante.

Did they not swoon from the very violence of their feelings, while, according to Chaucer, the suitors of England, after the fashion of Ellen Montgomery, fell to weeping the moment their eyes happened upon the object of their devotion? The *Morte D'Arthur*, on its part, introduces us to lovers who are subject to constant physical collapses. They lose their appetites, occasionally their minds, always their common sense. They swoon from joy, and make all manner of violent demonstration. Of all lovers they appear to have been the most inconvenient, since how was it possible to be ever ready to restore them with a sight of the lady, when, likely as not, she was locked in a dungeon or confined in a tower?

The Elizabethan lovers, true to the spirit of their age, sang love songs to the music of the lute. They composed verses to Phyllida's eyes, and wrote lyrics to Clorinda Maying. A flowery bank, as background to a lady's charms, was an absolute necessity in the landscape, and, apparently, no one went wooing except in summer. The wearing of lutestrung gowns introduced the laborious fashion of wooing by letter-writing, a method by no means inexpensive, when we call to mind the reams of paper consumed by Lovelace and Clarissa alone, not to estimate the excessive postage of the day, nor the payment of the many special messengers employed by the gentleman.

With the passing of hair powder and knee buckles went the last of the romantic wooers. When broadcloth and stiff linen collars claimed the suitors, love-making became appropriately commonplace. It being no longer necessary to live up to a plume or lace ruffles, the practice of wooing on the knee fell entirely into disuse. To-day lovers are entirely tailor-made, and state their proposals in a strictly erect position.

But, after all, if we confine our speculations to novels, are not lovers mere puppets in the hands of their authors? No matter how ardent their feelings, they

have no interpreter but the temperament of their writer.

Take the lovers of the Waverleys. Does not Scott precipitate them through their love affairs with a haste which compels us to the belief that the entire party would prefer infinitely to be seated before goodly venison or to be brandishing broadswords in battle? In the words of Sir Geoffrey Peveril, they act as if the lips of the heroines were red-hot horseshoes. The knight in *The Talisman* falls on his knees before Edith Plantagenet, but what reader can refuse to acknowledge that it is more than plain that the mysterious warrior would prefer any other position? It is impossible not to see that he only retains that peculiarly uncomfortable attitude because Scott forces him to uncomplaining obedience. Arthur Philipson, we are happy to know, throws himself at the feet of Anne of Geierstein "with an ardor which he could not repress;" but he stays there as short a time as possible, being only too happy to be permitted to go about more congenial occupations.

The author of *David Copperfield* has scant reason to be proud of his lovers when they betake themselves to wooing. To the minds of most of us, they are as sorry a lot as can well be encountered in the pages of romance, and are as inferior to Mr. Pickwick or Mr. Wilkins Micawber as is ordinary punch to that "agreeable beverage" when brewed from the ingredients which Mr. Thomas Traddles had the privilege of ordering. It is hard even to believe in their emotions, embrace as they may, and I for one am frank to confess that I prefer the heroes in the company of their own sex.

According to an old chronicle, a woman invented the art of kissing. This, in part, may account for the very ardent, not to say demonstrative wooing in novels by writers of the more emotional sex. Compare the love scenes of Currer Bell or George Eliot with those of Thacker-

ay or Scott, and note the relative number of embraces! Recall for a moment the loving glances, the hand pressures, the kisses, which enliven the pages of Miss Mulock, and call to mind Stevenson's complaint concerning his inability to manage the swish of the petticoats. Think how few are the kisses of Kipling, how innumerable those of Mrs. Burnett or the tearful Miss Warner.

Of late, if again we base our conclusions on the novels, love-making has taken on a new and cheerless phase. Each lover, emulating the early example of Narcissus, falls in love with his or her own image, expects the other to do likewise, and sets about wooing with that end in view. Imagine, if one can, a more dismal vision than a procession of modern lovers. Contrast with the princes of the plumes and loving hearts the Reverend John Storm, the religious Mr. Helbeck, the incomprehensible Mr. Ware. Fancy any princess having the inclination, much less the time, to listen to the interminable discussions of any one of them!

Justice, however, recalls to our memory *The Prisoner of Zenda*, and we acknowledge the presence of a very prince of lovers, worthy a fairy tale itself.

All the world, we frankly admit, loves a lover, but never one who loves self. Self-love is the unpardonable sin in the kingdom of romance, and therein lies that failure to charm which is the misfortune of our latter-day lovers. The lover whom the world loves best of all must know, before everything else, how to love with all his manly heart. He must know how to woo, and lose no time in going about the winning of the lady. He must know when to fall on his knees, and when to rise therefrom. He must scorn a faint heart, and refuse to recognize failure; for the world loves with its heartiest love that lover who wins the hand of "the most beautiful princess in the world," and in her society "lives happily ever after."

